





*Courtesy of F. D. Waldeman*  
THE ONLOOKER SEES FOR THE FIRST TIME PLYMOUTH HARBOR, AS PAINTED BY A PROMINENT ENGLISH ARTIST (GRIBBLE), AS IT LOOKED TO THE PILGRIMS, SEPTEMBER 6 (16), 1620, WHEN THEY SAID FAREWELL TO THEIR NATIVE LAND.



# HISTORY

OF THE

## PILGRIMS AND PURITANS

THEIR ANCESTRY AND DESCENDANTS

BASIS OF AMERICANIZATION

BY

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VOLUME II

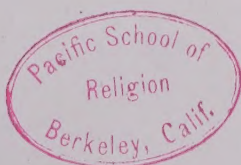


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SIGNING THE PILGRIM COMPACT.

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS IN THE PILGRIM AND PURITAN COLONIES NORTH AND SOUTH—LEARN- ING THE WAYS OF THE RED MAN

#### LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT CAPE COD

FROM this more or less essential digression of references to the New World to which our forefathers were speeding, one turns to the Pilgrim company crowded against the gunwale of the *Mayflower* in mid-November, 1620. Like Columbus, men, women and children were watching with eagle eye for the first sight of land. The coast of England had sunk beneath the horizon behind them full eight weeks before. The vessel was now heading blindly for the surf—for no lighthouses blinked nor life-saving station was seen to guard or welcome. The rollers broke endlessly against the oft-named Cape—for untold ages an outstanding landmark to all who crossed the Atlantic.

Let us imagine ourselves on that bleak morning board-

ing the Mayflower as she struggles to find a haven, barely escaping wreckage on the outlying shoals. Entering the cabin, we hear a grave debate on a mighty theme, and we note what seems to be a diversity of opinion as to details and measures of government. As the Separatists neared the American shore, it was more keenly realized that the land chartered by the London Company, in the name of John Wincob, who was not on the vessel and never crossed the ocean, did not include New England. Its specification was "south of the Hudson."

This region was on the coast now known as New Jersey and Delaware, hence New England was outside their charter rights. Those in the ship's list of passengers who had no sympathy with Pilgrim ideals might make vicious and anarchic use of this item of reality. In fact the laborers joined with the London contingent to make trouble. They were headed by Stephen Hopkins, a would-be settler, who had previously taken part in a similar insurrection in Jamestown, hence was at home in such retrogressive proceedings, and he now clashed with Leydenites. In order to nip in the bud these first growths of disorder—the "mutterings" which Bradford had noted—a form of government to be followed when on land was agreed upon.

After earnest discussion, forty-one of the fifty-three men on board signed this Pilgrim Compact, before the vessel's keel cleft the anchorage harbor. This record by the scribe of the company gives details of import to all true Americans—a record not to be valued in terms of material wealth.

"This day before we came to anchor, observing some not well affected toward unity and concord, but giving appearance of faction, it was thought there should be an association and agreement that we combine together in one body, submitting to such government and governor as we could by common consent agree to make and choose, and we set our hands to that which follows, word for word."

set by them done (this their condition considered) might  
be as firme as any patent; and in some respects more sure.  
The forme was as followeth.

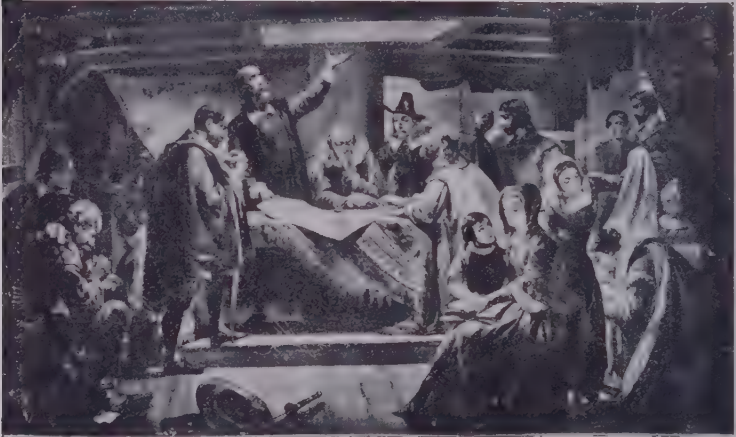
In y<sup>e</sup> name of god Amen. We whose names are underwritten,  
the loyall subjects of our dread souveraigne Lord King James  
by y<sup>e</sup> graces of god, of great Britaine, France, & Ireland king  
defendor of y<sup>e</sup> faith, &c.  
Having undertaken, for y<sup>e</sup> glorie of god, and advancement  
of y<sup>e</sup> christian faith, and honour of our king & country, a voyage to  
plant y<sup>e</sup> first Colonie in y<sup>e</sup> Northern parts of Virginia. Do  
by these presents solemnly & mutually in y<sup>e</sup> presence of god, and  
one of another, Covenant, & combine our selves together into a  
Civill body politick, for y<sup>e</sup> better ordering, & preservation & sure  
thurance of y<sup>e</sup> ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte,  
constitute, and frame such just & equall Lawes, ordinances,  
Acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought  
most meete & convenient for y<sup>e</sup> general good of y<sup>e</sup> Colonie. Unto  
which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness  
whereof we have here under subscribed our names at Cap-  
codd y<sup>e</sup> 11. of November in y<sup>e</sup> year of y<sup>e</sup> raigne of our souveraigne  
Lord King James of England, France, & Ireland y<sup>e</sup> eighteenth  
and of Scotland y<sup>e</sup> fiftie fourth. An. Dom. 1620.  
After this they chose, or rather confirmed in John carver (a man  
godly & well approved amongst them) their Governour for that  
year. And after they had provided a place for their goods, or  
common store (which were long in unlading for want of boats  
foulness of y<sup>e</sup> winter weather, and sickness of divers) and bought  
some small cottages for their habitation; as time would admit  
they met and consulted of Lawes, & ordors, both for their  
civill & military governments, as y<sup>e</sup> necessitie of their condi-  
tion did require, still adding therunto as urgent occasion  
in severall times, and cases did require.  
In these hard & difficult beginings they found some discontents  
& murmurings amongst some, and mutinous speeches & carriage  
in other; but they were soon quelled, & overcome, by y<sup>e</sup> mi-  
serie, patience, and just & equall carriage of things, by y<sup>e</sup> gov.  
and better part w<sup>th</sup> cleave faithfully together in y<sup>e</sup> maine.  
but that which was most sad, & lamentable, was, that in 2  
or 3. moneths time ealfe of their company dyed, especially  
in Jan. & february, being y<sup>e</sup> worst of winter, and wanting  
houses & other comforts; being infected with y<sup>e</sup> Scuerie &

Courtesy of "The Mayflower Descendant."

A PAGE FROM NATHANIEL MORTON'S "NEW ENGLAND  
MEMORIAL"—THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT

So, in the hour of destiny and need, in the dim light and cramped quarters of the Mayflower's little cabin, was drawn and signed the famous Pilgrim Compact.

One grasps the gamut of life in the little group. Of



*From a painting by T. H. Matteson.*

SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE MAYFLOWER CABIN.

interest to all, and affecting destiny from cradled infant to mature Elder Brewster there is serious business on hand. There were no jollifications for these pioneers. A document equal in value to Domesday Book or Magna Charta has been written and will be signed. Destiny presides at the board and unknown to themselves the makers of a great nation here hold converse.

THE COMPACT SIGNED IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER, NOVEMBER 11, OLD STYLE, NOVEMBER 21, NEW STYLE, 1620.

"In the name of God, amen, we whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereigne Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glorie of God, and advancemente of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and countrie, a voyage to plant the first colonie in the Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves to-



An. 1620. New England's Memorial.

by a general Consent from time to time he made choice of, and affected unto. The Contents whereof followeth.

**I**N the Name of God, Amen. We whose Names are under-written, the Loyal Subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and the Honour of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern parts of Virginia; Do by this Present solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, Covenant and Combine ourselves together into a Civil Body Politick, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and by virtue hereof do enact, constitute and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions and Offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our Names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the Reign of our Sovereign Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty fourth, Anno Dom. 1620.

John Carter, Samuel Fuller, Edward Tilly,  
William Bradford, Christopher Martin, John Tilly,  
Edward Ingham, William Mullins, Francis Cook,  
William Brewster, William White, Thomas Rogers,  
John Allerton, Richard Wright, Thomas Tinkley,  
John's Smith, John Bonfield, John Riedale,  
John Allen, Steven Hopkin, Edward Fuller,

John's

New-England's Memorial. An. 1620.

John Turner, Richard Clark,  
Francis Eaton, Richard Gardners,  
James Chilton, John Allerton,  
John Craxton, Edward English,  
John Billington, Thomas Doan,  
John's Fuller, Richard Hittings,  
John's Gidman, Edward Lister,  
George Seal.

After this, they chose Mr. John Carter, a man godly and well-approved amongst them, to be their Governour for that year.

Necessity now calling them to look out a place for Habitation, as well as the Milder and Mildness importunity urging them thereto, while their Carpenter was unminging up of their Boat, sixteen of their men tendered themselves to go by land and discover those nearest places, which was accepted: and they being well armed, were sent forth on the fixteenth of November 1620, and having marched about a mile by the Sea-side, they espied five Indians, who ran away from them, and they followed them all that day fardly miles, but could not come to speech with them: so night coming on, they brook rested in quiet that night, and the next morning they sent out the Indians trade, but could not find them nor their dwellings, but at length lighted on a good quantity of their ground next to a Pond of fresh water, where formerly the Indians had planted Indian Corn, at which place they saw sundry of their graves; and proceeding further, they found new Scabbie where Indians used to have been, where some Planks and a great Kettle was remaining, and heaps of land newly paddled with their hands, which they digged up, and found in them divers furs, furs and good of divers colours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight, having seen none before: Of which rarities they took home to carry to their friends on Shipboard, like as the

Indians

Courtesy of "The Mayflower Descendant"

THESE TWO PAGES TAKEN FROM NATHANIEL MORTON'S "NEW ENGLAND MEMORIAL" CONTAIN THE RECORD OF THE MAYFLOWER COMPACT SIGNERS.

gether into a civill body politick; for our better ordering a preservation and furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute and frame such just and equall laws, ordenances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the general good of the colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd the 11 November, in the year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord, King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Ano Dom. 1620."

Though but a "scrap of paper," every word breathed loyalty to God and man. The act of signing was for the Pilgrims part of their true worship. These men believed with the great Hooker—friend of Sir Edwyn Sandys, who fathered the Pilgrim enterprises—"Law hath her seat in the kingdom of God." Not less deeply anchored in their souls was the belief of those true helpmates, the women, who, unable or denied the then unthinkable right or privilege, could not or did not put their names on the parchment or paper.

This Compact was coeval with the spoken word of Elder Brewster, as he reverently called on the Maker of all to bless that sacred instrument which religiously and commercially bound the group together. Men may debate whether, in the overspreading of the earth, religion or ceremonial has been the greater impelling motive. It is as clear as crystal which motive drove or prospect lured the Pilgrims to their task sublime for all the ages to come.

"In the name of God, Amen," began the Pilgrim Compact. These words express reverently the spirit of the company which also acknowledged kingly authority, but obeyed the will of the majority. Here was shown, thus early in the new land, true Democracy which later became the foundation of our government—prophecy of ages still to come.

Among thousands of comments, made by good men and true, on this Pilgrim Compact, few are stronger than

William Bradford Tho: Prentice  
 Edw: Benson Nathaniel Morton  
 Witten Brewster Thomas Cushman  
 Myles Standish John Winthrop  
 Isaac Allerton Constant Southworth  
 John Bradford Tho: Southworth  
 Leon Gossard John Alden  
 George Soule Sen: Edw: Benson  
 Francis Eaton Samuel  
 Peregrine White Samuel  
 John Coffin Robert Smith  
 Dorcy May

that of Goldsmith, who said, "The roll of Battle Abbey is a poor record beside it," or that of John Quincy Adams, descended like Roger Williams, Penn, and Thomas Jefferson from Welsh ancestry. Our sixth president, John Quincy Adams, who traced his ancestry through John and Priscilla Alden and their daughter Ruth to his distant forebears, has described the Compact as "perhaps the only instance in human history of that positive original social compact, which speculative philosophers have imagined as the only legitimate source of government."

As for the mental and physical attitude of each signer, many artists exhibit different viewpoints in their attempts at illustration. Nevertheless, it needs but slight power of imagination to share the hopes and fears, aspirations and depressions, that marked the parting with old, tried-out dispensations and political methods, and the taking on of the new and untried. Yet, like David of old, these men boasted not when they might put on the armor but rather when they should take it off.

With a faith like the shepherd lad, they trusted first in God—and then—more than an obsolete notion—in their long-tried skill and patience, and they won. Even smooth stones from the brook, backed by faith, vigilance, and with experience, surpassed in value and effect armored steel and weapons of might.

Unknown to them, both Pathos and Tragedy joined hands with Unity in the little company composing that first conference at the signing of the Compact as they neared the new land. In this, as in the corona around the sun, rich in elements unknown, unseen was the prophecy of forty-eight sovereign states that has been revealed in a compactness and singleness of purpose that has surprised the world.



"They sought not gold nor guilty ease,  
Upon this rock-bound shore;\*  
They left such prizeless toys as these  
To minds that loved them more.  
They sought to breathe a freer air,  
To worship God unchain'd—  
They welcomed pain and danger here,  
When rights like these were gain'd.

In signing the Compact, Pilgrims obliterated both feudalism and ecclesiasticism. In the words of Bradford, who deplored the fact that they must land without a charter: "What we are signing may be as firme as any patent." In fact, Bradford, who was "a fellow of infinite wit," had his fun with royal charters, as his records more than once show. In one case he is sarcastic about a king's seal that might be as big as a barn floor yet prove worthless.

Twenty-three of the Pilgrims thus handled the historic quill, including Peregrine White, who went on record, when of writing age, as shown by deed, bond and will, filed in Pilgrim archives. Probably five of the London adventurers embarked with the Pilgrims, three of the number being Christopher Martin, treasurer of the little company; William Mullins, and William White. All these fell victims during the death-winter. The only Pilgrim mother's autograph known is that of Dorothy May, wife of William Bradford, concerning which the authenticity may be questioned.

For true Americanism it is fortunate that worn-out feudalism was not transplanted with the coming of the Pilgrim and Puritan. There was therefore nothing in this document suggestive either of enormous land ownership or of vassalage; no smothering of education, stunting of

\* Generally treated as a piece of poetic license on the part of the English poetess, Felicia Hemans, who never saw the sandy Cape and possibly compared Plymouth Rock with Thanet's bold, cragged, Kentish shore front, as rocks only exist in restricted quantity among the shifting sands about Plymouth, although ledges occasionally nose ground at Kingston, and along shore are scattered many boulders.

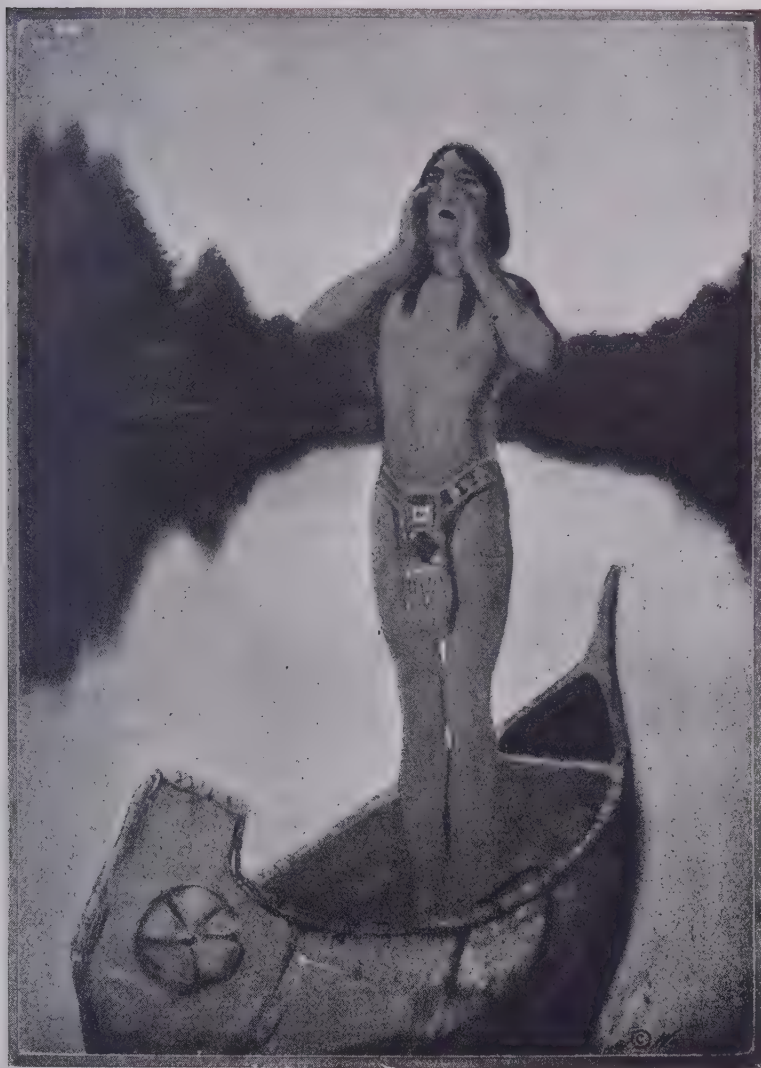


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THE DEATH SPECTRE O'ERSHADOWED THE PILGRIM LANDING.

manhood, curbing of thought, that retarded the growth of the mighty commonwealth to be! The motto of the Swiss federal republic, "All for one and one for all," was made reality for all. Every member of the community showed loyalty to the Great Captain whose spirit had led them across the sea, and who in beginning the Republic of God laid down the vital principle, "All ye are brethren."



*Courtesy of The National Art Company of New York.*

"WHITE-WINGED CANOE, WHO ARE YOU?" HALLOED THE SON OF THE FOREST TO THE STRANGER LANDING ON HIS SHORES, LITTLE RECKING THAT THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN MEANT LOSING HIS INHERITANCE AND WIPING OUT HIS NATION.



*Courtesy of The Christian Advocate.*

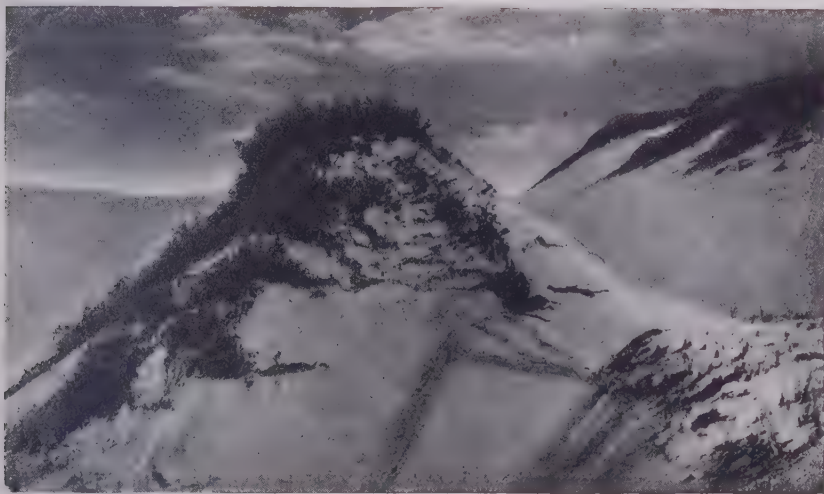
AMERICAN INDIANS PEERING THROUGH THE TREES AT THE ONCOMING MAYFLOWER.

From the deck of the anchored Mayflower on that bitterly cold day in late November, the Pilgrims caught their first glimpse of the land whose inhabitants had been so graphically described by one of their number, even while the question of coming to America was still only in the stage of discussion. Bradford wrote of the aborigines: "Barbarous, savage, cruel and treacherous; furious in their rage, merciless in their conquests; not content to take away life merely, but delighting to torment men by flaying them alive and broiling them on coals."\* These were his words in four brief lines. They let in a world of light on the thought of the time, as gleaned from the Spaniard's description of what he saw and knew of these wild people of the Western Hemisphere. Yet in what respect did their punishments differ from those of the Spanish inquisition?

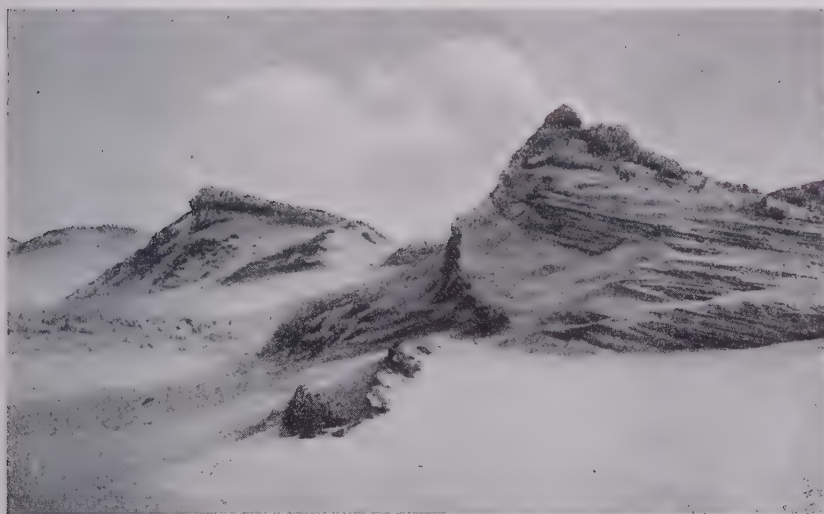
No friendly face greeted the sea-weary traveler, whom

\* See illustration on page 389.





*Published by the Advocate Gift Shop, Provincetown, Mass.*



*Published by H. A. Dickerman & Son, Taunton, Mass.*

THE SAND DUNES OF CAPE COD TOWER FROM TWENTY TO ONE HUNDRED FEET  
IN HEIGHT.



gruff, arrogant Captain Jones left in a land inhabited by Indians. This skipper declared that for two long months they had encumbered every square inch of his crowded craft with their religious vaporings and crank utterings.

The sixty-day journey across the Atlantic was, according to Pilgrim practice, in fair weather at least, something like a continuous prayer meeting, as we imagine; a welcome long sermon three times a day made variety and furnished the spiritual balm craved by the real Christians on board, Bradford in perhaps a half-dozen places records. During the intermission the singing was from Ainsworth's Psalm Melodies. Congregational singing after escape to Holland from the English informer was universal. True it is that the men of conviction among this miscellaneous company of Mayflower passengers have been frequently called "pinched fanatics." The name is more or less appropriate, for they were cruelly pinched by many adversities. They were so firmly set in their faith that at first glance they seemed to dally with fanaticism. In reality no clearer-headed, truer-hearted, or more considerate people ever lived than the men and women of conscience among the one hundred and two or one hundred and four, who stepped ashore on beach or rock at Patuxet, or were carried by their weeping companions, grave-shrouded, to their last earthly home. We can afford to let the weaklings and the ignorant of today call those people "fanatics."

When the searcher for Mayflower lineage finds himself adrift from the twenty-two families, which totaled fifty-two persons, from whom millions of Americans trace their ancestry, the task is well-nigh insurmountable, in fact useless.

There is certainly a large field of enjoyment to one who delights in humor as he surveys the vast area of that popular genealogy obtainable from the files of local and even metropolitan newspapers. On the other hand, some of the most splendid discoveries, identifications and con-

firmations in the real science of pedigrees have been made by trained searchers. Much praise is due to the work of "The Mayflower Descendant." To such men as the Dexters, father and son, all Americans owe a debt of gratitude. Exact chronology is not usually studied by those whose pride of ancestry exceeds their diligence or perseverance in research.

Aside from Captain Thomas (or Christopher) Jones and his crew, there were thirty-four Separatists, eighteen having their wives with them. There were twenty-eight Pilgrims under twenty-one years of age, nineteen laborers, and three maid servants. Fewer than forty of the Pilgrims who landed in 1620 at Patuxet came direct from Holland. The others were mainly from London. Only two of the original Scrooby church members—Brewster and Bradford—are known to have been aboard, on the first of the three voyages which the Mayflower I, or its successor in name, made to New England.

Women were barred from signing the Compact, though perchance as near or nearer the Lord and doing quite as effective work as the men. Moreover, few English women in 1620 could write their own names.

Taxed femininity, denied representation, raised its protesting suffrage-voice for the first time in America, in Maryland in 1647. Margaret Brent, who inherited broad acres from Lord Calvert, started the vote war, which was to run its fitful course, to final victory, for exactly two hundred and seventy-three years. The nobly dissatisfied spirit even in high places came to the surface when Abigail Adams wrote her husband, John Adams, at the Continental Congress, which was framing those first laws under the Articles of Confederation that "If in the new laws particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice." Notwithstanding this protest writing within the Adams family circle, the



*Published by H. A. Dickerman & Son, Taunton, Mass.*

A THREE-FOOT HIGH TOMBSTONE-MARKER EDGING THE ROADWAY IS TO-DAY THE ONLY MONUMENT TO DESIGNATE THE BIT OF STRAND MADE HISTORIC BY PILGRIM FEET IN THAT FIRST LANDING.

threat was never unmuzzled, and it required the lapse of one hundred and forty-five years after the Revolution to secure for American women the coveted suffrage prize.

For fifty centuries this western hemisphere had been a more or less barren waste, and its population meagre. Aside from spots of barbaric splendor, it was heathen to the core, except as Yucatan civilization or the wonderful evolution of the Iroquois—interrupted by the white man's coming—may have leavened savage humanity. In view of results, it is not arrogant to state that ours was a land waiting for the tread of the Empire builders of the West, even as in 1787 the Free Quakers, so-called, in the new commonwealth, and in Philadelphia, chiseling the name in marble set in the facade of their new "temple," expressed the date in the fourth year of the "empire." It was the spirit of Republicans claiming equal majesty with kings and emperors.

Though the Pilgrims wore fustian, none the less those pioneers whose long boats grated on Provincetown's beach



*Courtesy of the Jones Bros. Publishing Co.*

THROUGH THE RIPPLING WAVES SPLASHED THE ADVANCE GUARD.

November 11,\* 1620, were God-filled men, driven by conviction and the vision of eternal truth. In contrast, those from which Virginia sprang consisted largely of males who left their country for their country's good. Far different in those early days from present Virginia, Mother of Presidents, was its beginning. Captain Thomas Jones was well versed in "ways that are dark" as he was a pirate in early life and later lapsed to first principles, dying a pirate. On the question why the Mayflower got inside of the arm of Massachusetts instead of into the Hudson River (not so called until after 1664), as the Pilgrims expected, some rumor and much discussion has been spent. The life of the feeble little colony probably depended on the error of Captain Jones in reaching landfall—not at Sandy Hook, but at the equally sandy Cape Cod, both of them deposited glacier débris. The Hudson River Valley, then overrun with fierce Indian tribes, the Algonquin and Iroquois,

\* Students of coincidence note that November 11, the day Pilgrims landed at Provincetown to embark on a career of conflict with man, nature and disease, was Armistice Day, ending the World War of 1914.



despite its more genial climate, might not have served the Pilgrims as well.

There was a rumor to the effect that Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the Earl of Warwick\* were, through personal



ROWING UNTIL THE BOAT CRUNCHED THE SAND, ICE-CHILLED  
WATERS HAD NO TERROR AS EAGER PILGRIMS LEAPED INTO IT  
AND RUSHED ASHORE.

interest, at the bottom of a despicable scheme to sidetrack the Pilgrims to the Council of New England holdings, instead of those for which they were headed, in the less rigorous Southland. Yet other historians claim stormy weather and dread of shipwreck as the supreme reason for Captain Jones' change of objective.

Dashing through a rippling surf, the advance guard of the Pilgrims stood for the first time on the sandy strand on that momentous Saturday morning of November 11, 1620, Old Style, or ten days later, November 21, New Style.

\*Turning to Virginia, one finds this same Earl of Warwick in collusion with Deputy Governor Samuel Argall to conceal the latter's usurpation of power, diversion of public funds to his own pocket and breaking of laws—straws showing well how the wind blew both at home and abroad in the Earl's conscience-domain,





MONDAY, NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST WASH-DAY AND FIRST MUSTER-DAY.

Each man's attitude was that of "ready to fire." Despite the modern caricaturists, who imagine for us a set of men with abnormally long faces, these Pilgrim warriors were in reality "ready," in Washington Irving's phrase, "for a fight or a frolic," though in their own way. "No steps backward," was their thought, and always to take the *initiative* their slogan. This daring spirit on more than one occasion saved the colony from annihilation. They were armed with the up-to-date weapon, the snap-hance, or snap-cock gun—that latest improvement on the old firearm in which the musketeer was wont to touch off the powder in the pan with his hand, the heavy matchlock resting on a support, with "match," or burning fuse of which he carried, it might be yards, around his shoulder. The new snap-cock gun brought fire and powder instantly together, an improvement on the old method. The new weapon, as of old, was usually, though not always, supported on an iron rest or prong, fitted for swift, forceful action, at a second's notice, against savage man or beast.

In any case, Standish, in weapons, strategy, or tactics, was up-to-date. The flintlock gun came much later. Wonderful the story of the evolution of the "leaden arrow," and the "bow made straight," the nearest approach to squaring the circle.

Reading from an old record, one finds to his delight, as he thinks of our contemporary wasted forests and unplanted spaces of denudation, that Plymouth's shore front in 1620 was filled and fringed even to the very sea with oaks, pines, junipers, sassafras and other sweet woods, which persistently and generally successfully acted as defences against the endless assaults of wind and wave.

The entire company picnicked at mid-day on the sand, braving November breezes in their anxiety to tread once more the solid ground after two months' virtual imprisonment on the short, narrow deck of their craft.

The men were holding New England's first Muster



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Courtesy Ladies' Home Journal

THE FRESH WATER POOL LAUNDRY CLOSE BY THE SEA.

Day, November 13, 1620 as they lined up, a bit raggedly, on the beach, but still showing a martial front ready to meet any unknown foe and to lay down their lives, if need be, for their loved ones. While the male adults were thus committed to military display—and who knows but to Indian watchers, most wholesomely—the women were inaugurating the New England and now national Monday wash-day, thoroughly beating their clothes with wooden battens, after washing them in a small pond near by. They had now fresh linen, a welcome change. Thus the day stands religiously observed in domestic calendars.

The query as to how Pilgrim mothers in clear, fresh water cleansed their clothes is answered by the rumor that a grade of clay on the banks served them as soap. The



Pilgrims certainly approved the ancient maxim that cleanliness is next to godliness. The two things most hated in their practical theology were dirt and original sin.



*Courtesy of H. C. Leighton Co.*

THE LITTLE STREAM NAMED AFTER CAPTAIN JONES OF THE MAYFLOW.

Nevertheless it proved to be a death day as well as one of cleansing to these newly christened New England wives and mothers. In their eagerness to tread the soil of the new land of freedom, their splashing through the ice cold surf, and fronting piercing frigid blasts,

with frozen, clinging gowns, could have but one result. In a few brief weeks, eighteen or nineteen of the twenty or more Mothers-in-Israel were in their graves, leaving the children to be cared for by the men.

Bradford, with a true sense of the fearsome risk these good women ran in their haste to fill with clean instead of soiled clothes the baskets that had been crammed to their covers during the long voyage, said of these and later days: "It blowed and did snow all that day and froze withal. Some of our people that are dead took original of their death here."



THE PROVINCETOWN MONUMENT NEARING COMPLETION.

A great blow was this loss of the element of unselfish motherhood, which at every age of man is so useful for his broadest development. What a glaring and blessed contrast to Islam, which denies that a soul can dwell in a woman!

In 1853 patriotic descendants of the Pilgrims caused this tablet to be placed on Provincetown's public building.

In Commemoration of the Arrival of the  
Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor  
and of the  
First Landing of the Pilgrims  
In America, at this Place, November 11th, 1620.  
This Tablet  
Is Presented by the Cape Cod Association, November 11th, 1853.



*Courtesy of the publishers.*

BUILDING OF THE PROVINCETOWN MONUMENT.

The Pilgrim Memorial Monument at Provincetown, where the people of the Mayflower first trod New England soil, is a copy of the Siena Campanile, a tower considered



separate from the main edifice in that historic city of northern Italy. Following graceful Italian lines, it soars to the sky almost as if with wings. A stone from Siena is set within it. The corner-stone was laid some three years prior



*Courtesy of The New England News Co.*  
PROVINCETOWN SHORE.

to its completion and dedication, on August 5, 1910, showing rapid growth compared with usual monumental construction.\* It has been said that this memorial monument is second only to the Washington Monument in height.

The inscription on the Provincetown Monument states the Mayflower Compact was signed shortly before the little company reached shore. At all events, the instrument was signed, sealed and delivered, before the Mayflower skirted the billow-encompassed Cape, or anchored in that



*Pub. Smith's News Store, Plymouth.*

WHITEHORSE BEACH PLYMOUTH



VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN.

\* At both these celebrations, the editor's hymn written for the occasion  
"Forth from the Motherland outcast  
Our fathers fled to find a home."

was sung by a Boston quartette.



*Courtesy of C. B. Webster & Co., Boston.*

THE MAYFLOWER AT PLYMOUTH HARBOR.



*Courtesy of C. B. Webster & Co., Boston.*

IN ANOTHER MOMENT THESE ANXIOUS ONES REACH LAND.

land-locked harbor that can safely shelter three thousand ships.

To make the statement that Plymouth is not on Cape Cod may call down on the daredevil's head the wrath of



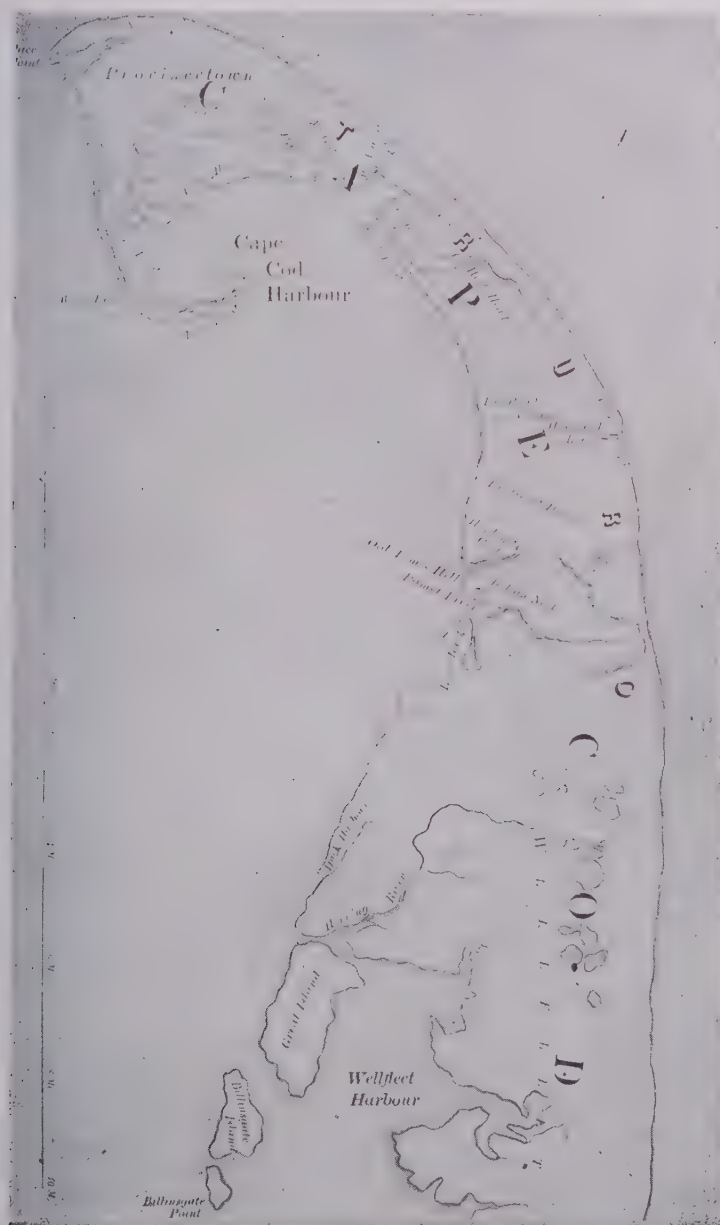
*Courtesy of Paul W. Bartlett.*

PILGRIM MOTHER AND CHILD.

Pilgrim descendants, from New England's Jamestown to the Golden Gate, yet such is the fact. Provincetown is surely anchored far out on the Cape, but Plymouth hugs a shoulder of the mainland many miles from the sickle's point.

The wreck of the *Somerset*,\* at Provincetown, was the theme of fireside tales told to the staring-eyed, open-mouthed children of the cape adown the years to the present genera-

\* Shifting sands in 1886, uncovered the shattered hulk of the *Somerset*—that vessel whose raking cannon dealt death to many a brave lad in the Revolutionary War on the slopes of Breed's Hill.



THE "SICKLE CAPE."

tion of youngsters. That quaint old whaling town, while including those through Pilgrim ancestry to the manor born, has now a plentiful sprinkling of black-eyed Portuguese, who "tend bait" for the gullible fishy tribes which in big



THE WIRE-CLOTH HELMETS WORN BY PILGRIMS.

shoals populate the waters both in the bay and offshore ocean.

One of the quaintest in the sheaf of ancient and sacred customs of the centuries, still held in leash by Provincetown village folk to let go on apt occasion, is for a Town Crier to wail forth information of doings at home and abroad. He yet furnishes daily gossip for fireside, and for the country store where "drys" and "wets" of varied kind are bargained for as assorted Yankee acumen faces each side the counter.

To stand on a bit of silver strand once pressed by Pilgrim feet as they leaped ashore from the Mayflower, is one of the glowing, yes, thrilling, rewards of a trip to the far point of Cape Cod.

#### FIRST EXCURSION



THE SHALLOP OF SUCH ENORMOUS AID TO THE PILGRIMS.

The records of the time describe the first excursion which lasted from November 15 to 17, 1620, (Old Style), four days after reaching Provincetown preliminary to the two other more extended investigations.





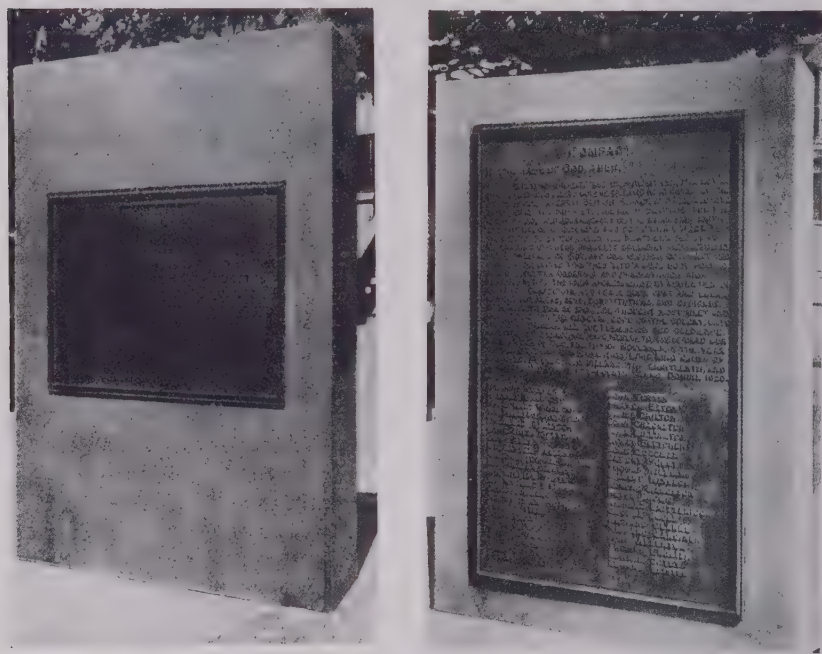
*Courtesy of the publisher.*

THIS IS THE FIELD WHERE THE PILGRIMS FOUND THE CORN.

In the meanwhile, Bradford tells us: "We unshipped our shallop and drew her on land to mend and repair her, having been forced to cut her down in bestowing her betwix decks, and she was much opened with the people lying in her, which kept us there long, for it was sixteen or seventeen days before the carpenter had finished her."

On Wednesday, while the boat was thus being put in commission, William Bradford, Myles Standish, Stephen Hopkins, Edward Tilley and others, "in all sixteen to twenty well-armed men, every man with his musket, sword and corselet, went ashore." About sixteen warriors seem to have constituted the usual Pilgrim cohort of defenders, before illness depleted the little army, whose two-piece suits of armor were mainly of cloth, interwoven closely with sufficient wire to blunt and turn the Indian arrows, tipped as they were with eagle-claw, horn, bone, or flint, and to deaden any ordinary thrust.

The Pilgrims were doubtless accompanied by the only two animals certainly brought over in the Mayflower—a mastiff and a spaniel—that can readily be pictured as joyously ranging thicket and woodland ahead of their masters, pointing or rousing jack-rabbits, partridges, and an occasional wild turkey or bounding stag. On this trip, to the amuse-



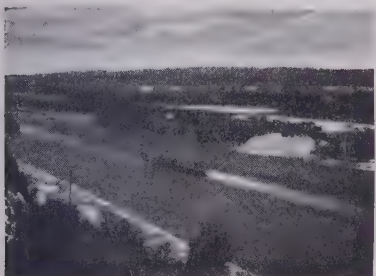
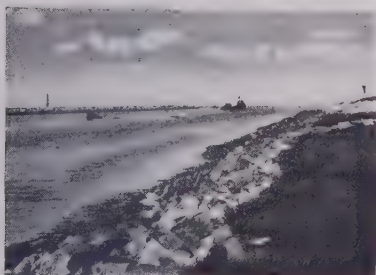
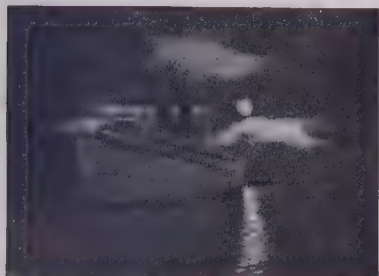
*Courtesy of H. A. Dickerman & Son, Taunton, Mass.*

PROVINCETOWN MEMORIAL MONUMENT AND SIGNING OF THE COMPACT.

ment of his comrades, Bradford caught his foot in an Indian deer trap. They saw five or six Indians and a dog—the only animal domesticated by the natives. Of wolfish ancestry, the contrast in the habits, appearance and actions of the imported canines always startled the Indians, who seemed to fear a bull dog more than its owner.

In this case the Indians quickly outdistanced the Pilgrims, who had hardly regained their land legs and moved haltingly over the slippery, shifting sand dunes which, in places, skirted the forest growth.

"He who fears God fears nothing else" was engraved on the hearts and shone through the countenances of these cloth-wire armored warriors, as they trudged through snow and ice, breasting the east winds of the Cape and seeking a home site in a seemingly God-forsaken country. Yet, ablaze with the fire of their faith, they fought against na-



*Courtesy of H. A. Dickerman & Son, Taunton, Mass.*

THE CAPE COD CANAL.



ture with overpowering strength, winning the victory and yielding only as death mastered the soul's tenement.

On the second day of the First Excursion, November 16, 1620 (Nov. 26, New Style) several fine springs were discovered. Here the Pilgrims drank with delight of the water of New England. They also found stubble-covered cornfields, wigwams, and a few bushels of corn. Under a sand mound, the remains of a rude fort and a copper kettle from some shipwreck were noted. Concealing the kettle to reclaim later, they filled it and their pockets with yellow, red and blue corn, and continued their journey. Drawn up on shore were two canoes, forming a ferry route at Pamet river, speedily patronized by the travelers.

The Pilgrims examined the west side of the Hook of the Cape, then, retracing their steps eastward, they came into plain view of the Mayflower at anchor and there they spent the night. A realistic scene was this,—the Pilgrim Fathers in their first-night-bivouac on Cape Cod beach, at East Harbor, grouped about the blazing campfire, whose light was dimmed by the mist of a rainy night. While warming their own chilled bodies, the anxious eyes and hearts of their loved ones on the Mayflower are relieved to know by its gladsome upflare, that husbands, fathers and brothers are still unharmed in The New World.

The report of the returned investigators made the company anxious immediately to continue the search for a home site. Some of the adventurers evidently wished to inspect more closely the Pamet River locality, for possible permanent occupancy. At this, the wrist of the Cape, the distance from bay to ocean was short. This was one of nature's rifts that might have been utilized as a canal. It was, however, too far from the Cape's shoulder to economize time or distance by its use.

The present Cape Cod Canal\* shown on the map here-

\*With a country development extending into vast millions of money and people, it is a curious circumstance that in three hundred years the first soil to feel the imprint of Pilgrim feet should still be in part a wilderness, and Plymouth, with varied industries, only increased to fifteen thousand people.



with solves the enigma of centuries. Extending from Buzzard's Bay through the hamlets of Bourne, Bournedale, Sagamore, and Sandwich, it meets the famous land-protected sheet of water near Provincetown Harbor, which has sheltered adventurous mariners for five hundred recorded years. For large craft a single file street is Cape Cod Canal. Too narrow to allow vessels of size to pass with safety, threading a dreary country of sand-hills, sparsely sprinkled with scrub tree growth and bushes, its appearance today is much like that of three centuries ago—sand hollows, sand and sand again, including canal banks. These, though rock-rippapped, under downpours and boat swashings need prompt attention to block otherwise sure landslides into the big water ditch. Yet the Cape Cod Canal traverses most interesting ground. Near Bourne, one stands on the site of a trading-post where the raising of corn and pigs by the Pilgrims, together with fear of land encroachments, nearly started that Canonicus war which was nipped in the bud by the Pilgrim defiance of the skin of a rattlesnake, stuffed with powder and bullets. At Bournedale, through which passes Cape Cod Canal, generous Samuel Sewall, of Boston—New England's Samuel Pepys—built and presented to the Indians a meeting-house long since forgotten and passed on.

#### SECOND EXCURSION

The Pilgrim expedition number two, partly by land and partly by water, proved of but slightly greater moment and extent than did expedition number one, for it practically covered the same area. It was made in the shallop by twenty-four Pilgrims accompanied by the ship's long boat, manned by Captain Jones and nine sailors.

In no clearer way does one gain insight into that high type of honor cherished by the Pilgrims than when the group uncovered that mound of golden corn. Their Leyden reputation now stands in even clearer light.

"Is it right to take it?" was the query. They saw assured health and life in the seed, yet halted to discuss the question of ethics. Conscience was absolved by a mental due bill dated ahead. The corn was "lifted" from its dirt mound or Indian granary, the lifters mind-picturing a golden crop in harvest time. Before the husking, however, and some six months after the ghoulish act, the owner was found at Nauset and given one hundred percent interest on the forced investment. The corn was freighted to the Mayflower on the ship's boat by Captain Jones.

A white man's grave was found, also a deserted wigwam, from which, overriding scruples for the nonce, they took parched acorns, fish and trinkets. As the store was passed from hand to hand up the side of the Mayflower, one fancies the taffrail crowded to outward bending point with curious and anxious fellow passengers, critically inspecting the novelties in all their details.

Investigators gleefully exhibited to wondering fellow passengers the first maize (mondamin) any of them had seen, which Edward Everett, son of Boston's "statistical yardstick," poetically called "vegetable gold." It immediately became a sterling asset and ended by bridging the terror of that Death Winter, though most sparingly eaten, as its seed value was enormous. From this preëminence of maize as an American food grew the change in language from insular to American continental usage. In England "corn" means any kind of cereal, that is, grain suitable for food. In America "corn" means the aborigines' gift of maize to the white man. Through Indian evolution, a small berry, nearly worthless as human food, became the staff of life. Famine-stricken Europe of today needs to know the virtues both in nutrition and delicious flavor of America's chief cereal grain. After centuries of search by zealous scholars in every land the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* acknowledges that Humboldt was right in saying the American continent gave to the world, in addition to tobacco,



THAT "FIRST ENCOUNTER" IN THE SOUTH AT ROANOKE.



*Drawn by John White or John Whit.*

INDIANS SPEARING FISH.



THE DESERTED VILLAGE.



INDIANS SLAYING ROANOKE SETTLERS.

the potato (the laze root), the vitamine-packed tomato, the burnished golden pumpkin, the life-sustaining Indian corn or "mondamin," a true staff of life. To the American Indian, whose inbred mystic nature haloed the being he is posed as deprecating—his wife—there are poetry and romance in maize, for this sustenance is of his own raising. Long-fellow in "Hiawatha" gives poetic hints of actuality. During courtship days when true love lays its foundations, the ground on which the fair one treads is to him holy. At the time of incipient motherhood, her mysterious fecundity was invoked to make rich and fertile the maize fields by her nightly walk in nudity around the seed bed. The savage ranged the realm of stern practicality when he shielded his crops from beast, worm, insect, and bird, protecting the very root of existence as he haloed "vegetable gold"; for this aided in banishment of the gaunt spectre of famine which at times stalked unchecked through the land, sweeping off its sons and daughters.

In this realistic scene, the red man would bar the inroads of disease and insect on his precious maize, also by this custom of the ages he recognized his consort as molded of purer clay. Our poet of Plymouth ancestry in lilting meter thus lines the tale of the Saving and Blessing of the Corn by the Indian wife:

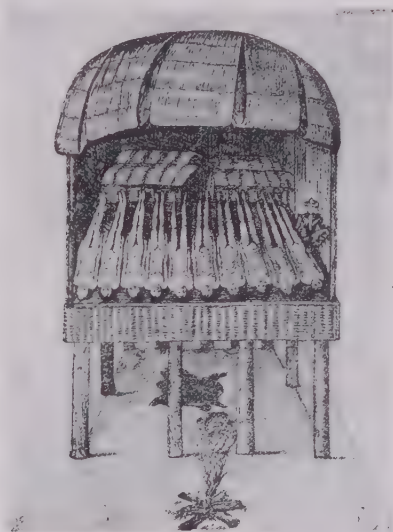
"In the night when all is silence,  
In the night when all is darkness,  
When the Spirit of Sleep, Napahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the cornfields.  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment,  
Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,



And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,  
Neither burrowing worm nor insect  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle."



ROANOKE.



A KING'S TOMB.

It was on this second expedition, when they preëmpted the land's food to the extent of ten bushels, that the thickets of Cape Cod bent, cracked and tore their corselets, frozen as they then were to near sheet-iron stiffness. The shoes of Master Goodman (a surname well fitting his social standing) were fast frosted to his feet, and he was helpless for weeks, until death cut short his intense suffering.

Today as in Pilgrim times the black fish whale, twenty to twenty-five feet long, hunts the squid in Cape Cod Bay, and at times a school of them circling in shallow water, often

driven by shouting fishermen, is washed up on the beach. The black fish whale occasionally weighs several tons, and

there are on rare occasions, twelve hundred or more in a school. A yield of watchmaker's oil taken from the cavities in jaw and skull, in addition to the blubber, is to the thrifty fishermen of Cape Cod well worth the toil of a black fish whale hunt.



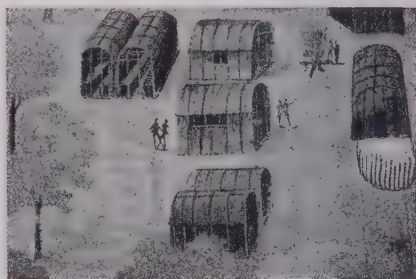
AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

low-studded cabin of the "Mayflower," while the small band of investigators was absent on that second excursion. The birth was that of Peregrine White; the death that of Bradford's wife, Dorothy May, who presumably fell overboard and was drowned while her husband was on the third excursion. There is no record of the finding of the body of the young wife and mother.

Tattle has come down, via the underground railway, that the marriage was one of pique, which, coupled with grief for her little son left in Holland, and the

#### THE QUARTETTE OF NEW WORLD FIRSTLINGS

The angels of birth and death greeted each other as they hovered, patiently waiting for their hour, in the cramped



WHITE'S DRAWING OF AN INDIAN VILLAGE

loneliness of the hour, may account for the fact that William Bradford makes no mention of the manner of her death, a happening that must have sadly racked the little company.\* After the arrival of the Anne, William Bradford married Alice Carpenter Southworth,—traditionally

the love of his youth,—whom to meet at Scaftworth, he often walked in his younger days.

The name of the tiny new-comer, Peregrine, signified Pilgrim or Wanderer, a name appropriately given by the parents. The Pilgrims made the little one's arrival before daybreak cause for a first Day of Thanksgiving, in these words:

Sonne born to Susanna Whie  
(White),

December 19th 1620 yt six  
o'clock morning.

Next day we meet for prayer  
and thanksgiving.

The news purveyor covered much in the foregoing brief statement of record. Baby fingers of that first citizen twisted in and out of the interstices in the White cradle, made of osier twigs, now in Pilgrim Hall, which doubtless had sheltered

his elder brother, Resolved; while beneath its hood for years echoed cooing, crowing, laughter, varied by lung-expanding



ENVIRONS OF ROANOKE.

\*Plymouth records prove that this little motherless lad of Dorothy May Bradford's came to Plymouth in the year 1627.



choleric yells of infantile temper, for it is fair to assume that the first native-born future governor, General Josiah Winslow, patronized the substantially built White cradle. This is one of the pieces of Pilgrim furniture trustworthily



ROANOKE'S MIASMA-SATURATED SHORE.

documented as having been brought across the ocean in the much overburdened, overfurnished Mayflower, accredited in fond tradition with an incredibly voluminous cargo. An encouraging assortment of brothers and sisters "storked" into Edward Winslow's "Careswell" home and in their early days of

sprawling, upkicking and drooling also used this cradle.

Pride of ancestry has brought many a descendant of the Pilgrims to make a special journey to Plymouth and lay his first born for a few moments in the Mayflower cradle.

What an interesting quartette do we find in these New World firstling-infants! Leading all in time was Virginia Dare, born at Roanoke Island (then Virginia, but now North Carolina) of English parents. Her birth took place thirty years prior to that of Peregrine White.

Virginia Dare, when a mere child was captured by Indians. Her fate as one of the lost colony of Roanoke is shrouded in mystery, save as campfire tales of the Coree Indians, some sixty years after the disappearance, state that the colony joined a Hatteras Tribe, intermarried, and drifted back



Engraved on a silver tankard.  
SARAH RAPELJE.





THAT FIRST CAMP FIRE ON CAPE COD.



*Courtesy of Chase & Sanborn, Boston, Mass.*

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.



BAPTISM OF VIRGINIA DARE.

to savagery. As late as the eighteenth century, this tribe showed the grey eye and auburn hair of the Saxon, well exemplifying the law of reversion to type in man as well as beast. Jean de la Vigne was the first male white child born before 1624 in Nova Belgica, the civic centre of the geographical New Netherland, containing the first city of New Amsterdam,—Manhattan. Sarah Rapalier, or Rapelje, was the first female child born at Fort Orange, now Albany, June 7, 1625. The cradle of Sarah Rapelje, as of Peregrine White, is still preserved. She was the offspring of Walloon Belgian Protestants, who, like the Pilgrim Fathers, came from Leyden, Holland, nearly forty years after the birth of Virginia Dare when Peregrine had just mastered his alphabet. The little Walloon maiden's direct and collateral descendants still live in the Middle States and frequently come to the fore in annals of the Empire State and city. Sarah Rapalje was presented with a tankard, Peregrine White with two hundred acres of land, but Virginia Dare was never found after that Indian raid wiped out the little





THE MESSAGE ON THE OAK TREE AT ROANOKE.

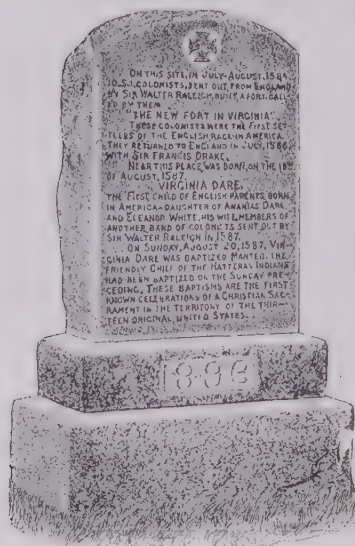
colony on Roanoke Island. Jean Vigne, had to be satisfied with the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of admiring neighbors. Thus fate grasped the hands of that firstling-quartette at its advent and led its members to the end of life along widely varying paths.

Virginia, daughter of Eleanor and Ananias Dare, born in 1587, was the granddaughter of Governor John White. Virginia, the child pet of the "Lost Colony"—that first settlement of the Southland by the men of Devonshire, at Roanoke—possibly fell into Indian degeneracy, and with her companions and descendants, like hundreds of later captives found in New England and other colonies, was lost in savagery. In some cases adult women refused to return to white society, even when given the opportunity.

An intensely interesting ceremony must have been the baptism of Virginia Dare. With moist eyes, from which tears would have dropped had onlookers foreseen her fate, the little company on Roanoke grouped about the tiny babe, the first recipient of this, the most sacred symbol and cere-

mony of their faith, in the new land. Voices trembling with the import of act and hour wished her peace, happiness and a long life.

Few more interesting monuments dot our land than this



MONUMENT OF THE NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA IN MEMORY OF VIRGINIA DARE AND THE ROANOKE SETTLEMENT.

modest stone which marks the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's settlements at Roanoke, where was built what was known as the "New Fort." Close by the little stronghold was the site of the dwelling where Virginia Dare was baptized, and nearby that of the tree on whose trunk was carved "Croaton," the only message from a lost people to a seeking world. Sailing for Croaton Isle, to trace the missing colonists, a storm drove Governor William White and his rescue party off course, and they brought up in England, where every available ship was needed to fight the Spanish

Armada. A sad leaving to unknown fate was the outcome of that second futile attempt to settle on Roanoke Island and to rescue the perishing.

The promised cross, if in distress, to be placed near any message, was omitted, and showed that no harm had come to the little company. It gave a degree of comfort to anguished hearts who grouped under the Roanoke oak. Inscrutable Providence, however, decreed that the quest should forever end at this oak.

Though never seeing the land on whose attempted colonization he spent two hundred thousand dollars, Raleigh was undaunted by failure. He backed expedition after expedition sent out to gain an English foothold on our shores.



Persevering Admiral Grenville, hero of *The Revenge*, sponsored by the equally persevering Sir Walter Raleigh, again sailed to Roanoke with another grist of gold seekers. Any man who could pit a single ship against fifty-three enemy ships and win out was a worthy selection for pioneering the settlement of a land of savages.

"And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the  
summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and  
her shame."

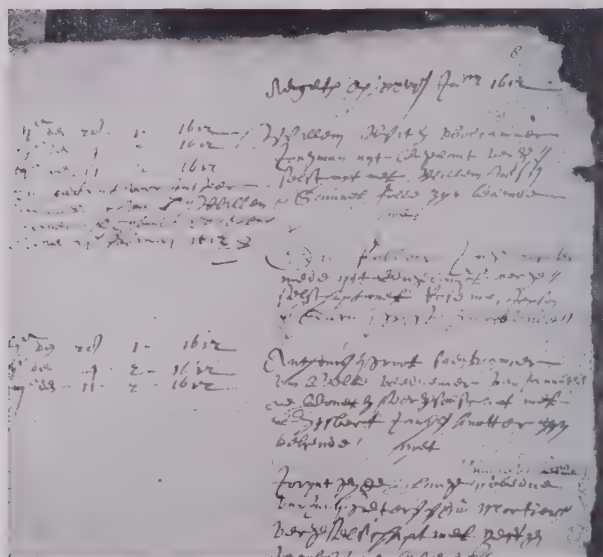
Admiral Grenville landed in Roanoke in 1587, with a corporal's guard of fifteen men, filed a caveat for England, and then returned to the British Isles. The next appearance of Englishmen in Roanoke Harbor was again backed by Sir Walter Raleigh, that man whose vocabulary was barren of the word "Failure," whether on sea, land, or scaffold. Save as Roanoke spelled disaster to all who fell within its blighting shadow, he knew not the word, even in the face of death. At the Tercentenary of his death in 1917, it was wholly fitting that a memorial volume containing selections from Sir Walter Raleigh's "Prose and Poetry" should be issued. Raleigh's spirit still animates "the embattled empire" which he "toiled terribly" to found. He was well called "The Shepherd of the Ocean."

Reverting again to the little craft anchored back of the Hook in Provincetown harbor with its Pilgrim passengers, one finds that the augury of Peregrine White's arrival in America was apparently that of a hazardous, spectacular, and unique expedition to earth-plane.\* Truly, all of this and more came to little Peregrine, who was welcomed by the entire shipload of expectant passengers and crew. Pere-

\* The Pilgrims dropped the name and use of godfathers and godmothers.

grine's father was one of the fifty or more Pilgrims who died of typhus, scurvy, or possibly pneumonia, during that first winter.

On May 12, 1621, a few weeks after the death of her



WILLIAM WHITE'S FAMILY RECORD.

husband, William White, which occurred on February 21, 1621, the widow, Susannah, following the custom of early times in newly settled countries, that of brief widowhood, married the recently bereaved Edward Winslow, whose wife Elizabeth had died March 24, 1621. Winslow, when elected to be the third governor of Plymouth, step-fathered with high officialism that first native Pilgrim pioneer, Peregrine White, as well as his elder brother, Resolved.

Filling a unique niche in American history, Peregrine was presented by the town with two hundred acres of land. In the lapse of years eleven children swarmed about, and let us hope, graced his board. As the chronicler of the times puts it, "Vigorous and of comely aspect was Peregrine White." In civil life he was an officer of the town, in mil-

[illegible]

St. On's Hall at Exmouth  
 West-Devonshire  
 Exmouth Little

Percepsione. Tertius.  
John Hoffman

sum of Seal was fourteenth day  
 Seven Hundred & Eighteen 1718  
 Ebenezer Cobb Jr  
 July 10<sup>th</sup> 1718. The above Ebenezer  
 appearing before me the Subscriber one  
 of his Justices of Peace acknowledged  
 Instant to be final & deed  
 Wm. H. H.

BORN IN 1694, DIED IN 1801.

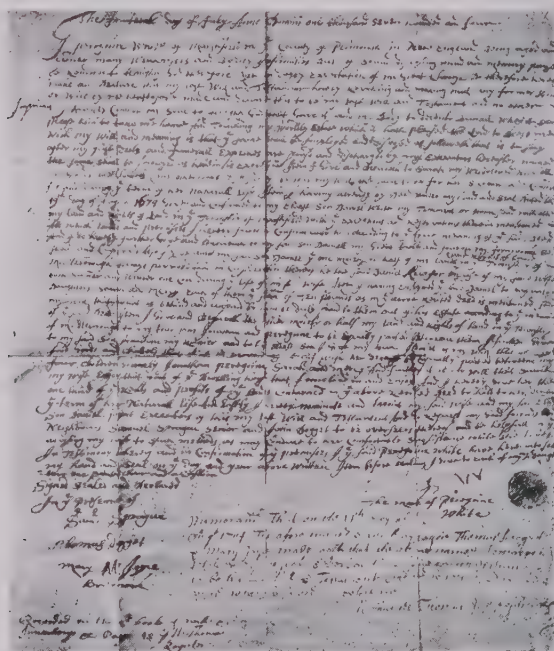
William Thomas

BORN IN 1789, DIED IN 1882.

THREE AUTOGRAPHS THAT SPAN TO PLYMOUTH ROCK.

itary activity he was an ensign under Standish. Strict justice compels us to report from the record that, as in the case of some of his descendants, age bettered the man.

The eighty odd years, from the birth of Peregrine to



WILL OF PEREGRINE WHITE.

the epitaphed tombstone chronicling his demise, were barren of the tragedy, the romance and the excitement that fairly saturated his childhood days. His wanderings, though doubtless varied at rare intervals by a saddleback mount, or shallop trip to Boston Town, only extended to nearby Marshfield, where he died July 22, 1704.

### THE THREE AUTOGRAPHS

Only three autographs are required to link the present generation with those firstcomers who stepped on Plymouth Rock three centuries ago. Fortunately for those who revere





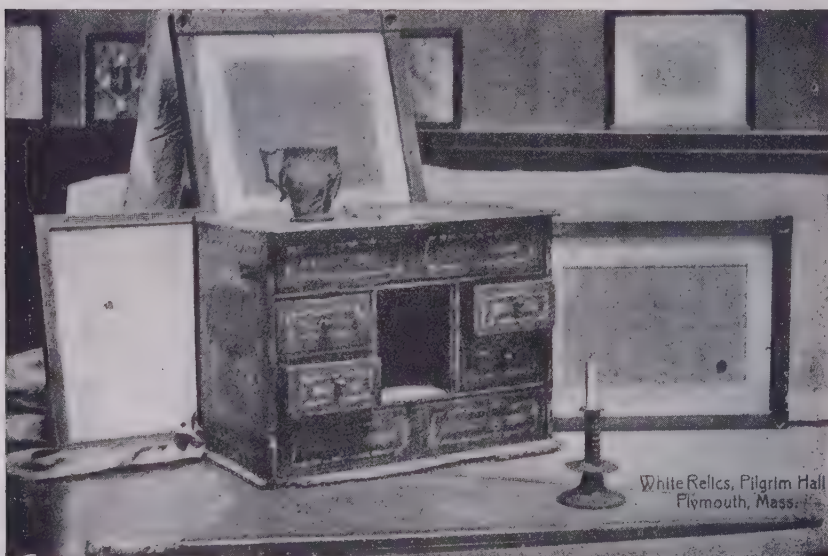
HOUSE AND FARM OF PEREGRINE WHITE LATER LARGELY OWNED  
BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

their forebears, these autographs have been found, and are here grouped for the first time. People dying in our day have talked with those who in turn knew intimately neighbors and boon companions of Peregrine White, and through them we of today reverently strike hands with Pilgrim Fathers who trod the deck of the *Speedwell*, landed on Plymouth Rock, and fought and made treaties with Indians in and about Patuxet (Plymouth) in 1620 and 1621. Stepping backward from the present hour, we discern in Pilgrim Hall the signature of William Thomas, born in 1789, who died in Plymouth, September 20, 1882, at the age of ninety-three.

Near it is the "John Hancock" of Ebenezer Cobb, that Plymouthite, who lived in three centuries. Born in 1694, he died in 1801. As a little ten-year-old lad, he had known that firstborn New Englander, Peregrine White, and for the last seven of his hundred and seven years' grip on an earthly home frequently saw the little youngster, Billy Thomas, to whom he communicated the recollections of one hundred years.

Looking backward in this historic chain which binds us to the day when Mary Chilton stepped on both Plymouth Rock and into history's page, we discern as the last autographic link the signed will of Peregrine White, First Citizen of Plymouth.

Duxbury has claims to historic longevity of equal im-



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#### BELONGINGS OF PEREGRINE WHITE.

port in Andrew Stetson, who was born in 1792, and died in Duxbury in June, 1889. Andrew Stetson doubtless compared notes and hobnobbed throughout his long life with Bill Thomas over the Death Winter, the Indian massacres, and other disastrous deterrents that came unsought to the Pilgrim Fathers.

While it is true that Peregrine White did not sign his will with full name, the "P.W." designated as his mark, was caused, not by ignorance but old age, as is proved by his three signatures affixed to these documents in 1692-3-5. Throughout his life he wrote a well-rounded hand.

Peregrine White's mother, Susannah,\* had the rare distinction of being the first mother and the first wife made in New Plymouth besides being mother of the first native-born Governor, and the first Major-General of the colonies.

\* A trio of marriages occurred in that early spring and summer before the arrival on November 9, 1621, of the *Fortune*. First that of Edward Winslow and the widow Susannah White; next of John Howland and Elizabeth Tilley, and lastly John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. (or Mullines), this being credited, by the lovers, as the banner romance of that day and ours,

Cane, candlestick, tankard, and a small combination chest of drawers, brought over on the Mayflower, stand forth in startling reality in a corner of Pilgrim Hall. First owned by William and Susannah White, they were later possessed by that firstborn New Englander, Peregrine White, and lastly made our venerated relics by the hallowing hand of time.



WEBSTER'S HOME AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.

Marshfield, aside from being the home of Governor Winslow, and perforce of his stepson, Peregrine, became in later years the residence of America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster, New Hampshire's mighty son, a man who allowed "no Alleghenies in his politics" and whose death October 24, 1852, convulsed a nation. Ten thousand mourners, grieving over the loss to the world and coming from all parts of the land, swarmed into the little country village bordering Cape Cod Bay. Tearfully gazing at the upturned face of the dead lion-of-eloquence, they unconsciously stood in the presence of the one American who, had his life been spared a few years longer—surely it is not wild argument to state—might have averted the Civil War.

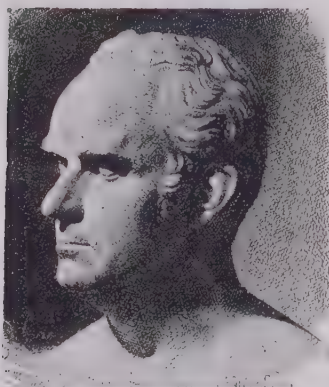


STUDY OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Webster's estate included a portion of Edward Winslow's homestead "Careswell." It is an interesting coincidence that New England's first and, two centuries later, her greatest statesman strolled and mused over and seeded and harvested the same fields.

The keen eye of America's Demosthenes pierced the rising cloud of State issues threatening

to wreck consolidation,\* the same problem which the Pilgrims in the Dutch Republic saw and felt, as in Leyden they witnessed the clash that issued in a Nationalism never destroyed.



*Daniel Webster*

Webster saw beyond the lengthening shadows the light of Eternal Day as he strode through field and forest where Edward Winslow walked and thought out problems of government on which as a corner-stone the Pilgrims based their lives. The invisible law of electorship ruling man became to Webster an unalterable action—its foundation having been laid in that first Town Meeting on the continent by the shores of the big

bay indenting eastern America's coast line.

The first stage in that final exhaustive third inspection of 1620 proved most important and even decisive. In the interim between the goings forth, Edward Thompson died. Jasper More was in his last hours when the investigators slid down the Mayflower's side, and James Chilton "passed on" while they were absent on this third excursion.

Yet the clammy hand of death could not halt Pilgrim progress. Food and shelter were insistent demands, and so the little band strode forth into the wilderness to do or die. Eighteen men, all volunteers,



*Courtesy of A. S. Burbank.*

TOMB OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

\*The black bondage which molded and marred North and South of Mason and Dixon's line.



started on this trip. A blanket of snow from six inches to a foot deep lay on the Cape. Ten men tramped over land, while eight started in the boat. The plans leading up to this last important journey of inspection, were warmly discussed, for the need of settling was urgent.

Twenty leagues to the eastward, lay Ipswich, holding forth a beckoning hand. Off the bar the Mayflower drifted.

"I love to think of old Ipswich town,  
Old Ipswich town in the East countree,  
Whence on the tide you can float down  
Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea  
Where the Mayflower drifted off the bar  
Sea-worn and weary, long years ago,  
And dared not enter, but sailed away  
Till she landed her boats in Plymouth Bay."

If Appleton Morgan, in these lines on Ipswich Town, be correct, and if Captain Jones had put his passengers ashore at Ipswich, "bordering the long salt grass that led to the wailing sea," instead of at Patuxet, where they acquired the cleared land and the deserted cornfields of an extinct Indian tribe, Pilgrim history might have been read as dire failure, instead of triumphant success. Robert Coppin, who had been in these parts before, pointed across the Bay to Manomet Headland, east of the low Manomet Point edging Plymouth Harbor. This bold landmark, four hundred feet high, seemed to entice the wanderers. Coppin's judgment ruled, and thither the Pilgrims finally headed their craft.

This third excursion covered most of the entire shore line of Cape Cod Bay.

The first section of their sailing was a straightaway move to the shelter of Eastham harbor, where the First Encounter occurred near Great-Meadow-Creek at Eastham, or Wellfleet Harbor, which they named Grampus Bay, after the beached black fish which they saw the Indians slashing apart.

Even after a previous midnight alarm the explorers were caught napping, for their guns were in the boat, which

was aground, and their coats of mail were hanging on the trees. A helter-skelter scurrying for weapons and the carrying of blazing brands to the men in the shallop, who lustily yelled for essential lights and for slow-matches must, to



ATTACKED BY INDIANS ON THAT THIRD EXCURSION.

the Indians, have seemed fear. They changed their minds swiftly, when the flare and noise of exploding powder and bullets whizzing close to them warned the savages that an engine of destruction more potent than arrows could follow fast.

For many a day the Pilgrims saw no more of the aborigines. Artistic license ruled in this illustration, as Indians rarely fought at close range in the open, on the contrary using trees, rocks and undergrowth as shelter. They seldom met the white man face to face, save when the advantage might be theirs, while in midnight massacre the Indian reveled. A hand-to-hand conflict, as shown by the artist, would certainly have meant speedy burial for the majority of each little band.

In the second stage of that momentous third inspection they reached a haven from the storm on Clark's Island,



Courtesy of A. S. Burbank.

From the Hoe Painting.

DECEMBER 7, 1620. THE PILGRIMS STOOD ON PULPIT ROCK ON CLARK'S ISLAND AND HELD THAT FIRST PRAYER MEETING OF THANKS TO THE LORD OF HOSTS FOR THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE SEA PERILS.



MAP OF CAPE COD.



THAT FIRST ENCOUNTER.

December 7, 1620. Following that first encounter, with rudder broken, masts snapped short, and sails torn, their craft nearly foundered. Through strenuous rowing and able handling by the helmsman, Thomas English, the boat escaped Brown Island's treacherous bar.\* To the Pilgrims it was not what happened outwardly, but what took place in them that mattered. Unsheltered in that bitter cold December and the campfire a travesty, when Sabbath morning dawned, they gave themselves in loyal service to God, for theirs was not a religion of words, nor of profession merely, but of truth. With numbed fingers they turned the leaves of their Bibles and talked with the Lord while grouped on Pulpit Rock. The sentinel on vantage ground guarding the little band of worshippers was to them as firm as the Rock of Ages. Made of sterling clay, well leavened with undaunted spirit, were these men of grit and grace. In these words the narrator on the ground gives the details of that landing. "Rounding Saguish Head, dark and raining sore, divided in their mindes what to do, they landed with much adoe, got fire (all things being so wette), secure from ye Indians, where they might

\* Originally an island, but gradually eaten away by the tide.



dry their stufe, fixe their peeces,\* and rest themselves and give God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances. This being ye last day of ye weeke, they prepared there to keep ye Sabbath."

Both Captain Jones and Mate John (not Thomas) Clark, the latter said to have been the first man to step on the island, are even to the present hour geographically remembered on Cape Cod—the former by Jones River at Kingston, the latter by this same Clark's Island of eighty-four acres, now held by the Watson family, descendants of the original owners. The twelve men on this excursion undoubtedly landed also on Plymouth Rock, which was a prominent feature on the shore front. Returning to the *Mayflower*, they stated in detail the results of the dangerous excursion and the entire company immediately prepared to settle on the approved site.

Years passed and it was 1765 or 1769 before descendants of the Pilgrims celebrated Landing Day. At that time the Plymouth folks decided that first among the illuminated pages and the initial red letter day in America's calendar of democracy was December 22, though we now celebrate December 21 as Forefathers' Day.

For a majority of the company, the first Sabbath day ashore was January 31. March had come before all stores were landed. The three excursions, as shown on the map, well covered the shore line of the Cape. Very thoroughly did the Pilgrim inspect the ground before raising his roof-tree.

In Leyden Pilgrims had learned by heart the Dutch motto: "Raad voor daad," "Counsel before action."†

\* "Fixe their peeces," included not only drying out the weapons, but keeping aglow the slow-match which had to be inconveniently carried by each man to fire the matchlock.

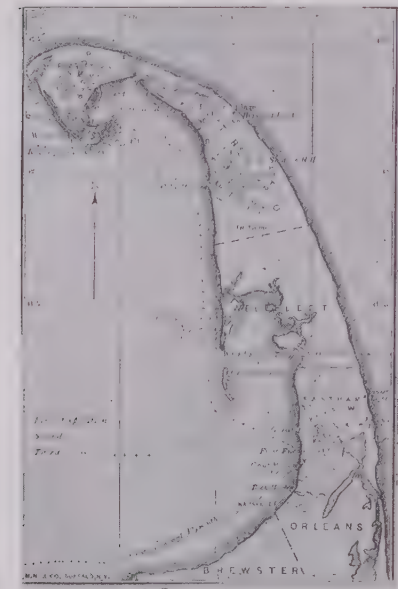
† Undoubtedly they frequently conversed with each other in Dutch and wrote in the same language. Their signatures on important documents show also that they used in dealing with their neighbors, the natives of Holland, the Dutch forms of their own English names.

THE SEVERAL LANDINGS OF THE PILGRIMS ON CAPE COD.  
WHERE, WHEN, AND HOW?

The keel of the *Mayflower's* dinghy—assuming the Pilgrims had a two-seated craft supplementing the staunch whale, yawl, or long boat—first grazed the sand of Provincetown Beach at the hook of

the cape (today closely located by entablature) on the eleventh day of November, 1620, O. S., or November 21, 1620, N. S.

The three excursions of investigation extended through twenty-one days or more, and included careful soundings made from the essential shallop. It is generally conceded that at the end of the third excursion—the day after camping out on Clark's Island—the historic landing on Plymouth Rock was made, namely December 21 or 22, 1620. The company,



MAP SHOWING THE THREE EXCURSIONS.

all men, consisted of ten landmen, two sailor Pilgrims, and six of the *Mayflower's* crew.

Returning to the ship after the Plymouth Rock landing, it was on Friday, December 25, 1620, N. S., that the *Mayflower* weighed anchor and started for the Patuxet shore, but immediately put back on account of storm.

The next day, Saturday, December 26, found the dangerous voyage finished and sails furled, at the inconvenient location of one and one-half miles off shore in Plymouth Harbor—twice as far as when at Provincetown. (Plymouth Harbor is in the main a high tide harbor and it requires careful steering to keep in its tortuous channel.)

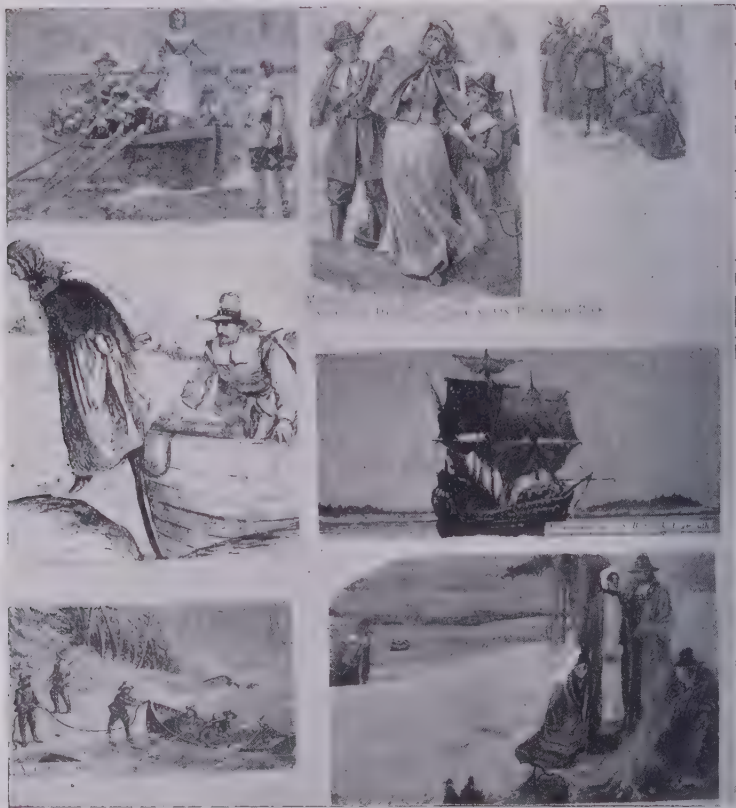
The following day, December 27, being the Holy Sabbath, all effort to reach shore stopped automatically, but Monday, December 28, saw the second landing of the investigators on, or near, Plymouth Rock. After critically examining the water front, Standish won his point to settle on Plymouth Hill, as being more easily protected from Indian assault, and as controlling that stream-of-utility and food supply, also having the sweet Brewster Spring.

In a word, the eye of the engineer and soldier and the master mind that felt keenly, as the average man could not, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, controlled as it should have done. Standish looked below the surface of events and environment to the future. His services could not, cannot, be appraised in totals of gold or gems.

With the care exercised by the Pilgrims in all things, the next day, December 29, was devoted to cautiously peering into thicket and woodland, ascertaining how many cornfields had been cultivated by the "Wilden" (using the term for the word "Indian," which they had learned in Holland) and roaming inland a short distance to seek trace of present Indian occupancy. The plateau at the base of Plymouth Hill, as well as the lower land fronting the shore, having been decided upon as a site for the settlement, by the majority, the Pilgrims landed in larger number on Wednesday, December 30. Eighteen men slept ashore, being caught that night in a terrific gale, while those left on board the *Mayflower* were held there by storm over Thursday, December 31.

As there were prayers on the *Speedwell's* deck and dock, and probably Bible reading on leaving Delfshaven, the artist rightly assumed that when nearing Patuxet shore, just as the Pilgrims were about to step on land, the Book of Books was opened and the Lord reverently praised in song and testimony for His protecting guidance in bringing His people to the Promised Land.

Possibly Miss Chilton, in her desire to be the first



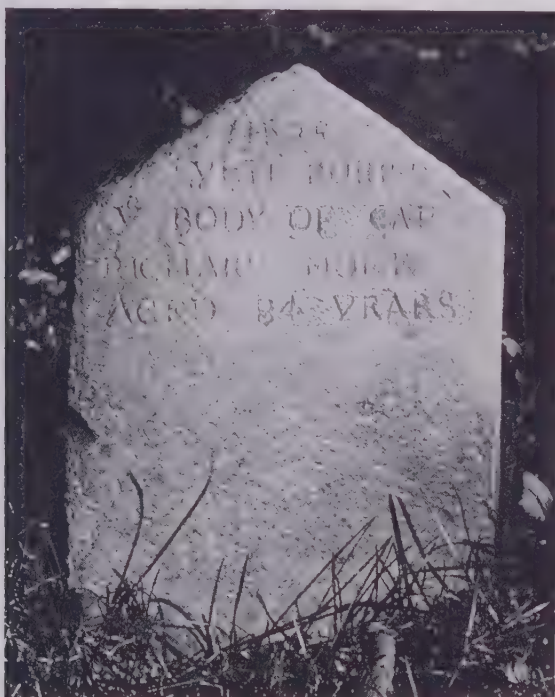
LANDINGS OF MOMENT IN THE NEW WORLD AT PROVINCETOWN AND  
PLYMOUTH.

woman ashore, refused the courteous helping hand of sterner clay, and slipped by John Alden, who is credited with having first trodden Plymouth Rock. As he was not however of the Clark Island prayer meeting group, this may have been a second landing. John is said to have kept gallantly silent, when this *Ladye Faire* claimed first place. Mary Chilton afterward married John Winslow, brother of Edward Winslow, a passenger on the *Fortune*, which arrived November 16, 1621.

The only grave except Richard More's, the *Mayflower* passenger, that is absolutely known, is that of Mary Chilton,



buried in King's Chapel burial plot—Boston's first cemetery. Here, alas for history, and because of a mayor's fondness for stones set in a straight row, the memorials are authentic, but not in many cases set over the relics they once covered. Here



*Courtesy of "The Mayflower Descendant."*

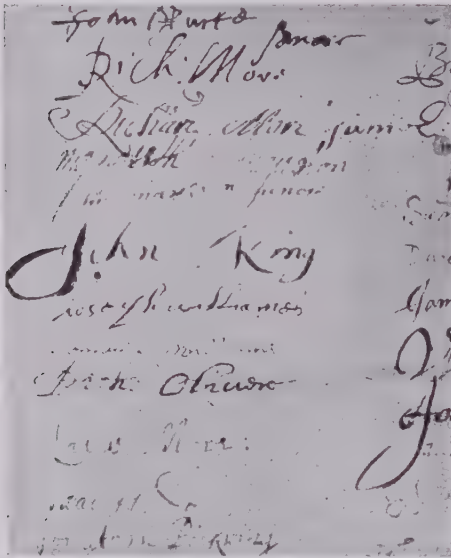
THE ONLY KNOWN GRAVE OF A MAYFLOWERITE HAVING AN ORIGINAL TOMBSTONE. RICHARD MORE'S GRAVE IS IN CHARTER STREET BURIAL GROUND, SALEM, MASS.

Separatism seems mockery, and by a paradox, ultra conformity also!

Gravestones in the crude art of this period intensified the gruesomeness of death. Cherubim, death's heads, hour glasses, dismembered bones and grotesque decorations with the chisel emphasized the dissolution of the body.

An original tombstone in memory of Captain Richard More, who came over in the Mayflower as a youngster and lived in Elder Brewster's family, making two of its six mem-

bers, has been found, to the great joy of the archeologist. The exact date of Captain More's death is not known, but is supposed to have been in 1696. In the workings of an inscrutable Providence, graves of Captains of Industry like



Courtesy of the Mayflower Descendant.  
SIGNATURES OF RICHARD MORE AND HIS  
SONS.

Allerton, and of Religion like Brewster, of the Mayflower passengers, were destined never to be positively known. Little Dicky More, who was under everybody's heels on ship, is the only one of the hundred and two whose original grave, marked by a stone extant and authentic, has been found.

Unique are these sand blast dunes of Provincetown! Under storm pressure they grind and

frost the window panes, pit face and throttle vegetation. When the pine, the juniper, the beach plum, and the bayberry vanished, Marron beach grass was left to hold its own against the elements. Today, tree and shrub plantings make Provincetown a goal of safety for forty-three hundred souls.

The Marron Grass Committee of Massachusetts did excellent work in demanding cultivation of this beach grass or sea sand weed (*Ammophila Arenaria* L). As pictured, the term "shifting sands" or in Dutch "Stuyvesant" well applies to the gritty, eye-irritating grains of grayish silver



MARY CHILTON'S TOMB IN  
BOSTON'S KING'S CHAPEL  
CEMETERY.

white detritus of rock ground to powder ages ago by glacier motion and wave. Borrowed from the Netherlands and applied also to New Jersey and other states having sandy fronts to the ocean, this humble plant (*A. A. L.*), has saved miles of land and millions of money for the nation. At times, under the sweeping winds that play fast and loose across the Cape-of-Endless-Naming, this sand blanket threatened to bury Provincetown completely. Science and technical skill, as illustrated by successful cultivation of this sand-defying plant which subdues, even while it draws its life sustenance from the unstable soil, find protection for many a shore settlement in Europe or America. As it is, walk, roadway, flower and vegetable garden, in and near Provincetown, are often sand covered. The blasting winds, despite the tenacious guardianship of the wire grass, compel the ancient town to wrestle for its life.

That long journey before the Pilgrims reached the Promised Land, sorely tried souls and bodies, but their life work from beginning to end spelled trial, and they gloried in disappointments that grew apace. "When I am weak, then am I strong," were the words of one whom no difficulties could daunt. This formula of success proved to be cheer, not discouragement to the Pilgrim, whose sanctified ambition was to rival Paul.

The real log of the Mayflower was never found. It is not surprising that Bradford's "History of the Plimouth Plantation" has, in England only, been called "The Mayflower Log," as it in part tells the story of the sea trip, though of slight technical value, never at any point coming anywhere near the worth of Luke's astonishingly full and accurate account of Paul's voyage to Rome, a nautical gem, unmatched in all ancient literature. It was two hundred and fifty years before this book, called the greatest in American history, was put into type. Carefully written out on our soil with the quill by the painstaking Governor, one reads in this secular book of books that the Pilgrims "put to sea again

with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together. According to ye usual manner, many were afflicted with sea sickness. There was a proud and very profane young man, one of ye sea men, of a lustie able body which made him the more haughty. He would allway be contemning ye poor people in their sickness, and cursing them daily with greevous execrations, and did not let to tell them that he hoped to help to cast one halfe of them overboard before they came to their journey's end, but it pleased God, before they came halfe seas over, to smite this young man with a greievous disease, of which he dyed, in a desperate manner, and so was himself ye first thrown overboard. Thus his curses light on his owne head."

Judged by this brief record of Bradford's and by other side-lights cast athwart that Voyage-of-Distress, the Pilgrim crossing of the Atlantic was in truth a pilgrimage and fittingly called "A Harrowing Journey."

Immediately after landing at Patuxet, a barricade, two sheds, a hospital, and shelter huts began to take form and the settlement was fairly started. The first building erected was the Community House, in size 20 x 20. The visitor is still shown the site of this historic edifice, half fort and half dwelling. Its completion was celebrated in the usual manner, centuries old, in Europe, by Captain Jones broaching or tapping a beer keg.

As if their trials were not complete, fire now broke out to test further their capacity for both courage and suffering. It must have been a rasping experience for sick men like Carver and Bradford, to be awakened in the dead of winter—January fourteenth—by roaring flames which unroofed this same Common House which contained among other stores their gunpowder. Prompt action saved the cabin and its contents, both explosive and non-explosive. The Pilgrims charged this episode to experience. To them it was all in the day's work of the great venture. A new sea-grass roof soon thatched the structure.





By George H. Boughton.

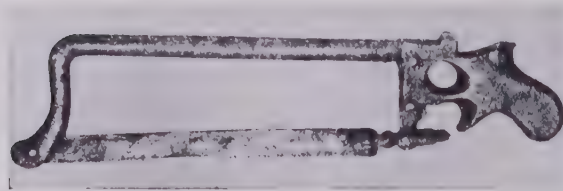
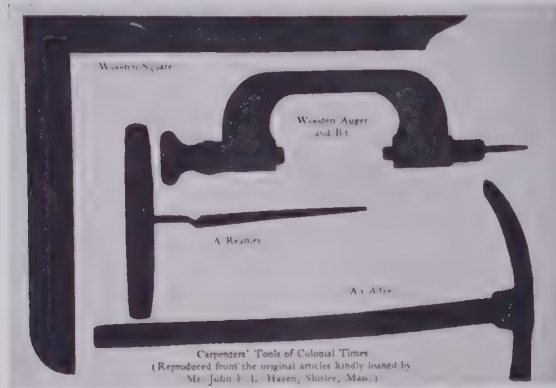
WATCHING FOR THE RELIEF SHIP WITH SADDENED HEARTS.

Youth was a favoring factor with the Pilgrims. Aside from Brewster and Carver and their wives, the average age was not over twenty-five years. Edward Winslow was twenty-six, Isaac Allerton thirty-two, and Myles Standish thirty-six. Yet in spite of youth's brawn and optimism, during that heart-breaking season of January and February, 1621, death removed half their number. On either the 17th or the 24th of February, colonists met together in the unfinished Community House, made into a hospital. In the midst of the dead and dying they cast the first suffrage vote in New England, and chose John Carver, a "pious and well appointed gentleman," as governor, and Myles Standish the first military commander of New England. This was a full year after Virginia's Assembly had been inaugurated.

It was a keen-eyed Indian, who peering seaward, discovered a newcomer in the offing. It was heading straight toward the seven small huts clustered on the side of Ply-

mouth Hill. The "Relief Ship," (though first believed to be a French enemy) for which watching eyes had grown dim, was in sight.

An Indian's theft of tools, left in the woods by Myles



A COLONIAL CARPENTER'S TOOLS AND SURGEON'S SAW.

Standish and Francis Cook, caused the Pilgrims to nip in the bud all stealing propensities. At a joint council, after the Massasoit Treaty was signed, the threat of battle procured immediate return of the loot, and, at Pilgrim demand, a lusty thrashing was cheerfully given the thieves.

Wherever possible wood supplanted expensive metal. Wooden squares and wooden body and handle constituted the bulk of carpenter's and mason's tools.

The surgeon's saw of colonial days needed a skilled hand to manipulate its jagged, uneven edge.

The wounded knew nothing of anesthetics during an operation. Dr. Jackson, who claimed the discovery of ether



FIRST STEPS IN THE INDIAN TREATY.

ahead of Dr. Morton, made his experiments in the Winslow house now standing in Plymouth. Lydia Jackson, his daughter, married Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The time consumed in learning how to live in a new country was shortened by centuries when the Pilgrim on Watson's (Strawberry) Hill clasped hands and smoked the calumet or peace pipe, with the Indian. The ancestors of Massasoit had, from year to year, added to their knowledge until, when the Pilgrim arrived, short rough paths leading to the uplands of comfortable living crisscrossed the land. When, where, and how the aborigines first learned to plant native corn, we do not know, but they shaded the ground with the pumpkin vines that first looked up at the sun in America—the fourth staple indigenous to our mighty land. Who would suppose that sugar could come from the storm-broken trunk of the maple—discovered by the Indian and equaling the wonders of fairy tales—a candy tree in the forest? The Indian, with the primitive virtue of generosity—not entirely a lost art with children—speedily passed his knowledge on to the Pilgrim. How to fish without hooks or hack a fishhook out of a bone; how to cultivate the potato and raise beans poled on cornstalks were lessons in the forest man's Primer easily learned by the newcomer.

Who will, in the spirit of Paul, who confessed himself debtor to both Greek and barbarian, write the book which shall catalogue the long and varied list of what the white man owes to his red brother? It was the savage who revealed to the unseeing who came across the ocean the American Cornucopia.

The Pilgrim mother quickly absorbed, through the Indian squaw, conveniences at hand in forest and river. The plumage of the wild duck made downy pillows; turkey feathers convenient dusters; and cornhusks excellent mattresses, besides mats to cleanse soiled brogan, boot and moccasin, and collars for horses—when these friends of man came from across sea to share and lessen labors. Indian



pudding was no misnomer. The dish doubtless tasted somewhat differently from the palate-tickling dessert of today, but within were stored both calories and vitamins, giving health and strength to the hard-worked Pilgrim, who reveled in the open, after confinement within the walled cities of Holland.

In addition to the men who sailed from England, there were some sixty women and children, proving that these religious pioneers never expected to return. They came to establish homes and worship their God in the wilderness far from the haunts of their former fellows. Very different, for example, from the passengers who sailed to Jamestown, were these pioneers in the cold land! Farther south were gold seekers, so frantically eager for the precious metal that, deceived at the very beginning by glittering sand, they sent back to England a vessel packed from keel to deck with pyrites—well named “fool’s gold.”

Of the men of the Pilgrim party, but two were hired servants, and these were certainly not menial in spirit, as they fought a duel close to death. As punishment, the culprits were condemned with neck and heels tied together to grovel in the dirt for four and twenty hours—not only an undignified posture, but irksome, both to soul and body—so much so that the authorities pitied their embarrassment and eased off. This duel and the murder by Billington yield conclusive proof that we are not to look for the core of the Pilgrim organization in the Mayflower miscellaneous company, but in the Leyden church.

In days when the Pilgrim crossed the Atlantic barrier, he left an England in which the inhabitants were ground down by unjust laws. To clarify and justify rules of punishment in the new environment was his first thought. Two hundred and thirty-three offences requiring the death penalty were noted in the laws of England which were never entered on Pilgrim statute books. To hang a starving child for stealing a loaf of bread from a baker’s cart was not in



THE FIRST INDIAN VISITOR TO THE PILGRIMS.

their code. Friday was children's hanging day. From six to eleven crimes in the whole of New England formed the limit of the death penalty, and some of the laws were never put in force.

The native born visitor-interpreters form an interesting trio; their names are closely connected with the early history of the Olde Colony. In the van came Samoset, the

Mohegan chief from Pemaquid, Maine, whose "welcome Englishmen" startled while it warmed the Pilgrim heart. Then Squanto appeared and after him Hobomok. Squanto (Tisaquantum) in his short life (for he died of fever at Chatham in 1622) aided the Pilgrims in field, garden, and home. We nominate him the first American Promoter of Industry and a permanent creditor of the white man. Squanto had lived in Spain and London, yet in March 1621, accompanied by Samoset on his second visit to Patuxet, and duplicating Adam in scantiness of raiment, he sauntered up the street as though June zephyrs instead of

March breezes fanned his naked chest. He illustrated Indian wit, wisdom, pride, sarcasm, and that innate sense of superiority—never lost in a real son of the forest—when he gave realistic truth of the old chief's comment: "Indian no cold, Indian all face." On Squanto's return to New England, it was easy for him, who was a partially civilized man, to revert to savagery, and get into harmony with his former environment.



SAMOSET'S MEMORIAL STONE.

A PILGRIM  
LOBSTER MAN.

For centuries the eel must have squirmed into the mud and issued, under foot pressure, to fill the stomachs of the aborigines. Three centuries after Squanto had passed on, the modern steam shovel, in excavating these very mud banks in 1920—banks that had felt the strenuous efforts of the Pilgrims to capture eels—brought to the surface tons of these same fish, ruthlessly torn from their winter storage home.

## CHAPTER II

### INDIAN TREATY, RETURN OF THE MAY- FLOWER. POETIC TRUTHS BROODING OVER PILGRIM HALL ITINERARY

#### GEORGE WEYMOUTH'S VOYAGE

**I**F WEYMOUTH had not made his voyage some sixty miles up the Penobscot and captured Squanto, taking him to England, the Pilgrims might have starved to death ere the ill-provisioned *Fortune*, in 1621, dropped anchor in Plymouth's "cow yard."

The sign manual of Weymouth seems to indicate that he had more time than present-day check signers. His signature ostentatiously reveals to the chirographer several interesting characteristics of this sea rover. Another quill-driver, James Rosier, accompanied George Weymouth on his Indian-stealing trip up the Penobscot, and through him what Weymouth saw and did, leaked to the world. His book was entitled "The True Relation."

In large measure, it was through fair dealing and tales of the white man's prowess, learned in England and exaggerated by Squanto in America, that the mutually satisfactory treaty between Massasoit and the Pilgrims endured. One example of Squanto's influence is seen in the story—perhaps in some degree believed by him—that the white man kept the plague concealed underground, the hole being shown as proof; or it was stored in powder kegs in the Community House and at will released to do its worst against the white man's enemies.

Pressed by Indians as to the truth of the plague tale



the Pilgrims disclaimed personal custodianship of infection, but said, and fully believed the statement, that through prayer God would unleash disease to maim and destroy their enemies. After Squanto's early death, Hobomok became chief interpreter, and he proved to be a more judicious friend than the crafty Squanto, except for several glaring lapses in the realm of deceit.

Yet the red sinner could never excel in duplicity his white brother. Possibly under sore temptation, those two Indians added the deeper dyed rascality of Christians, so-called, in distinction from the heathen scoundrelism of former captors and teachers, George Weymouth and Thomas Hunt. Squanto merely made some additions.

Hobomok, the Pinesse, or Mystic Indian Counselor, the third Indian to aid greatly the Pilgrims in gaining a foothold in the land, lived in Myles Standish's home, helping him about the house and on the farm. At the same time, Hobomok also aided the Captain to learn the Indian's ways and acquire his speech. Such a knowledge of both word and symbol undoubtedly gave Standish power over the natives, whether friends or foes, sometimes equaling in effect that of his trusty sword, for after lessons from Hobomok Standish had insight as well as vision, education supposedly turning sight into insight.

Other advantages followed from acquaintance, or rather intimacy, with Indian cultivators. From Squanto, flattered by the honors shown him, oozed information often of the most vital character concerning food, whether fish, flesh or fowl, and how to farm ten acres, with the wisdom relatively of a Roe or a Burroughs. With acres to be planted in corn, and neither a plow nor a harrow in the settlement, but only a stout spade and mattock to dig up roots and turn the sod, Squanto's information was, in such a case, equal to the possession of an improved plow, even one made in Holland—in which country the modern plow had its evolution. As the Pilgrim pushed his heavy

felt hat from his forehead and surveyed the patches of cleared land, totaling some twenty acres, he realized the scriptural ban of exile from Eden as he felt the perspiration of honest labor on his brow and adown his spine. The "crick in the back" was sure to become chronic before the last bushel was brought into the community storehouse on his shoulders, as there is no mention of wheelbarrows on the Mayflower. Perhaps some, recalling boyhood memories in Olde England, remembered a few of the merriest moments on the wain, well-laden on its way to the barn. These frolics, too often degenerating into license and lawlessness during the ancient "harvest home" revels, were one of a score of arguments that stripped the Puritan sliver from the Conformist oak.

Squanto, for eighteen months, barring occasional duplicity, nobly aided the Pilgrim colony. Stolen on two separate occasions, enslaved in Spain, freed through the good monks of Malaga, landing in England (where in the home of John Slaney of Cornhill, London, he mastered a fair number of English words), returned to his native soil by Captain Dermer, and ultimately reaching the Pilgrim settlement, Squanto, while living with the Pilgrims in Plymouth seemed set apart by the Lord as interpreter and general utility man. Squanto showed the Pilgrims how to go a'fishing without hook or line; to squeeze eels from mud-burrows with their feet; to trap game; and safely to traverse the forest, while mastering the wiles, the language, the habits, and the policies of the red man. It requires no stretch of imagination for each reader when he thinks of Joseph in Egypt, to make comparisons of his own; to recall the presence of the little captive Hebrew maid in Naaman's household; or even to call out of later American history another cosmopolitan and iron-clad Indian, Joseph Brant—not the creature of exaggerated local tradition, but the man softened and enlarged by a larger contact with men and affairs than was possible to his home-keeping fellows.

The Pilgrims believed themselves led directly by the overruling Power to find the hidden store of seed corn, the opportune discovery of which, on the excursion the day before the ground was frost-locked and snow-hidden, may have saved their lives. In that first encounter at Eastham, Wellfleet, in the Great Meadow Creek, during that vital and decisive third and last hunt for a home site, the Lord diverted the arrow and convinced the Indian that the white man was invincible. Both Pilgrim and Puritan, as true seekers of the reality behind the symbol, thus pointedly, sincerely and in deep humility before the Eternal, stated one phase of their belief—"Christ guides every shaft that flies, leading every bullet to its place of setting and every weapon to the wound it makes." Whatever bold face the Puritan, first and last, showed before men, he humbled himself before the Being to whom he gave all glory. "*Nisi Dominus frustra*," "except the Lord build and keep," were daily words with him, and he knew and felt that without his Infinite Friend, both watch and labor were vain.

Samoset also had his share of appreciation from the day that he, as the first Indian they met, greeted the Pilgrims with outstretched hand and warmed their hearts with his "Welcome, Englishmen." Samoset learned those words from Maine fishermen and used them well. After Squanto's death, Samoset became interpreter. All those were beginnings of a glorious line, which like the distant rill in the mountains becomes a mighty river. Perhaps on the continent of North America are now a half million red men loyal to the Master, and seeking that heaven into which Squanto prayed he might enter.

If ever Stern's smooth line, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" became fulfilled prophecy, it was in that winter of 1621; for, despite that "first infection" which Bradford pictures eloquently, and which cut their census in half, it was a winter of unusual mildness and prevented Pilgrim annihilation. At one time there were but six or eight

well and strong enough to nurse the sick, shrive the dying, and bury the dead, so thoroughly had, not nature's laws, but man's ignorance, issuing in scurvy, ship fever, and the dreaded uncontrollable typhus and pneumonia, racked and depleted that little group of Separatists.

Of that First Treaty made by Governor John Carver with Massasoit, the Wampanoag chieftain, the terms are well stated as follows:

"You help me, I help you. Neither must make war upon the other. In case of Indian conspiracy against either, the other agrees to render all possible aid. The Pilgrim Land Title must be held inviolate."

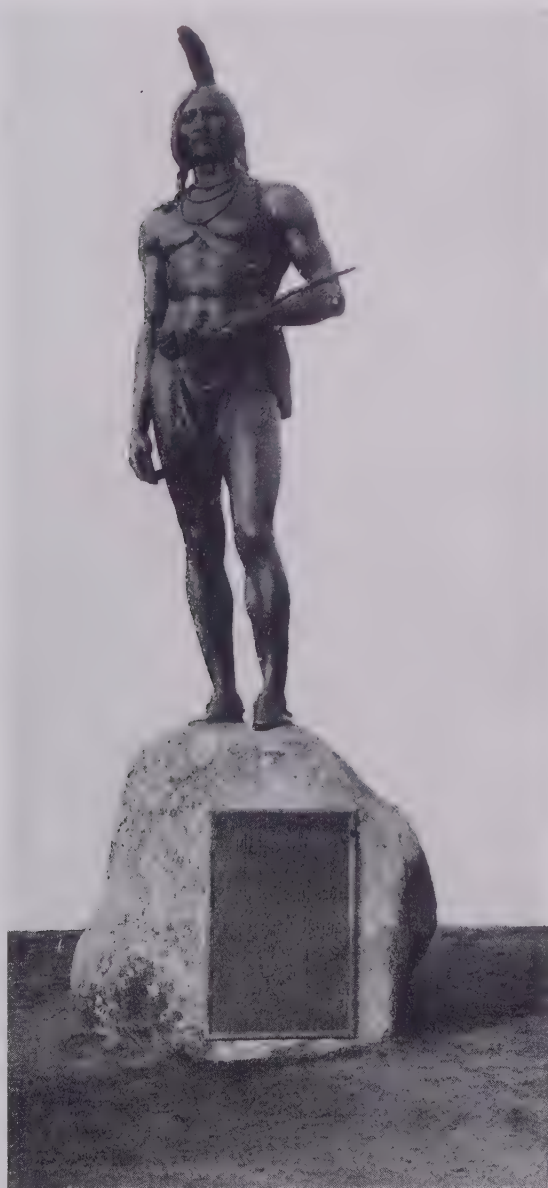
The Indian considered himself bound, as he expressed it, "As long as water runs and grass grows." This particular treaty lasted fifty-five years.



MASSASOIT AS PROBABLY ARRAYED  
AT THE TREATY INTERVIEW.

Thus gaily appareled, the Wampanoag strode into the presence of Governor Carver, and for the first time the Pilgrim saw the American Indian at close range in gala costume, paint-bedaubed, his greased hair standing on end, repeating in a fashion of the seventeenth century the custom of our English ancestors centuries before, who painted their stomachs blue and frightened spirits away with tom-toms. Of paramount interest to the newcomers and their descendants was the Massasoit treaty. On this first official meeting





*Courtesy of Cyrus E. Dallin.*

MASSASOIT, THE INDIAN, WHO SECURED THE PILGRIMS' HOLD ON THE LAND.

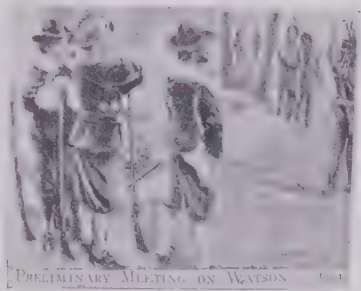
between white man and red man was well grounded the first successful northern settlement.

Massasoit sprang from a race unlike that which subdued his people. On his brow rested the chaplet aboriginal, proudest insignia of birth. Straight as the arrow flies was the outline of the red man's ancestry. Of pure and unmixed blood, there were no cross currents as of Saxon, Jute, or Norseman, in the veins of the Indian who attended that first meeting on Watson's Hill, Plymouth, keeping the pace to the end of life's trail. Without Massasoit's aid the settlement of America would have been seriously hampered. Nevertheless, where the Algonquin, or tidewater Indian, was noble, the Iroquois excelled, for on a larger scale and longer in time the Covenant of Corlaer was kept inviolate even for centuries.

The meeting of red man and paleface in New England, for that first peace treaty, had such marks and merits of European diplomacy as crude conditions allowed. Edward Winslow, as a volunteer-hostage, side-armed and glitteringly armored, mounted Watson's or Strawberry Hill.

Without a tremor, he disappeared from view among the approaching Indian delegation, while Massasoit entered the settlement, and in conference with Governor Carver fraternally kissed hands. This red man was chief of the Wampanoags and Sagamore of Pokanoket. His dwelling-place was at Sowans, now Warren, Rhode Island. The area of his influence, occupied by some twenty or more tribes, included Narragansett Bay and Cape Cod. Massasoit was accompanied by his brother, Quadequima, and a bodyguard of about sixty, for this Indian took no chances. Had he chosen to play the peace rôle with duplicity in this interview, he might possibly have had the Pilgrims annihilated. It is said, however, that Massasoit trembled in most unkingly fashion throughout the entire interview, yet this might have been owing to the strong water supplied by host Carver in liberal libations, according to the custom of the times.

"Clergyman, doctor, and candlestick-maker" were all free imbibers. In fact, it is stated that within a century, or, to be exact, seventy-eight years ago, an English insurance company charged a ten per cent. higher rate for a total abstainer. This was based on the superstition and wholly unscientific notion that such a rarity must be an anaemic, white-livered person, liable to "shuffle off this mortal coil" more speedily than his florid-complexioned, braced-up, hard-drinking fellow citizens. Their theories were based on false assumptions, though promulgated, possibly in good faith, through ignorance. Nevertheless, like much that is demonstrably false in this world, the notion as originally started was speedily fortified for overt reasons by alcoholic votaries, and the beneficiaries of the fire-water business. In a word, gate money, box office receipts, and steady incomes were fattened by keeping alive the delusion. Science, truth, and reality suffered then as now from the argument of lucre. Long lingered the idea even among us that the abolition of the manufacture of alcoholic liquors would mean a vast loss of income to the state. The patent fact was ignored that liquor is a giant feeder to almshouses and prisons, and has the innate power to destroy man's ability to gain a livelihood.



EDWARD WINSLOW AS HOSTAGE TO THE INDIANS ON STRAWBERRY OR WATSON'S HILL.

The wresting in totality of patriarchal lands belonging to the "poor lone Indian" by the invading white men, as far as the Eastern Colonists are concerned, is a myth. Not an acre of land of either Plymouth or Massachusetts Bay Colony was unfairly taken from the Indian—an example not always followed as the area of civilization was extended. All lands were given or acquired by purchase. New Haven, Connecti-

cut, and Rhode Island come under the same head, except that, following King Philip's War, some sixty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, the white man seized in reprisal to some extent the so-called Indian lands. English



GOVERNOR CARVER MEETING MASSASOIT IN CONFERENCE.

settlers put their "God-given land," as they christened it, to better use than the native, who allowed the power of its streams to run to waste, its fertile soil to grow thicket and weed, and its swamps to propagate disease. This meant a country unsown and unharvested, barren of utility and of all improvements; without manufacturing, factories, science, art and literature; in a word, a wilderness.

With millions of acres at the Indian's disposal, as the white man argued, the few thousand acres gleaned at first by him to support a growing population were as naught. Plymouth, circumscribed on the east and south by the sea,





"ADIEU, PERHAPS FOREVER." EACH FACE REFLECTED THESE WORDS AND THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION ILLUMINED EVERY FEATURE.

and also the narrow belt of land controlled by the colony of Massachusetts Bay, were mere specks on the map of a mighty continent.

This signing of the treaty with Massasoit April 1, 1621, was Governor Carver's last important official act.\* A few days later, while sowing seed, suddenly falling to the ground, he joined the fast-growing silent colony on Coale's Hill. It was a state funeral with sincere ceremonies; a musket volley over the Governor's grave gave him a true soldier's burial. Shortly after this died his wife, Catherine. Thus closed one sad chapter in the volume of human endeavor just opened in the new land. Through this treaty with Massasoit, the Pilgrims, with the moral influence of their fort building, acquired a real title to their holdings which had been once the ranging-ground of that Patuxet tribe blotted out by fever† four years prior to the Pilgrim's arrival. The settlement was called Patuxet in appreciation of the favorable treaty, and not changed to Plymouth until July 21, 1621. In fact, the name "Patuxet" (little bay), was in common use for years.

Many an isle, cove, cape and inlet of New England, many a village on the North and South shores, as well as inland, still answers to the identification given it by the Pilgrim and Puritan fathers. This be it remembered was in an age when names were few and homely, except those of Olde England or of Indian origin—which latter were invariably euphonious and beautiful.

The early death of Governor Carver was keenly felt by the four remaining leaders, who set a solid front against foes, both actual and imaginary. There was no monotonous repetition of history in that feeble little settlement planted amid

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\* Deacon John Carver is credited with having been elected governor while on the Mayflower, but the Pilgrims believed a land election should follow one at sea. On board the *Speedwell*, Christopher Martin was selected as temporary leader and on reaching Patuxet was elected Town Treasurer.

† A scourge believed by some to have been brought to the Indians by fishermen or pioneers.

the sand dunes of Cape Cod. Here was an original venture of faith. This was the firstling enterprise of a unique people. They had separated from the world to follow untrammelled their own interpretation of the Bible. Segregated, they worked out their own salvation according to their belief, founded as they felt on the Divine Word.

Increase was slow. Even after ten years the fifty-four, including incoming colonists, had become only a valiant three hundred, and these were like their predecessors in time, sorely tested in fires of tribulation, debt, intrigue, famine, and the Indian menace. It seemed as if each deterrent sought to wreck the little company before the yearned-for zenith light should blaze forth on that final day of freedom from debt. The train of events leading forward from that first suffrage election, held under a veritable death canopy, saw great and glorious happenings for Pilgrims and their descendants.

The term "gentle blood" would poorly fit these stalwarts. Nevertheless, at least twenty of them claimed gentle breeding and high social position. It was the boast of Cambridge, England, that the three college men who came over in the Mayflower were numbered among her alumni, or must we take that latest statement that Brewster was the only Mayflowerite who was college bred; that is, not only an attendant upon a university course, but a graduate.

Though weakened by the fever, William Bradford, whom we first met at Austerfield and Scrooby as a lad of thirteen or seventeen years, now man grown, began his governmental career on or about April 5, 1621. He succeeded the deceased Governor Carver by election. Bradford's subsequent thirty odd years of service embraced the settling of a wide range of difficult matters, and his judgment as a rule deftly severed many a Gordian knot.

Political diplomacy may have landed Isaac Allerton, Brewster's future son-in-law, Plymouth's wealthiest citizen and a man of ability, in an Assistant's chair. One finds





PETERHOUSE, THE CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE BUILDING WHERE ELDER BREWSTER WAS EDUCATED

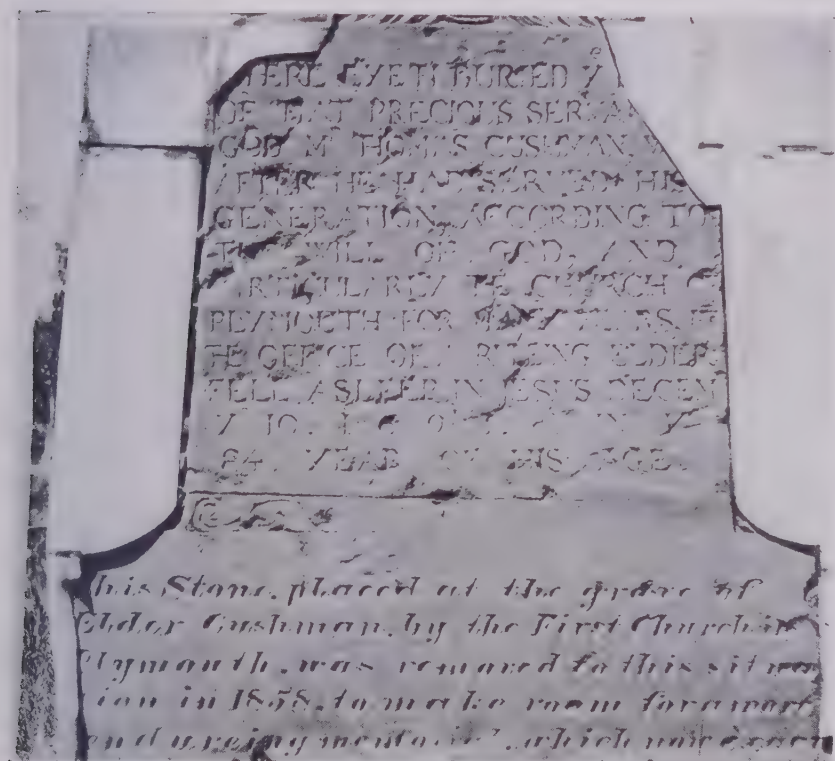
Francis Cook and Degory Priest, the latter a hatter by trade, also coming well to the fore and into the ranks of the well-to-do.

Allerton seemed at times to care little for the welfare of his associates. He frequently acted as a go-between for the two countries, but proved in the end a somewhat selfish diplomatist. Mary Norris, his first wife, died February 25, 1621, his second, Fear Brewster, daughter of Elder Brewster, died on December 12, 1634 and in 1644 he married a third, Johanna ———. Allerton's daughter, Mary, born in 1616, married Elder Thomas Cushman\* a son of Robert Cushman, and died in 1699. Mary Allerton Cushman is generally spoken of with pathos as the *last survivor* of the Mayflower company, although from one viewpoint, Peregrine White was the very last, for he outlived Mary Allerton Cushman five years, dying in 1704.

Familiar scenes were these to the Pilgrim-Fathers. The ceremony of consecration was looked forward to in trembling

\* Thomas Cushman was left by his father, Robert, at the early age of thirteen with the family of Elder Brewster. Robert Cushman died in England, Thomas remained with his foster parents, and later proved a power in the colony.





THOMAS CUSHMAN'S EARLY TOMBSTONE.

anticipation and administered with soul-stirring solemnity before the congregation, seated as custom dictated with women and men on opposite sides of the meeting-house.

While Elder Brewster preached and prayed in the common house and later in the Fort Church, interruptions in the way of Indian war-whoops doubtless sometimes intruded in the minds if not on the ears of his hearers. An Indian war-whoop screeched in piercing key by a savage ready to kill was a sound to strike terror to the heart of the average colonist. Anatomists state that the blood-chilling roar of the lion is only made possible by the loose hyoid bone in the throat, but the Indian, with a normal throat, is said to discount, in the terrorizing effect of his



*Published by A. S. Burbank.*

THOMAS CUSHMAN'S MONUMENT.

In view of this testimony from one who knew, it is little wonder that at periods the Forefathers lustily and without compunction struck to earth a war-crazed Indian wherever found. If on the way to worship, a Pilgrim or Puritan unslung the musket to kill a deer or a partridge, he was fined five shillings, but potting a wild pagan in Indian war times assured him, through the bounty, food for a month.

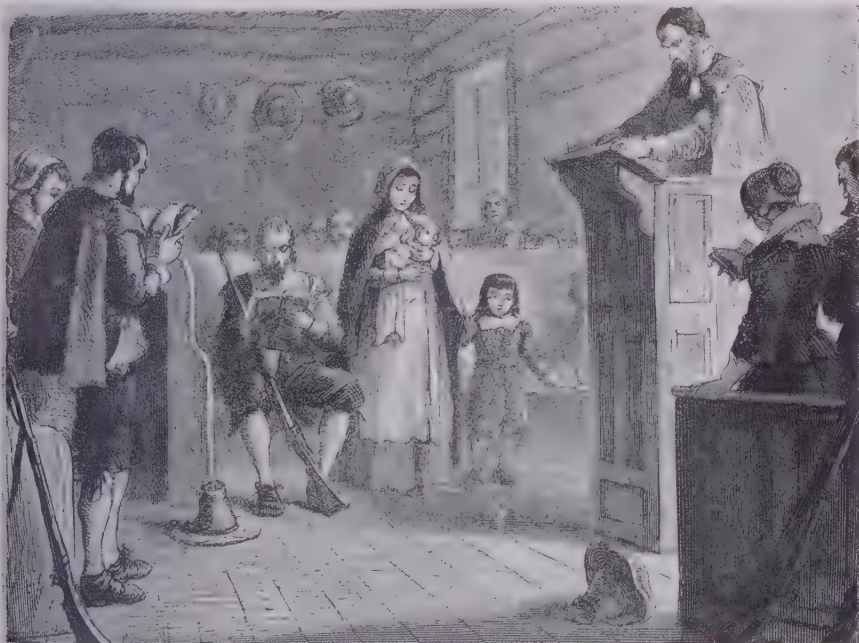
There are several records proving that the regulation dress of the Puritan, so beloved of modern artists and fictionists, did not, except from private and personal reasons of economy, come into general

war-whoop, the angry roar of the king of beasts. The historian McMaster writes in regard to the remarkable war cry of the American Indian:

"Cool and brave men who have heard that whoop have left us a striking testimony of its nature; how that no number of repetitions could strip it of its terror; how to the very last at the sound of it the blood curdled, the heart ceased to beat, and a strange paralysis seized upon the body."



CONSECRATION BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.



*Lossing.*

ELDER BREWSTER POINTING OUT THE NARROW WAY.

*F. O. Darley.*



THE INDIAN DANCE OF DEATH.



use, by all classes, until Cromwell's time. This was especially true in the case of women. Elder Brewster's blue coat and violet and green waistcoat—possibly a hand-me-down from his life as page at Queen Elizabeth's court and in the Netherlands and occasionally worn by the Elder—is an argument rightly used to prove that sombre brown did not always cast its shadow over gaieties in Pilgrim Land. In fact, tradition has been too much like lava in covering up much that made the Pilgrims and Puritans, in the main, a happy band. Certainly the constancy of their joy was settled and their pleasure in life itself increased by their freedom from much that corrodes and corrupts the soul of manhood and womanhood in our modern days.

The date of the Mayflower's homeward sail from Patuxet was April 15, 1621. Not one of the company returned to the Fatherland nor has any record of repining been left to us. In contrast to this, ten per cent. or fully one hundred of Winthrop's Puritan company fled to England at the first opportunity. The Pilgrim certainly burned his bridges as thoroughly as Cortez his ships. He fearlessly began a fight to the end for life and principle, even when aching bones and stiffened muscles admonished the fifty-four survivors worn to a shadow that they might within a few months cross the great Divide. Except for an occasional sob, the group gathered on the shore was silent as the stiffened forms in the graveyard at their backs.

Keen was the realization that their nearest permanently settled neighbors, aside from Maine fishermen, were possibly hostile French in Canada, five hundred miles to the north, while five hundred miles to the south, on the James River, were English Conformists—the latter though countrymen, antagonistic to their form of faith.

As the Pilgrims, grouped on the beach and on and about Plymouth Rock, saw the Mayflower sail out of the bay, homeward bound and then slowly sink beyond the Gurnet beneath the horizon in the far away offing, they





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THE GURNET IS TO LEEWARD, THE OPEN SEA FRONTS THE  
BOW, AND THE MAYFLOWER IS HEADED FOR HOMELAND.

were doubtless sad-hearted, yet brave. These religious pioneers were indeed alone in the wilderness, save for known and unknown Indian tribes, with one of which they had completed a treaty and with another battled in that "First Encounter" at Wellfleet, Eastham, on Great Meadow Creek. The remaining unsettled questions, an unknown quantity, were to be niched and squared as the future might dictate and English courage accomplish the herculean task of settling and Christianizing the new land. The Pilgrims came in different mood and with higher aspirations than the covetous traders described by Parkman.

"Here lay the shaggy continent from Florida to the Pole, outstretched in savage slumber, along the sea. On the bank of the James River was a nest of woe-begone Englishmen, a handful of fur traders at the mouth of the Hudson, and a few shivering Frenchmen among the snowdrifts of Acadia; while, deep within the wild monotony of desolation, on the icy verge of the great northern river, Champlain upheld the banner of France over the rock of Quebec. These were the advance guard of civilization, the messengers of promise to a desert continent. Yet, not content with inevitable woes, they were rent by petty jealousies and miserable quarrels, while each little fragment of rival nationalities, just able to keep up its own wretched existence on a few square miles, begrudged to all the rest the smallest share in a domain which all the nations of Europe could not have sufficed to fill."

During the last few months of the Mayflower's stay, those of the original crew of thirty sailors who were above sod drew pay from the colonists, an additional expense over charter-charge.

It was a strenuous task to drag the four cannon "murderers" up that stiff hill-side and so to place them as to speak war effectively. Yet even the disgruntled Mayflower sailors, doubtless including purser Williamson, lent a hand at the ropes. In doing this helpful deed they undoubtedly eased the friction which had developed between Pilgrims

*By arrangement with and courtesy of J. L. G. Ferris.*

"GOOD-BYE OLD FRIEND."



and sailor-men in their uncomfortably crowded quarters aboard-ship during the long voyage.

Effective peace agents were these cannon, the very sight of which awed the red man into abject submission. The Fort Church, built later, with its low-beamed ceiling was not dissimilar to a ship's cabin, its flat roof being a veritable quarter-deck, on which a sentry, closely scanning all approaches to the nestling cottages enclosed in its half-mile long stockade, paced back and forth day and night.

Sentry duty was at times a clashing-point between Captain Standish and his warriors, some trying to shirk it, but military discipline was unyieldingly maintained. Any attempt to cross the Captain's will when he saw his duty clearly meant collision with his unbending supremacy.

To the keen disappointment of the antiquarian, Captain Jones' log book has never been found. Doubtless it sketched a tale of sickness, death, and dearth of food for landsman as well as seaman,—conditions which should have excited sympathy rather than heartlessness. For over five months the *Mayflower*\* had swung at her moorings in Provincetown and Plymouth harbors. Many of the women probably never set foot on land after that bleak Monday washday, but died in the fetid cabin of the *Mayflower* until it became a veritable charnel ship. Sickness incapacitated her crew for the return trip. Otherwise brusque, unfeeling, ex-pirate Captain Jones, would have ruthlessly sailed homeward in December, and left the Pilgrims with a free hand to a losing struggle with savages and relentless disease and death. The enforced delay gave the Pilgrims a secure feeling, supplying a refuge in case of the ever-present menace of an Indian attack. Moreover the ship and her guns also had a healthy restraining effect on the hostile savage. To grub-hoe a five-acre lot ready for corn sowing, squeezed all the daylight out of the twenty-four hours that April

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\*Enough drawings of vessels of that day are extant to assure one that the illustrations of the *Craft of Destiny* were fairly accurate.



could yield. It was this unusual effort required that doubtless caused the death of Governor Carver. Such back-breaking operations left little time for mind cultivation.

The statement that the Pilgrims were crude and uneducated is not borne out by facts. No people, that knew so well the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, with its rich Oriental paraphrase, world-records and romantic historic episodes teeming with life lessons, could be crude and uncultivated. Such a thing was impossible. A pine knot torch for an hour at night, and the light of one full day in seven, gave some opportunity to expand their minds and develop their souls and these people improved it.

The description of Pilgrim life outlined by Bradford has given the artist wide range of thought and execution, for this writer is as suggestive as he is pragmatic. Whether it was searching the shore front for a town site, landing on Plymouth Rock, or watching the Mayflower sail homeward, tragedy was ever in the foreground, and when love for absent friends, sorrow for the dead, and loneliness gathered under its wing, grief during those first days shadowed every waking hour.

It is said that Coale's Hill was named for a hillock in Buckinghamshire, near Old Jordans, some twenty miles from London, where it is supposed the keel and ribs of the Mayflower were worked into the building of a barn, by one Gardiner, and are on view today to all visitors.

In April, 1921, we read that a block of oak from these English timbers set into a sheet of heavy steel, with a bronze tablet commemorating the transaction, was put into the hewn-out area on the Canadian frontier at Blaine, in the State of Washington, as an evidence of Anglo-American kinship and good will. In September of the same year the memorial arch shown herewith tells of a peaceful frontier three thousand miles long, along which is no mounted gun on land or water—a happy augury of permanent brotherhood between the two leading nations of the world.

Flames on the roof of the Community House caused the forming of the first fire brigade in America, of which



*Courtesy of Sandison's Studio, Bellingham, Washington.*

THE "OPEN DOOR" BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Myles Standish was elected head bucket-swinger, in addition to the honorable post of captain of the guard.

To stand on Forefathers' Rock, where the Pilgrims landed, is the privilege of every visitor to Plymouth. The

*Courtesy of the Sulgrave Institute, which advocated the "open door" on the Canadian frontier.*

THE HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS AT SULGRAVE MANOR.



upper portion of the Rock was split off and dragged up hill by oxen at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1774. It fronted the Liberty Pole in the square, flying a flag inscribed with Patrick Henry's slogan, "Liberty or Death!" On the Nation's Birthday, July 4, 1834, it was moved still farther inland, facing Pilgrim Hall—that building crowded to the walls with a storied past worth the knowing and the telling. The necessity for explaining that the Pilgrim did not skip over half a mile of land and then leap on Fore-



PLYMOUTH ROCK SEMI-SUBMERGED IN MUD AND MIRE.

fathers' Rock to christen it, forced its return forty-six years later, Sept. 27, 1880, to its birth-nest on the shore. Cemented in place, it is today the Forefathers' Rock on which Bradford, Brewster, Myles Standish, Winslow, and the little band of Separatists sought footing in the gray December of 1620. Of green syenite, this seven-ton boulder is hard as flint and takes a high polish. Once in the center of the roadway, as shown in the quaint picture, where evidently the "oldest inhabitant" is again telling to threadbareness the tale of the centuries, it was ruthlessly trodden by man and beast, pro-





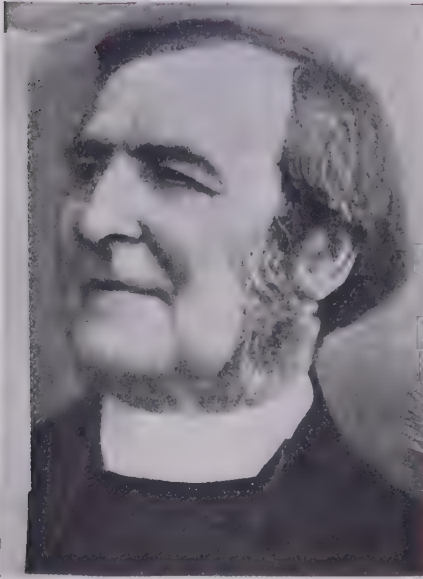
THE CAP OF PLYMOUTH ROCK PRIED FROM ITS BASE IN 1774-5 AND BY OXEN DRAWN UP HILL IN FRONT OF THE LIBERTY POLE, TO INTENSIFY PATRIOTISM DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

tected by its bed of mud and mire, it is now secure from vandalism, under the stone canopy shelter. When the wharf was built in 1741, Forefathers' Rock was raised from its primeval bed. During the Tercentenary of 1920-21, Plymouth Rock had a final moving-day. It was neither swung north, east, south, nor west; but simply lowered to where the glacier originally left it, a true Pilgrim stepping-stone, awash with the tide. With the lowering of the rock came a reversion to the original contour of the bay. Sweeping aside the incongruous works of man, the shore as the Pilgrims saw it three hundred years ago is revealed, but without the forest growth.

To skeptics of all ages, it is convincing to know that proof of the identification of Plymouth Rock rests not on hearsay nor on gossip zigzagging down through the years. On the contrary, it holds the certificate of an eyewitness and emphasized credentials, signed, sealed, and delivered by one who knew because he had seen.

Elder Thomas Faunce, born in 1647, who died in 1746 at the age of ninety-nine years, pointed out to his hearers the rock and its site and told the story of the landing, as he had heard it from the first comers. Charles Blaskowitch, who, in 1775, made the accurate survey of Plymouth and its harbor herein shown, places the landing of the Pilgrims on this spot, proving that over one hundred and fifty years ago it was positively identified. In 1741 the year the wharf was being built, five years before his death, this Thomas Faunce, last elder of the First Church of Plymouth, and the son of John Faunce, who came over in the *Fortune* in 1621, standing on the revered rock reiterated to his assembled townspeople, as he had frequently done before, the story of the Pilgrim Landing, as explained by his father. This authentic story had been repeatedly ratified personally to Thomas Faunce by many who had been passengers on the *Mayflower* and who had leaped upon the rock with grateful hearts on that bleak December day in 1620.





ARCHBISHOP FREDERICK TEMPLE.

London who said, "If I had the authority, Bradford's book would go back to Massachusetts post haste, but the Bishop of Canterbury only has that right." When the good man, Frederick Temple, the then Bishop of London, had become Bishop of Canterbury, that primate, next in authority to the king, was reminded of his promise when Bishop of London; happily and gracefully he absolved himself and gladdened American hearts.

Whether it was the Boston mob that ransacked Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson's house on Garden Court, near Bell Alley,

It was through Doctor Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford,—known among his confrères as "Soapy Sam"—who wrote the History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, that Bradford's History, called the most valuable historical work ever written in America, was discovered.

John W. Thornton, Mr. Barry and other Bostonians, seeing quotations from Doctor Wilberforce's work, traced them as coming from the lost Bradford book.

It was the Bishop of



BRADFORD'S BOOK, FOUND IN FULHAM PALACE LIBRARY, WAS RESTORED TO AMERICA BY FREDERICK TEMPLE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY, THROUGH AMBASSADOR THOMAS F. BAYARD.



Boston, or British soldiers—who frequented the Boston Riding School and played ducks and drakes with the Reverend Thomas Prince's Old South Library, in 1775, sending most of the precious volumes chimneyward—some British officer, or a Tory who may have discerned the genealogical value of its pages, that did the United States of America the unique service of salvaging Bradford's manuscript, no one knows.

Thornton and Barry enlisted the services of Minister Thomas F. Bayard, and its transfer from the Fulham Palace Library, London, where it had been snugly shelved for many a long year, to the Boston State House was brought about. The peer of every heirloom that has come to America, it was received for Massachusetts by Governor Roger Wolcott May 24, 1897. That day of joy in Boston is well remembered by those who felt the thrill of participation in the possession of a literary treasure, which "age cannot wither" but rather freshens with new glories, as these are more fully discerned. The providential rescue of this manuscript from semi-oblivion has brought joy to an entire nation. Senator Hoar calls it the most important manuscript in the New World. It is only since 1849 that the glare of research has exposed to light and in detail the journeyings of the Pilgrims from England to Amsterdam and Leyden. The first public celebration of the landing on Plymouth Rock was in 1769, one hundred and fifty years after the event. Possibly the story of the turmoil of existence, or perchance the memory of those early horrors endured by the pioneers, was so burned into the hearts of following generations, through the fireside tales of ancestry and friends, that special days were shunned, but today we glory in the martyrdom, masterly courage, and patient fortitude of those from whom we sprang. The heart knows no higher meed of fealty to true living than the Puritan spirit. This blazed forth against potentate and despot who attempted

to crush religious freedom through centuries of oppression. Sharing our pride are the British and Dutch who during the numerous tercentenary celebrations of 1920, vied with each other in generous rivalry to glorify heroes and heroines of whom any nation might be proud.

Many cities boast grander libraries than that in Fulham Palace, residence of the Archbishop of London for over half a decade of centuries, but no other library has such interest for the true American as that on whose shelves, as shown herewith, seemingly lost to the world, rested for many years that manuscript volume that has been called the greatest heirloom of all time for the American people. Governor William Bradford's manuscript was painstakingly written in Plymouth and is descriptive of events during the hours and years of their happenings. This American Book of Genesis pictures vividly the lives of this band of pioneers in 1620 and during that Death Winter of 1621.

From the windows of Fulham Palace, archbishops of London, robed with pomp and shrined with adulation, saw sunrises and sunsets; the comings and goings of delegations; but none plotted so deeply and dastardly as Archbishop William Laud, whose benign white face shielded a cruel black heart, as he drove with the whip of persecution Pilgrims and Puritans to the scaffold, or, by forcing them to flee, "promoted the colonization of America," as the Stratford church window depicts. At Fulham Palace Laud signed the order that placed Edward Winslow behind bars in Fleet Prison. Here also the tragedy of fate overtook this instigator of woe. It was through these same windows that Laud saw his last sunrise at Fulham Palace before striding forth at Pym's command to trial and death on the scaffold.

At every turn the searcher into Pilgrim records is indebted to Bradford's book. Without that supreme document, the Mayflower Compact would have been lost to the world. Most fortunately it is given in detail in the Gov-



FULHAM PALACE.

ernor's book on Plymouth Colony, which represented the very first effort in American literature except John Pory's Letters, written in 1622, but recovered in our century. Bradford's famous book was not written until 1630. Nathaniel Morton's "New England Memorial" also gives a list of the Mayflower's passengers.

The Creator possibly prevented the death of all Pilgrims from famine, by allowing a mortal disease to kill nearly half of the Mayflower company during the first three months. Those left of the one hundred and two (or one hundred and four, as some census takers claim) had only the furniture that the Mayflower's hold could supply, and barely existed on a scanty diet. It is fair to assume that Indian methods of filling these wants were speedily adopted. Happily, every plan for comfortable living stored for centuries in the Indian's brain seems to have been borrowed to aid the white man's footing on this alien soil. Willow-woven baskets assisted mightily in carrying those forty tons or more of fish needed to fertilize each acre of "Turkey wheat" (maize). The inner bark of hickory served for chair seats and backs. Very necessary were the vines gathered from thicket and field which were used to lash

and bind. Birch bark receptacles were useful in storing all sorts of commodities, and the birch canoe filled a basic want.

Middle-class Englishmen, aside from occasional roast



FULHAM LIBRARY, WHERE BRADFORD'S BOOK WAS FOUND.

beef, were poorly fed compared with colonists in later Pilgrim days. Tables fairly groaned with good things after that first and second near-famine winter when the scant supply of food was eked out by Maine fishermen. That

bumper harvest resulting from the nine hour prayer-meeting on the hill, rescued them from suffering, if not death, and from this time the Pilgrim found his gait and kept it. Cultivated fields and uncultivated forest, vale, swamp, brook, and sea vied with each other to supply food. As to the food supply of our English ancestors, if we turn the clock back far enough it will be found they were prevented by law, in the interests of hygiene, from *devouring the dead bodies of all who died of plague*. A nation sufficiently advanced to make laws, but still traveling a path fringed by cannibalism, in its most disgusting form, cuts a trifle into ancestral pride.

#### STRAWS SHOWING HOW THE WIND BLEW IN COLONIAL DAYS

Let us who reverence the Pilgrim not dim the halo that has drawn us across country from the far East, North, West and South, to Plymouth



W. Cant:

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAM LAUD.



in the Olde Bay State, by scanning too closely or too long the lesser relics on view in Pilgrim Hall. The splinter from Washington's coffin, a chip from Hartford's Charter Oak, a cane from a sliver of "Old Ironsides," bits of paper, wood and metal that in form and use spell the progress of our country, have no real place in such a collection.

Instead let us rather read the entrancing story of Plymouth Rock from material that was once vitalized matter and that entered into the every-day living of Pilgrim owners.

As one turns the leaves of John Alden's Bible, he reads the Christ message from the same page on which dwelt the eyes of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, in mutually tender solicitude, love, and religious fervor. Family life was from the first the unit of Pilgrim organization. Daily household worship was a joy-giving habit—for the priesthood of believers was the foundation doctrine of their lives. Not even Burns' poetic idealization of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (that is, the commencement of his Sabbath) can excel in charm, beauty, and inspiration to their descendants the actual picture of the Pilgrims' daily home worship. The traditional "Little Captain's" engraved Arabian blade of Damascus steel—a thousand or two



HOME FROM WHICH ARCHBISHOP LAUD  
WENT TO JAIL AND SCAFFOLD.



A SECTION OF FULHAM PALACE.

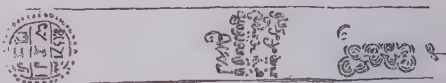
thousand years old as the case may prove—is a trifle thinner and the hilt shows gnawings by the tooth of time. The weapon keeps the same keen edge that cleft the anatomy of the Indian foe. Yonder gun barrel,



GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD'S BIBLE.

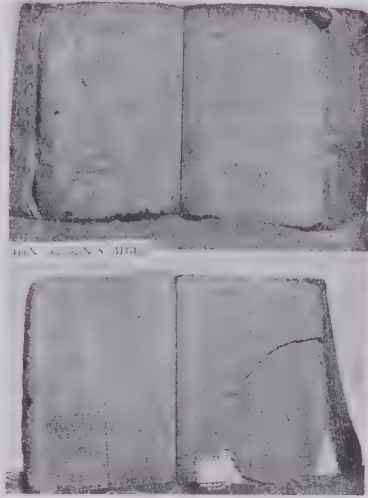
in proclaiming King Philip's death, spoke but once, though the amateur surgeon who dissected the remains found two bullets in the cadaver of this renowned Indian. That sampler, painstakingly wrought by little Lorea (Lora) Standish, gladdened the eyes of "Daddy" and his Pilgrim neighbors, as it does those of present-day visitors, even though we spell out the words more slowly than the nine-year-old-lassies who patiently worked in worsted.

The Pilgrim mother's slipper on view undoubtedly was many a time in righteous anger-mood removed, and, for a halting moment, poised in mid air before performing its mission of directing the young Pilgrim in the path of rectitude. Even dead wood thrills one in handling a bit of that mulberry tree planted by Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, in the manor house field in Scrooby on the Great North Road, while the prelate, banished from court on account of clashings and kingly displea-



HIEROGLYPHICS ON CAPTAIN STANDISH'S DAMASCUS BLADE.

sure, here rested. Shakespeare has pictured in blank verse Henry VIII as "dropping the pilot," as Sir John Verrill portrayed Kaiser Wilhelm's act in shipping Bismarck. Close by in the museum is a gavel made from one of the carved oaken beams of the Scrooby summer palace, which now one sees used to support the roof of the cow-house. Here is a piece of pew-backing from Scrooby church, and there a fragment of the stocks set in the rear of the church. Standish's feet were often warmed on that bit of encased hearthstone, and one can even compare eyesight with that pinnacle of courage, Benjamin Church, through his well-preserved "specs," near by which rests his much used and we doubt not judiciously funded "purse." Reverently one



JOHN ALDEN'S BIBLE.

takes in hand Bradford's life guide, his Holy Bible, on which he founded motive, act, and style, of both pen and speech. In yonder case is a letter laboriously traced by the Indian who caused more deaths among Englishmen than any half-dozen others—King Philip of Montaup. Here is a quilt, made by the deft fingers of Rose, mother of little Lorea, brought in that over-laden ship Mayflower, of which we see a carved model based upon abundant description, so that all may view the general type of craft that brought over the historic band of one hundred and two—a craft which would have sunk under the weight alone if loaded, as ancestral pride would assure us it was, with thousands of alleged heirlooms.

It is pathetic to realize that cups of choice design,



PILGRIM HALL AT PLYMOUTH.

not to say coffee and teapots, and even forks—the latter practically unknown at the time, which knocks chronology into a cocked hat—are today held as sacred Mayflower relics by scores of people. Pride-swollen gullibility occasionally shows Mayflower tea caddies. Verily, affection for truth's sake must be checked by cold reason and the commonplace records and uncertain articles of alleged worth go into the discard. In that imaginary ship—a Mayflower overladen with garret material in the form of furniture and relics as if for a rummage sale—the cargo, even now visible in the basement of the Plymouth Pilgrim Museum, never came, yet it still sails the seas of fond fancy, like the never-dying “Flying Dutchman” or “Wandering Jew” of superstition or fable.

Edward Winslow's commission, signed by Cromwell, is on view; also cradles, chairs, tables, chests and wearing



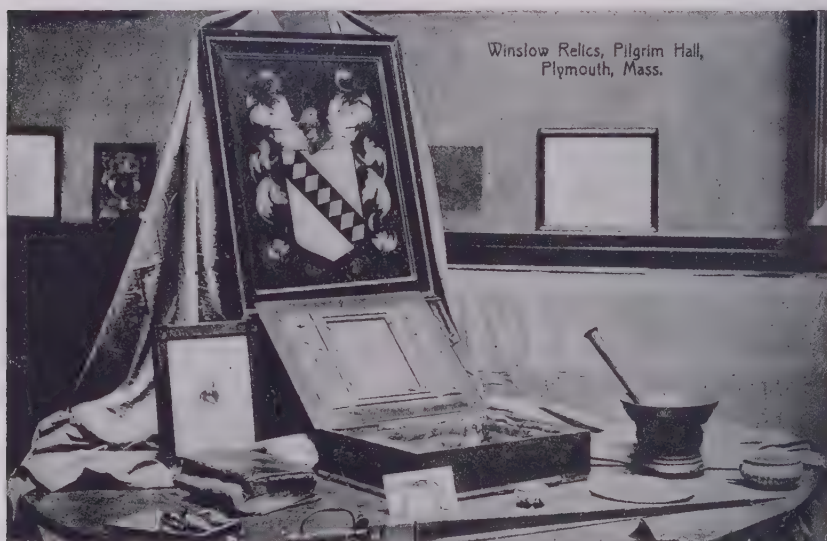


INTERIOR OF PILGRIM HALL.

apparel. Gruesomely one sees the wisdom grinders\* of a long dead and otherwise forgotten young Pilgrim, who once gnawed hungrily into "blossoming corn" in the days of youth before barbers extracted the aching molar.

With most English folk of their time the Scriptural record, "the grinders cease because they are few," was well applied. It doubtless reconciled many a believer to sad experiences when dentistry was much like a mechanical craft. It has now become a noble profession, the dentist in diagnosis often rivaling physician or surgeon.

\* Most of our ancestors lost their teeth early in life. Odontology was not generally known until it was taught, and the practice communicated to American physicians at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1778, by a famous French man of science and skill, who was in commission on one of Count Rochambeau's ships. Dr. Jones of New York in 1780 popularized the profession, as well as Dr. John Greenwood, who made teeth for Washington, which are still extant. Pilgrims long before reaching the half century post were in many cases obliged to go toothless to their dying day. In fact, inability to properly chew and digest was probably one cause for shortness of life in early colonial times. Many settlers succeeded in holding on to their unbrushed teeth until manhood, though an occasional gourmand, who ate with the customary haste of the times, used his set of grinders as premature grave-diggers. Here was a grim commentary on Sidney Smith's dictum that "some men dig their graves with their teeth." "Disease enters by the mouth," say the Chinese.



Published by A. S. Burbank, Plymouth Mass.

#### THE WINSLOW RELICS.

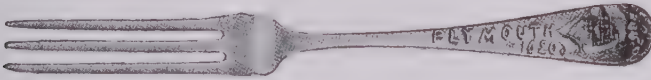
The brass kettle found in May 1861, covering Chief Icanough's skull in Hyannis, gave added lustre and gilded the gruesomeness of the find of this relic of the well-disposed Indian, who especially befriended the Pilgrims.

Possibly Myles Standish's mustachios matched in fierceness a pirate's beard, for among the lares and penates of the courageous "Little Captain" is a razor whose steel blade is stamped with the date 1612. It is probable that most of the Pilgrims and Puritans were smooth-shaven. They certainly did tabu the pointed beards of the Spaniards and the late Stuarts.

Here is a duplicate of one of those long-tined Pilgrim forks that lifted meat and vegetables from the steaming pot, trammel-hung o'er scorching log fires, into the wooden trencher. Two- or three-tined forks for individual use at the table were unknown in Northern Europe or North America until near the eighteenth century. Meat was held by the forefinger on the pewter or wooden plate. As saffron was used universally for seasoning, the forefinger was called

in common speech the saffron finger and the color was usually noticeable on most adults.

It is true that among the Puritan John Winthrop's belongings, concerning which the Governor's lady wrote Winthrop, in 1630, that she had "sent across the water" were forks. Nevertheless they were rarely used in America until after 1700.



TYPE OF VEGETABLE FORK USED IN PILGRIM TIMES.

Interesting autographs of these young Separatists, made at a most unique period of their lives, were shown on the original documents to the American delegation at Amsterdam in September, 1920! If ever a pen wabbles, it is when a young couple, in the presence of august authorities, inscribe their signatures for a life of bliss or sorrow. Thus registered in the year 1613 William Bradford and Dorothy May in Holland's chief city. Are we sure that this is our only opportunity to see a Pilgrim mother's autograph, or must we be charged with being ultra-critical? Yet even to one not calling himself an expert in chirography, when comparing what purports to be a signature in a feminine hand, with Bradford's ordinary assertive business autograph, it appears that one hand and quill wrote both names.

With ancestral pride, the author recently handled the rapier of Wiliam Bassett who came to Plymouth in the *Fortune*, and whose daughter, Sarah Bassett, became the sunlight, moonlight and starlight of Peregrine White, when she gave her hand in holy matrimony and in course of time mothered eleven sturdy specimens of Bassett-Whites. One illustration is of a tiny bit of cloth but two inches square, a piece of a dress belonging to the mother of Peregrine White and wife of Governor Winslow. A sacred shrine, it hangs framed on

the library wall, having been in the author's immediate family for two hundred years.

Not only did the Pilgrim gain religious freedom, but he tore asunder the curtain of darkness that from time im-

*William Bradford*

*Dorothy May*

SIGNATURES OF WILLIAM BRADFORD AND DOROTHY MAY.

memorial had shut out from the aborigines the European view of the Creator. A few centuries prior to the landing of the Pilgrims most savages knew but one method for appeasing the anger of their gods and propitiating them—a saturnalia of obscenity and blood. Mayhew, Eliot, Bourne, and co-laborers, in their conversion of five thousand Indians,\* not only saved settlers from massacre but effectively blocked all chance of the native retrograding into his former depths of heathenish, blood-curdling forms of worship. What happened in New England was brilliantly and effectually wrought through the consecrated labors of catechizing, translating, preaching and teaching, by the Dutch pastors in the Hudson, Mohawk, Delaware and Raritan valleys.

That first page of the Pilgrim plot layout gives in Bradford's well-known handwriting the exact location of each next door neighbor living on the "Streete" which, except the lane that in 1607 was Pemaquid's center, was the first thoroughfare in New England.

As with many New England runways, the "Streete," Plymouth's initial roadway, had several names. On or near Landing Day it was First Streete, later Greate, then Broade, and finally in the earlier part of the nineteenth century—possibly as early as 1804—surely not later than 1823, it was given the name of Leyden Street. This Pilgrim plot layout is the chief document by which it is proved that the vessel

\* Students of anthropology conversant with the depth of the Indian's real nature raise the question whether he did not reach the heights of Christianity through his own exaltation of the Great Spirit.





PEMAQUID HARBOR.

that brought over the Pilgrims was named the Mayflower. Governor Bradford wrote the name in this first land division record in 1623. Sentiment as to the name itself is very largely of modern growth. A hasty pace in street nomenclature was set when a house owner could live on the same thoroughfare and in the same house fifty years, yet have had five different addresses, as was the case on the street today known as "North" in Boston.

"This is the place, stand still, my steed;  
"Let me review the scene  
"And summon from the shadowy past  
"The forms that once have been."

LONGFELLOW.



RECOGNIZED AS THE BEST MODEL OF THE MAYFLOWER.

The moorlands & garden plots of  
 which were first layd out 1620  
 The north side

the south side

Pecker Brown

John Goodman

M Brewster

High way

John Billington

M Isaac Atterton

Francies Cooke

Edmund Winslow

the streete

LAYOUT OF "FIRSTE STREETE" IN PLYMOUTH, IN BRADFORD'S HANDWRITING.

The present-day Plymouth Pilgrim is overjoyed that the vandal hand of progress, by which many Boston shrines have been effectually effaced, has left much of the historic past, including "The Rock" on which the Pilgrims landed. The Brewster spring, still flowing icy cold on the east side of the

"Towne Brooke" close to where it meets the bay, is in clear evidence. In rare truth Brewster called it "sweete," for no draught could be sweeter, or more refreshing than that which the Pilgrim drank, or the tourist of today may drink from the font in the center of the paved walk. It is now some two hundred feet from the mossy bank that originally fringed its health-giving course, bubbling and trickling from Brewster's merestead. It was in answer to prayer that this source of life and health was discovered by the Forefathers in the wild, and was consecrated by hymns of praise and thanksgiving. This crystal lymph seemed to them the immediate gift of God.



THE BREWSTER SPRING.

Carved on the face of the present more elaborate stone fountain are these words:

"Freely drink and quench your thirst  
Here drank the Pilgrim Fathers first."\*

To keep step in both sight and memory with our forebears on America's stone threshold, and to parallel their first draught from the crystal spring, is to millions worth a journey to the nation's holiest shrine.

It was an echo of eleven years in the Dutch Republic when the Pilgrims called their plots of house and land meresteads, that is, exactly bounded spaces.

Close to the spring is the ford across the Town Brook through which the Pilgrims plunged when on their way to

\* To halt one's luncheon long enough to have a Plymouth Priscilla tread the little path leading down the bank through the merestead to Brewster's spring, and return with a sparkling draught, is well worth the waiting.



THREE HUNDRED YEARS HAVE SPED AND STILL BRADFORD'S SPRING FLOWS ON.

Watson's Hill to meet Massasoit. "The Streete," a plan of which may be seen in Plymouth Hall of Records, still meanders its virgin way westward, edged by the original cabin sites on which are houses—in some cases one remove, in others two, from the huts that those first on the land in 1620 laboriously built when weakened by sickness. The original dwellings were constructed of planks, clay and thatch. Light came into the rooms through oiled paper or linen window panes during that first trying winter of 1620-1621. These openings in the timber no doubt made clear the primitive meaning of the "wind's eye." "The Streete" (Leyden Street) edging Coale's Hill, rising plateauward just above the shore line, is the hill which in that winter of death urned the ashes of their dead.

At the crown of Upper Burial Hill one stands on the exact site of the Fort Church, a true vantage ground, the easily defended situation of which, coupled with an inexhaustible fresh water supply at its base, caused the "Little Captain" to vote for this site with such insistence that the location of the settlement was fixed for all time.

Not far from Brewster's Spring stands the Harlow, later the Doten, House, built in 1671 by Sergeant William Harlow, in part from timbers of the old Fort Church. Passing the Howland house, placed at an angle from the street,





NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS AT PLYMOUTH.

one breaks westward and climbs to the ten-acre summit of Monument Hill to rest within the shadow of the colossal Pilgrim monument. This memorial structure was reared by a grateful people to the Forefathers, and is held in sacred trust by the Pilgrim Society. The symbolical figures of Morality, Law, Education, and Freedom in granite at its base, reveal history and embody the spirit of Pilgrim enterprise. One partial to numerals is interested to know that the statue surmounting the piled masonry weighs one hundred and eighty tons and is said to be the largest piece of granite statuary in the world. Each of the four base statues weighs twenty-three tons. Twenty-nine years were required to secure the money and complete the monument, whose cost in days of economy was from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

Twenty-four miles to the southeast, hidden by intervening foliage, is the towering Provincetown shaft. Like the splendid tower of St. Botolph in Lincolnshire—first goal

of the Pilgrims when in 1607 they started on their wanderings—this is a combined memorial and sea-beacon. Its design is taken from Siena, Italy, where the Campanile is joined to the cathedral. The American replica is built of



*Courtesy of New England News Co.*

PROVINCETOWN SHAFT.

granite from Maine. The Provincetown Tower—memorial of the Compact—when viewed across that rare bay and the larger bay beyond, looms grandly—soars, one might say—above waters that vie with each other in matching color with an azure sky.

To the north rises Captain's Hill, crowned with the lofty monument that stands in the centre of the Myles Standish Hill-Top-Farm—that gift from

the town to the ever-successful military defender of law and order, of Pilgrim homes, and of Pilgrim honor.

It is a good two-mile row offshore from Plymouth to Clark's Island with a few moments of sturdy footing to Pulpit or Election Rock. Here first echoed in the open and along the beaches of Plymouth Bay readings from the Bible joined with the Psalm-songs of Ainsworth. It is a full mile row around the eighty acres of Clark's island, which dots the water but a half mile from Duxbury shore.

Pilgrim visitors to Plymouth shrines, stand today in silence at the beginning of things in the land of your nativity, and heed these voices of the past! The beaches, the beautiful harbor, the glittering white sand and cliff-crowned, Roman-nose-



*Courtesy of A. S. Burbank*  
MONUMENT TO MYLES  
STANDISH.



*Courtesy of A. S. Burbank.*

ELECTION ROCK ON CLARK'S ISLAND.



*Courtesy of C. B. Webster & Co., Boston, Mass.*

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF DUXBURY SHORE.



ROMAN-NOSED GURNET, AN OUTPOST GUARD TO  
PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

pointed-Gurnet, all lie at your feet, as you face from Monument Hill that blue-sheeted sea! Here, though possibly set in the charm of fiction only, that venturesome



THE NORSEMAN'S GRAVE ON  
THE GURNET.

Norseman, Thorwald, in landing, fell victim to Indian arrows. Unconsciously he started that first cemetery six hundred years and more before your ancestors strode the strand of Cape Cod.

Barring man's handicraft, each feature of land and ocean upon which we gaze, save the now denuded, but once forest-edged strand fringing the sea, was before the eyes of the Pilgrims in December, 1620. Cautiously threading the underbrush and ever on the lookout for prowling Indians, they climbed the slope of Monument Hill to discern the possibilities of upland and hilltop, bay, brook, and spring for the making of their homes.

Go a step farther, modern Pilgrim, and, as did your



DESTROYING THE PEQUOT FORT.



Indian brother, former lord of the soil, place ear against Mother Earth and listen. Rising above sounds which your untrained nerves can never sense, he heard the crashing of the bear, flanked by her cubs, plunging through the thicket; the bounding of the stag, and at rare intervals the kingly moose, heading for waterways; the far-away whoop of his tribal enemies; the stealthy moccasin tread as the canebrake crackled beneath oncoming war-shod feet.

You, in contrast to all this, with the record of a past sanctified by heart prayers and martyr blood, hear rarer—aye, holier—echoes.

At this shrine of all shrines in the New World, one reads the past. He sees the fulcrum on which heroism placed its lever to transform the heroic efforts of fifty-four sick and poverty-stricken specimens of humanity, clinging, with the grip of men nigh to possible death, while yet loving life, to that narrow, sandy strip edging the sea. Through their descendants this scene of sorrow burst forth into a *New* England, and then, with brotherly aid from others, into the United States of America.

Listen again, and closer, brother. Place the lips of the seashell wrought by the Divine Artist to your ear. These murmurings of seemingly minor import were in reality as world transformers. Let imagination body forth succeeding events as in a pageant.



THE MAYFLOWER STRUGGLING  
WITH THAT MID-OCEAN STORM.



THAT FIRST BATTLE.

A storm-tossed, leaking vessel, through an iron brace, firmly rivetted, they were saved, "yet so as by fire." Two bands, mutually strangers, one with hostile arrows; one with



REVEREND THOMAS PRINCE, HIS CHURCH AND PULPIT.  
THE "OLD SOUTH" IN BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS.

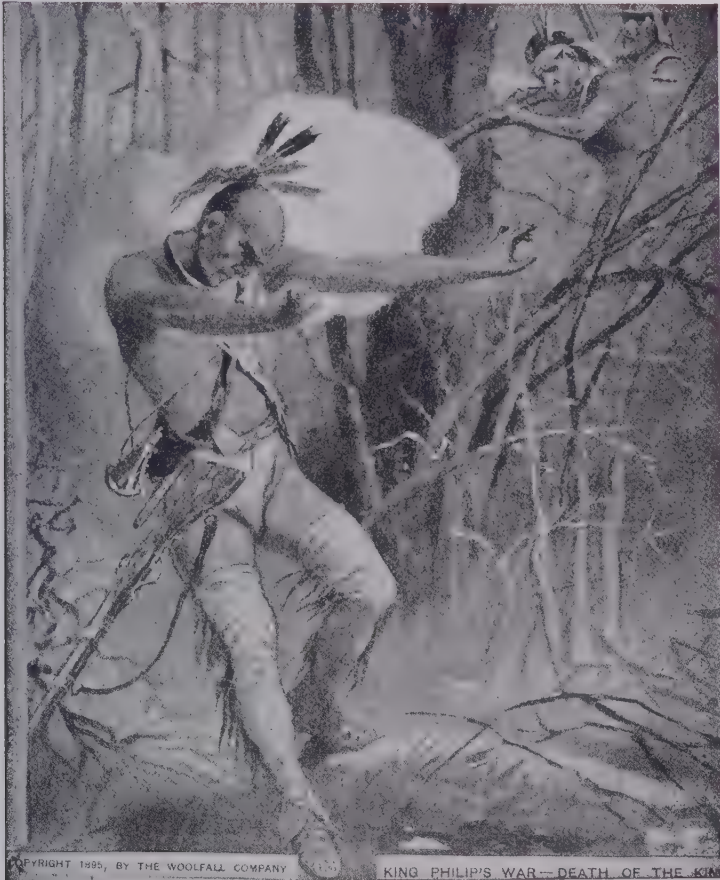
firelocks, arrayed in battle, yet with no loss of life! How strange the picture! How amazing the results!

The swift, bloody uprising and the still swifter suppression by fire and sword meant the almost entire obliteration of the fierce Pequots of Connecticut.

Two hundred miles of Indian border warfare, threatening the extinction of one hundred thousand colonists—then the annihilation of the Narragansetts; the tragic death of King Philip, and freedom from Indian attacks!

A prayer of deep unction speeding heavenward from

the Old South Church tub-pulpit; a tempest preventing the wrecking and scattering of English settlements by France along a coast-line extending from Maine to Florida borderland. Through time and space come the words "In the name



*Courtesy of the Jones Brothers Publishing Co.*

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—and Boston is saved from fire, sword and rapine!

On the frozen, snow-blanketed soil of Valley Forge behold the idol of a nation bowed in prayer—sequel, the



destruction of the Indians and Canadians by Sullivan's expedition, battles, Napoleonic strategy, then Yorktown!

What an amazing series of dissolving views! What results never paralleled before in the world's history!



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

No longer with ear against Mother Earth, in the land of your fathers, do you forget Pilgrims of the past or the glories of the present, while in faith you picture the splendor of the future! In this land so divinely favored you turn

thought and face toward Nature and "through Nature up to Nature's God." The words of Byron, from whose pages



"IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS!"  
ETHAN ALLEN CAPTURING TICONDEROGA AND IN THE ACT SAVING BOSTON.



THE PSALMES  
in Metre.

## PSALME 1.



1

Bless'd man, that doth  
not in the wicked

counsel walk: nor stand in synners way.

2

nor sit in seat of scornful-folk. But set-

teih in Iehovahs law, his pleasureful de-

light: and in his law dooth meditate,

by day and eke by night.

3

And he shalbe, like-as a tree,  
by water brooks planted;  
which in his time, shall give his fruit;  
his leaf eke shall not fade;  
and whatsoever he shall doe,  
it prosperously shall thrive.

4

Not so the wicked: but as chaff,  
which wind away doth-drive.

5

Therefore, the wicked shall not in  
the judgement stand-uprights  
and in th' assemblie of the just,  
nor any synful-wight.

6

For, of the just, Iehovah he  
acknowledgeth the way:  
and way, of the ungracious  
shall utterly-decay.

## PSALME 2.

Sing thou as the 18. Psalm.

W Hy doe the hea-  
thens rage tumultuously:  
and peoples, me-  
ditate on vanity?

2. Kings of the earth,  
themselves presenting sets,  
and Princes for  
to plot together-get:  
against Ieho-

vah, 'gainst his Christ also.

3. Break we, their bands:  
and their cords from us throw.

4. He laugheth, that  
in heavens doeth reside:  
the Lord, he them  
doth mockingly-deride.

5. Then in his an-  
ger speak to them will hee  
and in his wrath,  
them trouble-suddainlie.

6. And I, anoynt-  
ed-have my King: upon  
the mountayn of  
my holynes, Sion.

7. Tel wil I the  
decree: IAH sayd to mee,  
thou art my son;  
this day begat I thee.

8. Ask me, and I  
wil give thyne heritage,  
hethens: and earths  
ends, thy him-retaince.

9. Thou shalt them rough-  
ly rule with yron rod:  
as Potters ves-  
sel scatter them abroad.

10. And now, ye Kings  
be wise: be nurtured,  
ye earths Iudges.

11. Iehovah serve with dread:  
and joy, with tremb-  
ling.

12. Kys the Son, lest he  
be wroth, and pe-

A 3

with

A COPY OF AN AMSTERDAM ISSUE OF AINSWORTH'S PSALM MELODIES.  
THE MUSIC AS SHOWN ABOVE DID NOT APPEAR IN THE EARLY CAMBRIDGE  
EDITION.

not a few American place names were taken, seem here fulfilled on a colossal scale.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
There is society where none intrudes;  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
I love not man the less, but nature more  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe and feel  
What I can ne’er express but cannot all conceal.”

Of early Pilgrim wills at least three have come down to us; those of Peregrine White, Edward Winslow, and Mary Chilton.

In 1645 one Puritan divine, speaking in the House of Lords, characterized the Dutchman “as infamous in the Christian world on account of his tolerance.” From the example of the Republic, the Pilgrims were reinforced in will and purpose, and toleration was woven into the Pilgrim’s girdle, and even, as it were, into a seamless robe; for direct, virile, persecution cannot be proved against them. In contrast, the Puritan, with gleesome zest, sent his argumentative visitors into the wilderness.

Around the word “tolerance” there buzzed many an argument for and against. Roger Williams, Ann Hutchinson, Samuel Gorton, and the Quaker invaded the two small communities with malice aforethought to inject their repellant ideas, often by offensive method, into the minds of a people whose ears were stopped through their own ways of thinking, and who desired no dealings with the Philistine outsider.

Both Pilgrim and Puritan were wedded to the Bible. From its pages they took their laws intact and the names of their children, occasionally saddling to the infant’s name a verse of scripture, which tagged him to the edge of the grave. It took courage for the young Puritan swain at



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IS THE PILGRIM MAIDEN READING THE BIBLE OR PSALM MELODIES? IN ANOTHER MOMENT THIS DAUGHTER OF NEW ENGLAND WILL BE DRAGGED INTO INDIAN SLAVERY.

early eve to lift the knocker, pull the latchstring, and ask if "Miss Tribulation" or "Miss Godly Sorrow" was at home. In days of superstition he must have hesitated long



*Painting by Francis Davis Willett.*

THE BLACK SHEEP  
READING CONDEMNATORY SCRIPTURE TO THE ERRING DAUGHTER OF  
THE HOUSE.

ere plighting troth with one whose dowry was a veritable Calamity Jane.

This grotesque naming habit overlapped into nonsectarian camps and all sorts of descriptive cognomens were hung about the necks of newly born babes. When Dinely, Senior, of Boston rushed for the doctor he fell in a snow-drift, and was brought home a stiffly frozen corpse on a shutter. It seemed infinitely appropriate to name the infant "Fathergone Dinely," and throughout a long life Fathergone Dinely strode Boston streets.

Sit on the backless bench against the outer wall beside this fair maid of Puritan days, who might have lived in Plymouth, and hear the tale of the black sheep's depravity. The head of the house sonorously lays on her back veritable tongue stripes, after reading the Ten Commandments, intensifying one that has been badly cracked, if not broken. Other members of the family sit in awed, condemnatory silence, as sentence is pronounced against the





YOUTH HAD ITS FULL DAY IN PILGRIM TIMES IN SPITE OF THE WATCHFUL TITHING MAN.



*Courtesy of the publisher.*

UNADORNED PILGRIM HOMES.

erring daughter. Has she been visiting Mercy Warren, who kept a card-table hidden under the rafters? Or is it Mercy Tufts, under ban in 1652, for indulging in mixed dancing? Or can it be some Plymouth's Hester Prynne just prior to the sewing on her breast of the Scarlet Letter, a symbol of shame sometimes stitched in other colors. This, a custom of substituting in penal matters what would leave no scar after repentance, was borrowed from the Dutch, who at the time of the Reformation substituted merciful textile for the red hot branding irons once used to sear human flesh, but now cold and rusty in the museums.

When, before the dawn of the eighteenth century in America, the second generation had become adults, time-honored barriers were vaulted and people reverted to the recreations of their English ancestors, such as huskings, apple parings and quilting bees. These recreations of the old motherlands developed later into popular delights, such as the American Virginia reel and kindred frivolities.

Those homesick-looking homes of our progenitors seem to us barren of adornment and comfort, but they sheltered sturdy men and women and, those greatest treasures in the world, *true hearts*.

The framework of chronology within the limits of which the Pilgrim story was told is in the main accepted and reads as follows:

1602—Founding of the Separatist Church at Gainsborough.

1606—This year Rev. Richard Clyfton with his assistant, the Rev. John Robinson, had charge of the Separatist Church at Scrooby.

1607—Attempted sailing and imprisonment at Boston, England.

1608—Partially successful attempt to sail to Holland from Mollie Brown's Cove. A later meeting in Amsterdam the same year.

1609—Removal of the Pilgrim Church from Amsterdam to Leyden.

1620, July 22—Speedwell sailing from Delfshaven.

1620, Aug. 15—Sailing of Mayflower and Speedwell from Southampton.

1620, Aug. 20—Sailing of Mayflower and Speedwell from Dartmouth.

- 1620, Sept. 16—Mayflower leaving Plymouth.
- 1620, Nov. 19—Cape Cod sighted.
- 1620, Nov. 21—Mayflower anchored in Provincetown Harbor and Compact signed probably before reaching harbor.
- 1620, Nov. 21—John Carver was elected Governor when on the Mayflower, and Nov. 21 on land.
- 1620, Nov. 21—A few of the passengers landed on the beach.
- 1620, Nov. 22—First Sabbath at Provincetown.
- 1620, Nov. 23—Monday Wash Day inaugurated.
- 1620, Nov. 26—Captain Myles Standish and nineteen men made an excursion to Truro Spring, Pamet River, and Corn Hill.
- 1620, Dec. 7—Twenty-four men under Master Jones sailed in the shallop to East Harbor and Pamet River.
- 1620, Dec. 14—Edward Thompson died; the first death after reaching Cape Cod.
- 1620, Dec. 16—Captain Standish and seventeen men sailed in the shallop to Eastham; conflict with Indians at the First Encounter.
- 1620, Dec. 17—Dorothy May Bradford drowned; Peregrine White, first English child in New England, born.
- 1620, Dec. 19—Pilgrims landed on Clark's Island.
- 1620, Dec. 21—Forefathers' Day. First landing on Plymouth Rock.
- 1620, Dec. 22—Return of party to the Mayflower.
- 1620, Dec. 26—Mayflower anchored in Plymouth Harbor near the Cow Yard.
- 1620, Dec. 27—First Sabbath in Plymouth Harbor.
- 1620, Dec. 30—Selected place of settlement and twenty passengers landed.
- 1621, Jan. 2—The clearing of land begun.
- 1621, Jan. 7—Company divided into nineteen families, with plots of land laid out for each.
- 1621, Jan. 31—"Kept our first meeting on land."
- 1621, Feb. 21—"Military Orders" established with Myles Standish as captain.
- 1621, Mar. 3—Cannon mounted on the hill.
- 1621, Mar. 26—Samoset appeared and said "Welcome, stranger."
- 1621, Mar. 28—Samoset returned with five other Indians.
- 1621, Mar. 31—Last of the Pilgrims leave the Mayflower.
- 1621, Apr. 1—Samoset brought Squanto; Massasoit arrived, and the first Indian treaty was made.
- 1621, Apr. 15—Number of colonists had now shrunk from 102 to 54, Mayflower left for England, making less to feed.
- 1621, April —In the latter part of this month seed was sown. Gov. John Carver died in the field; William Bradford was elected governor and Isaac Allerton deputy governor.

- 1621, Apr. 22—First marriage in the colony, Susanna White, widow of William and mother of Peregrine White, to Edward Winslow.
- 1621, July 2—Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins visit Massasoit at his hut and present him with the red coat and copper chain.
- 1621, Aug. 24—Captain Standish with Samoset and fourteen men rescue Squanto from Corbitant's custody.
- 1621, Sept. 28—Ten men with Standish and Squanto sailed in the shallop to Massachusetts Harbor.
- 1621, Nov. 19—The *Fortune* arrives with Robert Cushman and thirty-five others.
- 1621, Dec. 13—Sailing of the *Unfortunate Fortune* for England.
- 1621, Dec. 21—Colonists reduced to half an allowance of food. Rattlesnake skin filled with arrows received from Canonicus and returned filled with powder and bullets.
- 1622, Feb. —Complete stockade built about the town.
- 1622, May —Famine in settlement; shallop from the ship *Sparrow* arrives.
- 1622, June or early July—The *Charity* and *Swan* sail into harbor. Trouble began with Weston's settlement.
- During this summer of 1622 the fort was built on the hill, Weston's men settled Weymouth. In August the *Sparrow* sailed into port, and the *Discovery* came from Virginia, its cargo supplying knives and beads for Indian barter. In November, Governor Bradford joined with the Weymouth colonists in a voyage in the *Swan* to buy provisions from the Indians.
- 1623, Jan. —Captain Standish sailed in the shallop to the Massachusetts Indians for provisions. Governor Bradford purchased corn.
- 1623, Mar. —Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins visited sick Massasoit, who revealed to Hobomok an Indian conspiracy to massacre all whites.
- 1623, Mar. 23—Captain Standish with eight men went to Weymouth colony, protected the inhabitants, killed seven of the Indians, and brought back the head of the ringleader to Plymouth. This act called forth the condemnation of Pastor Robinson, who did not realize conditions.
- 1623, Apr. 15—End of the Communistic experiment, each family was allotted a plot of land, much to the advantage of settlers. From first to last the family was the fundamental unit of this Christian Society.



- 1623, June —Ship Plantation arrived. On it was Francis West, made Admiral of New England.
- 1623, June 15—The vessel Anne with sixty colonists and the pinnace Little James arrived. In June the nine hour prayer meeting brought a rain storm that saved the crops and amazed the Indians.
- 1623, Aug. 14—Governor Bradford later married the love of his youth, Alice Carpenter Southworth, who arrived on the Anne.
- 1623, Sept. 10—The craft Anne returned to England, laden with furs and clapboards.
- 1623, Sept. 24—Arrival of the Paragon on which was Captain Robert Gorges, the new governor of New England, but disliking conditions, he returned, to the great relief of the Pilgrims.
- 1624, Jan. —At the annual election, instead of one assistant, five were chosen to help the Governor.
- 1624, Mar. —Edward Winslow brought over three heifers and a bull from England, the first cattle to arrive in New England. (It is assumed in some cozy corner of the overcrowded Mayflower there may have been a few goats and swine, though there is no such record.) John Oldham and Rev. John Lyford were tried and expelled for undermining the faith of the colony by advocating Church of England worship.
- 1624—In this year Roger Conant left Plymouth for Nantasket, later going to Cape Ann. An allotment of land was made.
- 1625—Captain Standish sailed for England; Edward Winslow set out to trade on the Kennebec River.
- 1625—The colony was abandoned by London stockholders.
- 1626, Mar. 11—Pastor John Robinson died in Leyden.
- 1626, April —Captain Standish returned from England; Isaac Allerton sailed to the Mother Country.
- 1626—Fishing not lucrative; fur trading was extended to the Maine coast.
- 1627—Isaac Allerton returned with a draft of a new agreement between colonists and the adventurers in England. De Rasières brought wampum, which stimulated commercial prosperity and for one hundred years and more influenced New England's institutions and business life.
- 1627—Establishment on Buzzard's Bay, including a trading post, and hog farm.
- 1628—As the company grew, a larger allotment of land was made this year.

- 1629—Fur trading proving a success in Maine, a trading-post was established on the Penobscot River. Wampum now came into free circulation as currency.
- 1631—Settlement at Winsor, Conn.
- 1631-32—Prosperity smiling more broadly, Pilgrims absorbed adjacent land.
- 1632—The Plymouth men now turned toward the fertile Connecticut Valley, establishing a trading-post on the Connecticut River.
- 1634—The Lords of Industry and Finance in England interfered.
- 1635—The trading-post at Penobscot was absorbed by the French.
- 1636—A more elaborate Code of Laws was inaugurated to cover a wider range of punishment.
- 1637—Pequot Indians living on the Thames invaded the Connecticut Valley, resulting in the Pequot War.
- 1638—The Plymouth settlement showed but small growth and dull times in this year.
- 1643—Plymouth merged for a time with the other colonies in the New England Confederation. Commissioners from now onward regulated the four colonies as one.
- 1661—All trace of the Separatists in Leyden gone.
- 1690—Fusion of Pilgrim and Puritan colonies; no further continuous history of the Pilgrims; the story and even the record of their origin and peculiar characteristics lost, until within seventy-five years. The New England Confederation was undoubtedly suggested by, if not borrowed from, the Dutch example of seven states in union. The use of wampum as an exchange medium brought to the notice of the pilgrims by de Rasières, revolutionized their actual and prospective finances.

No more than the colonies of New England, when in 1579 the Dutch formed a League of Provinces, did the Dutch expect that a true nation and indissoluble union of indestructible States would grow out of the Compact made in what they called the Cradle of Liberty, in Utrecht.

In Eastern England several inns were named in Pilgrim days "The League of Seven States," but after the wind and rain, storm and sun of a century or two, the story of origin having been forgotten, the sign-painter in restoration lettered one sign "The Leg and Seven Stars." Herein is a parable—the Pilgrim story long forgotten, but from 1850 retold!

### CHAPTER III

#### TRADING, FISHING, WHALING, FRUITS, PREÈMPTING SITE OF BOSTON

**I**N the tercentenary year of 1920, the beginnings of New England churches, particularly this First Church of Plymouth, sixth in rotation and close to the site of the first congregation of that faith in New England, stirred sacred thoughts and emotions even in the cold-blooded casualist. Tracing its history in an unbroken thread via Plymouth, Leyden, Amsterdam, Scrooby, and indirectly to Gainsborough, one stands within the shadow of its outward expression with a zeal reborn of the hour. He recalls that in the old country the pulpit teachers of this first church included Richard Clyfton, John Robinson, Elder Brewster, (who, however, never received ordination) Roger Williams, John Cotton—son of the famous preacher of both Boston Olde and Boston Newe—Charles Chauncey, Harvard's second president, and other shining lights.

All these were men whose influence and whose thought are still imprinted on the New England mind, though Clyfton and Robinson never saw New England, as was also the case with those great Americanizers, Sir Walter Raleigh, Chief Justice Popham, Sir Edwyn Sandys, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and Matthew Craddock. For this last worthy the Craddock house in Medford was named, in the hope of tempting President Craddock to risk the dreaded sea voyage. In those days this was indeed a fearsome trip made in small, "wet" boats, which deterred other earnest souls who backed the secular as well as the religious side of this section of our country's development.

Americans of today feel envious of Leyden that has held the dust of the man who in his farewell words to his people—pioneers in New England—laid down the eternal principle that religion is not static, but dynamic, and that



THE MATTHEW CRADDOCK HOUSE AT MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

*Melville E. Padock*

progress is the law of the church's life. More light yet to break from the Divine Word is the Magna Charta of Christianity, and Robinson's message reaffirmed that of the Master, who promised that the Holy Spirit should lead His followers into all truth.

The Covenant of the First Church of Plymouth briefly reads:

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in obedience to His holy will and divine ordinances, we being by the most wise and good providence of God brought together in this place and desirous to unite ourselves into one congregation or church under the Lord Jesus Christ, our head, that it may be in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, we do



hereby solemnly and religiously (as in His most holy presence) avouch the Lord Jehovah, the only true God, to be our God, and the God of ours; and do promise to bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love to, and watchfulness over one another, depending wholly and only upon the Lord our God to enable us by his grace hereunto."

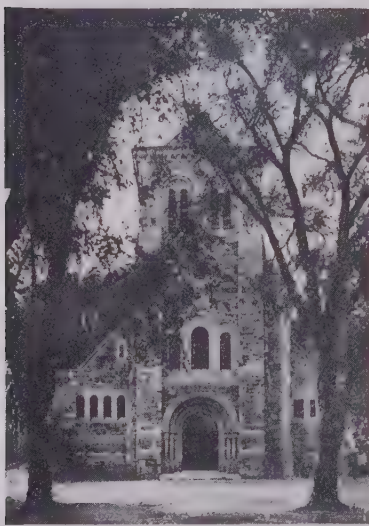
With any such covenant to steer his "gospel" craft, backbiting, uncharitable treatment and other agents that so often disrupt a church and incidentally start new religious bodies, would be entirely absent while the faith should spread and deepen. Records leak, however, and one finds that the conscientious Pilgrim sometimes "slipped a cog," as for example when, with invidious design, he sent word to the Salem Church, referring to the true-hearted Roger Williams, "Look out for him."

The first fully organized church in America, able to stand all challenges, is the Dutch Reformed, located at Twenty-ninth street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. Another interesting church of the same faith sponsored by Governor Peter Minuit, who bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars, is located at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Pilgrims during the first ten years had no pastor, and were a part of the Leyden Church located at Plymouth.

The bell in the tower of this church at Plymouth was cast in 1801 by Paul Revere and rang out on reluctant ears rising and curfew for over a century.

In detail, the swing from the Fort Church, located on what is today known as Burial Hill, was in 1638, when the first steeple-house was built on the north side of the Square. In 1683, on the east side of this Square, the third church edifice was erected.

Church building number four, counting the Fort Church, was built in 1744, practically on the same site as the previous edifice. Edifice number five, a Gothic build-



*Courtesy of A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.*

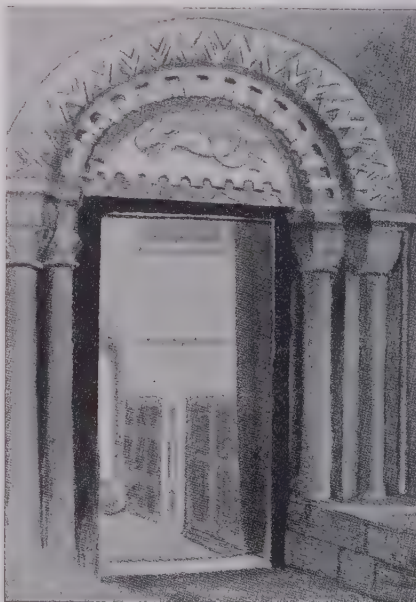
THE PRESENT PILGRIM CHURCH AT  
PLYMOUTH. THE SIXTH IN  
SUCCESSION.

man's oath: "I do freely and sincerely acknowledge that I am justly and lawfully subject to the government of the Company and do accordingly submit my person and my estate to be protected, ordered, and governed by the law and constitution thereof."

The key to Plymouth's settlement was the wonderful flowing spring near the Towne Brooke described by Bradford as "A very sweete brooke 'neath the hillside also many delicate springs of good water can

ing, erected in 1830, near the old site, was destroyed by fire. On November 22, 1892, the present attractive stone structure facing the Square (the sixth in succession) was dedicated December 21, 1899. It was a happy conceit to make the entrance portal a close duplicate of that in the ancient church at Austerfield, the portal being in Norman style. In the Austerfield Church Governor Bradford was christened and here he worshipped until joining the Scrooby church.

Thus read the Pilgrim free-



THE AUSTERFIELD DOORWAY, CLOSELY  
COPIED IN THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

be drunke." According to hereditary custom, Pilgrims usually refreshed on beer, believing that loathsome disease often lurked in water, which, with the rest of the civilized world, they drank with fear and trembling. Such a



NEW ENGLAND IN OUTLINE AS WILLIAM HUBBARD  
SAW IT IN 1677.

belief may have shortened life, as this necessary food solvent was taken sparingly. Nevertheless, they—or at least Bradford and other Pilgrims like him—were perhaps the very first in America to celebrate the virtues and beauty of what is “sparkling and bright in its liquid light.” Ponce de Leon was more anxious to lave his body than his tongue.

The twentieth century layout of Cape Cod shows a marked contrast to William Hubbard’s somewhat distorted outline map, traced two hundred and forty-five years ago, the first engraved in the New World.

The Watch Tower was erected on Burial Hill in 1643. The location is indisputable, because disclosed by its brick foundation discovered through a grave-digging sexton; the fact is farther proved by this extract from the Town Rec-

ords entered, in the cramped handwriting of the age, September 23, 1643:

"It is agreed upon by the whole that there shall be a watch house forthwith built of brick, and that Mr. Grimes will sell us the brick at eleven shilling a thousand."

To have the written record clinch rumor and belief, and, going a step farther, to unearth proofs of the act itself, rejoices the heart of the antiquarian, and these foundations under romance thrill the soul with confirmation of truth long desired.

One reads in the Town Books that Nathaniel Southworth was paid eight pounds to build the Watch House, in size 16 x 12 x 8, including two floors, chimney and stairs, to be paid in money or equivalent.

From this same Watch Tower, in March, 1676, women and children saw blazing cabins and massacre of settlers at Eel River (now Chiltonville) during King Philip's war.

When the "last call" for recruits for the "Land beyond the River" echoed along Patuxet Beach in 1621, John Carver, the first governor and first signer of the Compact, was the first leader to step from the ranks. Carver's early death may account for the fact that his signature is not on record.

The chief mode of early travel—apart from journeys on foot—was on horseback. Plymouth very soon after the arrival of the Puritans and in noble rivalry with them, began free schools, a plan copied from the Dutch, whose record of a national system of free education for all children goes back to the twelfth century. Scotland, under the inspiration of John Knox, was probably the first of the nations recreated through the Reformation to form the public schools—that is, the schools, open to all, and not "for gentlemen only," the rector or schoolmaster, imitating the Dutch title for church Domine, but spelling it "Dominie."

Governor Thomas Prentice had the honor of starting this educational ball in Plymouth in 1634.



The Dutch title (largely known through Sir Walter Scott's novels) has been mistakenly copied into our dictionaries as "Dominie," for a schoolmaster, or a "stickit minister." The pastor of a Dutch church used the unaltered Latin "Domine," and was so addressed in speech and writing.

Fire in 1913 destroyed blacksmith Coale's weather-beaten shop, so long headquarters for neighborly and unneighborly gossip and the iron shoeing of steed and cattle. Here from the raw imported material nails, strap-hinges, andirons, cranes, trammels, and pot-hooks were hammered into form. The rafters that inset the ridge pole and were oak-pegged into axe-hewn beams dated back to 1684.

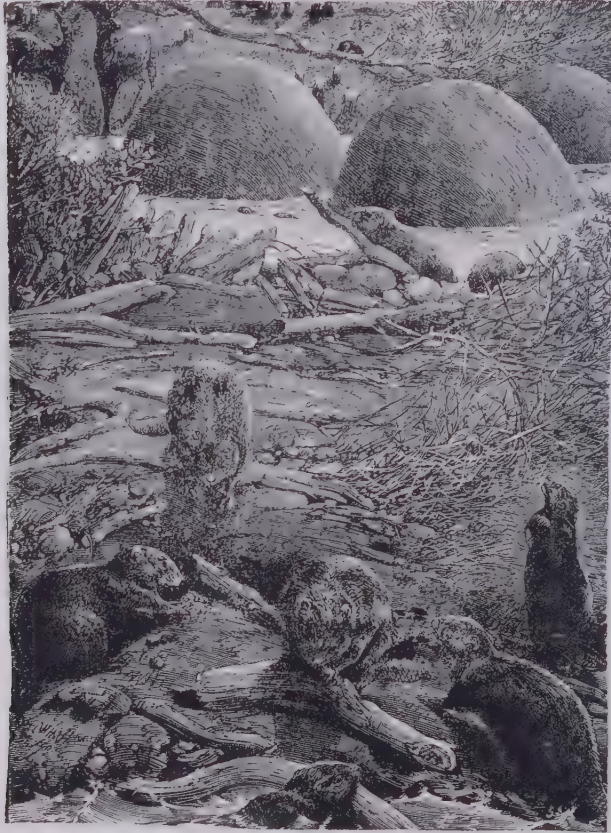
Among the early pioneers in finding and smelting native iron in this region were the ancestors of Abraham Lincoln.

Pilgrims for the first time saw beavers at their work and traded in skins which later dug them out of the morass of debt in which they had been submerged even to gasping. The hides and furs obtained in barter came through different tribes; some as far west as Niagara Falls. One wonders if imagination drove the artist's brush when, over two hundred years ago, he painted the world's awe-inspiring cataract. The weight of probability adjudges him to have actually seen what he has pictured. Recently Wisconsin farmers protested against a protection which allowed the sagacious beaver to raise a solid dam eight hundred feet



COALE'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.

long, causing meadow land to be disastrously overflowed. In our own State of New York during the year 1917, this industrious animal cut down and appropriated thousands of trees to work out its architectural ideas.



BEAVERS BUILDING THEIR HOMES.

It was natural that the Pilgrim should study the habits of the animal which laid the economic foundations of the bridge over which he traveled to financial freedom. Its fur with that of the otter, packed in hogsheads for shipment to England, was so largely traded in as to form a major part of the Pilgrim's business. Beaver hat manufacturers

all over Europe welcomed consignments of New England peltries which aided the Pilgrim to gain a sure footing in the land of his adoption.

To meet with prudence the issue of unwelcome, curious-



AS NIAGARA AND A BEAVER COLONY LOOKED TO A  
PIONEER ARTIST SOME TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

minded, intrusive Indian visitors who incessantly strolled into and through the village, Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins, with Squanto as guide, in July 1621, undertook the delicate mission of carrying greetings from Governor Bradford to Massasoit. As diplomatically written as the Seven Leyden Articles was this shrewd epistle to the Indian chieftain.

"Foreasmuch as his (Massasoit's) subjects came often and without fear upon all occasions amongst us, so we were now come unto him, and in witness of the love and the good will the English bear unto him, the governor hath sent him a coat, desiring that the peace and amity that was between them and us might be continued. Not that we feared them, but because we intended not to injure any, desiring to live



peacefully, and as with all men so especially with them our nearest neighbors. But whereas his people come over often and very many together unto us, bringing for the most part their wives and children, they are welcome, yet we being but strangers as yet at Patuxet, alias New Plymouth, and not knowing how our corn might prosper, we could not longer give them such entertainment as we had done and as we desire still to do, yet if he would be pleased to come himself or any special friend of his desired to see us, coming from him, they should be welcome. And to the end we might know them from others our governor has sent him a copper chain, desiring, if any message should come from him to us, we might know by bringing it with him, and harken and give credit to his message accordingly."

Records prove Massasoit to have been an extraordinarily good Indian, even though he could not grasp that philosophy of monotheism which raises man's soul from vagaries into a conception of law in the whole universe, and is the first and deepest of all foundations for true democracy. He refused to worship the white man's God, saying in substance "It certainly is not good business to give up thirty-four manitous for one." Apart from all reasons personal, local, or temporary, under all lay the abiding conservatism of the savage. To those who have studied the Indian psychology, there is little trace of anything like mental freedom or the will to believe. In almost every instance the savage red man—unless caught very young and well instructed, by example, reinforced by good teachers and environment—is bound hand and foot by tradition and what was taught him in infancy. In strong contrast to Massasoit's good character, was that of his two sons, Alexander (Wamsutta) and Philip (Metacomet). Both were thoroughly bad. Heredity in this case, as often, gave a glaring example of its uncertainty in problems concerning individuals. It is wholly fitting that some of the finest hotels in New England should be named after this hospitable chieftain.



To know where to find the Indians if occasion served or necessity prompted, as also to see their strength and discover the country, was another reason for this journey.

They took with them a horseman's coat of red cotton,



THAT CONFERENCE BETWEEN WINSLOW AND MASSASOIT.

ornamented with lace for a present. Diplomacy with the Indian was an imitation of English and Dutch customs, reinforced by decorations—medals, feathered hats, and the tinsel emblems of good will. The copper chain\* of authority and the Red Horseman's Coat, combined with Massasoit's natural fairness, accomplished the object of the diplomatic mission in curtailing Indian visitation even while holding their new friends' regard. On this journey the Indians courteously carried the Pilgrim ambassadors across the river on their backs. Massasoit later surprised the entire settlement in a way that to the Pilgrims seemed unethical and set heads shaking. He acted out that purely Indian scheme of

\*In thus using the neck chain as an insignia, Brewster may have remembered the gold chain of authority he wore in Holland and at Queen Elizabeth's court.

theatrically transforming sadness to joy, by wrongly reporting the death of a chief, so that the late welcome news from a supposed deathbed would be jubilant. In this case he selected Edward Winslow for the experiment, which proved a pronounced success, though evoking the righteous indignation of the Pilgrims, thus needlessly shocked.



AN ALGERIAN PIRATE.

Valorous men were our forefathers, in all climes! In the north, encircled by berg and floe, they faced the leviathan of the sea with the same courage that in the south they met with pike and axe, the Chinese, the Malayans, and Moorish pirates, who vainly tried to end life and block a career of mercantile activity in foreign lands.

New England commerce seriously suffered from pirates, who often crossed pike and cutlass with Yankee crews, and if victorious compelled the vanquished to walk the plank. The Tartar usually found he had awakened a greater Tartar and one who wrought his swift undoing.

When these pests of the sea (Algerian pirates) attempted to capture a Yankee skipper from either Plymouth, Boston, Salem, or Marblehead, they were generally over-matched and thrust heels over head into the deep, by firmly gripped boarding pikes. These, ever ready at hand, circled the masts of all New England craft which left the coast's protecting lea to sail an alien sea.

Pilgrims, as well as their descendants, frequently had hard-fought battles with the whale. In colonial days whales swam freely along our Eastern coast in such numbers that New York found it necessary to pay a yearly stipend to keep the Bay free of these sea monsters and even today, in the year 1922, whales occasionally enter New York Bay as well as Plymouth waters.

Cape Cod whalers extended their operations from the



*Courtesy of State Street Trust Company, Boston, Mass.*

ONLY BRAVE MEN COULD CAPTURE WITH THE CRUDE WEAPONS OF THAT DAY  
THE LEVIATHAN OF THE DEEP.

blue waters of Plymouth Bay to the edge of the Arctic Circle. In later centuries, they doubled Cape Horn and scoured the Pacific even to the ice floes. It was the whale that carried Occidental civilization to Japan. In 1850, seventeen million dollars was invested in the Pacific whaling enterprise. Fillmore's successful diplomatic opening of Japan through Perry was, in its first intention, for the benefit of



American whalers. For the Cape Cod and Cape Ann fishermen and sailors the educators of our navy always had the highest respect, seeing in them and their environment the preparatory school of our sea power. The Pilgrim minister's share in blubber and oil from captured whales helped defray his expenses. Very likely in the eyes of the rising generation these special privileges gave dignity to the shepherd of souls, but the incumbent would doubtless have preferred a cash increase in his moderate salary.

As we have seen, before the trailing arbutus forced its way through the thin spring snow blanket (the poor man's fertilizer) nearly half the little company was under the sod of Coale's Hill, or buried in the protecting shadow of the home—in other words, the back-yard of the Common House. For sixty years no monuments marked their graves. Rather were these carefully concealed by growing corn and other crops which, shielding the dead, gave sustenance to the living. This was in order that Indian cunning might not fathom the dire reality. In December and January seventeen, and in February fourteen died. At this time Myles Standish and Elder Brewster were apparently as immune to disease as they were proof against Indian arrows, though later both felt the burning grip of fever. The consumption of tainted beef and pork may have caused mysterious ptomaine poisoning, then unnamed and today unconquered, hastening with fever the end of many a Pilgrim, with a soul unconquerable, except by the grim victor Death.

The October-November (1920) Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society prints the following, taken from a source some fifty years or more old.

“Here rest the great and good—and here they repose  
After their generous toil. A sacred band,  
They take their sleep together, while the year  
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,  
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.  
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods  
Are all their monument; and yet it tells



A nobler history than pillared piles,  
Or the eternal pyramids. They need  
No statue nor inscription to reveal  
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy  
With which their children tread the hallowed ground  
That holds their venerated bones, the peace  
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth  
That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute  
As feeling ever is when deepest—these  
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes  
Reared to the kings and demigods of old."

At the end of the death winter, the little company consisted of twenty-two men, five women, nineteen girls, and sixteen boys, all racked by disease, and only a few strong enough to stagger or crawl to spring and wood pile. A meagre showing this, to combat conditions rarely falling to man's lot.

In a world given over to strenuous wrestling for life, health, or even precarious foothold, a community guided by any such clear-cut doctrine as the Pilgrim held should not and did not wander far from the straight and narrow way.

A majority of those first forty-six graves, on the cleared bluff at the foot of the loftier hill thus tied the living to the dead—in most cases with a double and at times a triple leash. In addition to its use as a burying-ground, Coale's Hill in 1742 was a battery-ground. In 1775 this battery was rebuilt and in 1814 a fort covered the graves of many of the first Pilgrims and it was known as Fort Hill.



JOHN HARVARD'S MONUMENT IN THE  
CHARLESTOWN GRAVEYARD.

Part of the Pilgrims' and Puritans' history was written with the chisel. Varied are the literary strivings and the types of the efforts of New England rhymesters on stone to locate and extol the habitations of the dead and warn the living.

A hundred years' life tenure frequently obliterated these examples of the stone cutter's art when graven on softer slabs—notably, the monument of Rev. John Harvard, founder of Harvard College in Charlestown's ancient graveyard. The native green rock, however, withstood New England's variable climate. Imported slate was another type of burial tablet, hard as proverbial flint on which even today, after two or more centuries of pelting climatic storms, baronial coats of arms, angels, cherubim, hour glasses and death's heads show in clear relief. The third popular stone was of native marble, which has also excellently held its own. The modern headstone of John Howland chronicles him as "the last man left of those who came over in the ship called the Mayflower that lived in Plymouth." He died February 23, 1672-73, but John Cook was the last male Mayflower passenger to "shuffle off this mortal coil" after 1694. The shallop which when stored on the Mayflower had been used as a stateroom for sleeping bunks, repaired and refitted, was now moored just off the rough pier jutting into the stream where it flowed harborward.

One gains a better idea of the Pilgrims from Bradford's History than from all other sources. He thus graphically describes Howland's escape from death during that mighty sea storm when, because of the buckling of the beam, the Mayflower nearly foundered in mid-Atlantic. This quotation also shows how the company in storms was kept beneath the hatches.

"Coming upon some occasion above ye gratings, was, with a seele of ye shipe throwne into sea; but it pleased God yt he caught hould of ye tope-saile halliards, which hunge over board & rane out at length; yet he held his hould (though he was sundrie fadomes under water) till he was

hald up by ye same rope to ye brime of ye water, and then with a boat hooke & other means got into ye shipe again, & his life was saved; and though he was something ill with it, yet he lived many years after, and became a profitable member both in church and commone wealthe."

The natural food supply of New England when properly husbanded and distributed even in Pilgrim days was abundant. John Dawes, Queen Elizabeth's daring navigator, pioneering for that Northwest passage which lured so many intrepid sea warriors to destruction, incidentally showing that "the contemptible trade of fishing" had not yet been borrowed by the English from the Dutch, writes thus of cod that packed the waters of New England's coast.

"Wee beeing vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle made a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so abundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which, with a small portion of salte that wee had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and soe returne for England."

One who on the spot or close by it wrote of conditions and acts for posterity's benefit thus makes report, showing the supply of food from the air, excelling even the Hebrews' desert supply of quail. "Such is the simplicity of the smaller sort of these birds (which he called 'Humilities or Simplicities') that one may drive them on a heape like so many sheepe, and seeing a fit time shoot them; the living seeing the dead, settle themselves on the same place againe, amongst which the Fowler discharges againe. I my selfe have killed twelve score at two shootes."

Nathaniel Morton, secretary of Plymouth Colony, who wrote in 1669, says of geese:

"There is of them great abundance. I have had often 1000. before the mouth of my gunne . . . the fethers of the Geese that I have killed in a short time, have paid

for all the powther and shott, I have spent in a yeare, and I have fed my dogs with as fatt Geese as there as I have ever fed upon my selfe in England."

And of sanderling:

"They were easie to come by because I went but a stepp or to for them; I have killed betweene foure and five dozen at a shoot which would loade me home."



Referring to the supply of food from the water and the abundance of the seas in codfish, bass and mackerel:

"The Coast aboundeth with such multitudes of Codd, that the inhabitants of New England doe dunge their grounds with Codd; and it is a commodity better than the golden mines of the Spanish Indies.

. . . The Basse is an excellent Fish. . . . There are such multitudes, that I have seene stoppe into the river (Merri-mack) close adjoyning to my howse with a sand at one tide, so many as will loade a ship." As to flounders, they "Almost come ashore, so that one may stepp but half a foote deepe and pick them up on the sands."

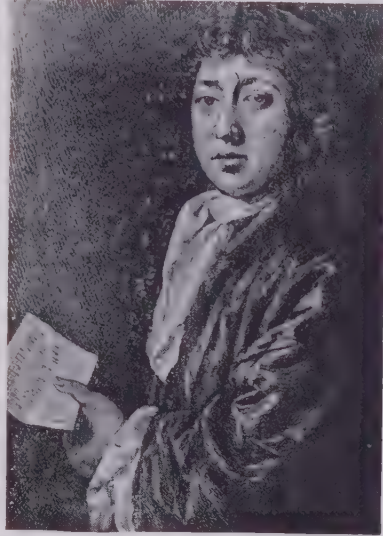
The scheme of building a double dam across the Towne-Brooke, that stream of utility and food supply, and the outlet of Billington Sea to the bay, to keep in shad and alewives, that nosed up the little rivulet at spawning time,



SAMUEL SEWALL'S BOOK PLATE.



ten or twelve thousand to a seining, was an added proof of Pilgrim thrift and ingenuity in dragging a living from the water as well as from the soil. They disproved the oft-bruited and false report that New England was a famine-burdened, pestilential country, which seems to have been the opinion of the Reverend Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich, who had been educated at Emmanuel College—that famous Puritan seed plot. He wrote of the transatlantic land where “neither soil nor climate would support life as well as that of England.” Nathaniel Ward, who wrote the “Body of Liberties” for the colony, was a very different person from the man Ward, of little account, who frequently inflicted himself on Boston and denounced Pilgrim and Puri-



SAMUEL PEPYS.

tan, layman, and clergyman, laying on with the fervor of a MacDuff, sarcastic criticism saturated with broadest license.

Governor Bradford not only kept a diary, but the muse that haunted Puritanical Boston Town wandered Plymouthward and when wooing or wooed produced through the richly endowed Pilgrim Governor the following jingle, overflowing with agricultural and horticultural information of the seventeenth century, regarding Plymouth's ability to feed the inner man while catering to his love for the beautiful in the floral domain.

“All sorts of grain which our own land doth yield,  
Was hither brought, and sown in every field,  
As wheat and rye, barley, oats, beans and pease,  
Here all thrive, and they profit from them raise;  
All sorts of roots and herbs in gardens grow,

Parsnips, carrots, turnips, or what you'll sow,  
Onions, melons, cucumbers, radishes,  
Skirets, beets, coleworts, and fair cabbages;  
Here grows fine flowers many, and 'mongst those  
The fair white lilly, and sweet fragrant rose,  
Many good wholesome berries here you'll find,  
Fit for man's use, almost of ev'ry kind;  
Nuts and grapes of several sorts are here,  
If you will take the pains them to seek for."

A couple of generations later Samuel Sewall of Newbury (New England's Samuel Pepys) who occasionally served as a night watchman, as sometimes did his betters, and finally ended life as Chief Justice of Massachusetts, thus clinches the argument of New England's self-supporting powers:

"As long as Plum Island shall faithfully keep the commanded Post, Notwithstanding the hectoring words and hard blows of the proud and boisterous ocean; As long as any Salmon or Sturgeon shall swim in the streams of Merrimack, or any Perch or Pickeril in Crane Pond; As long as the Sea Fowl shall know the time of their coming, and not neglect seasonably to visit the places of their acquaintance; As long as any Cattel shall be fed with the Grass growing in the meadows which doe humbly bow themselves before Turkie Hill; As long as any Sheep shall walk upon Old-town Hills, and shall from thence pleasantly look down upon the River Parker and the fruitful Marishes lying beneath; As long as any free and harmless Doves shall find a White Oak or other Tree within the township to perch, or feed, or build a careless Nest upon, and shall voluntarily present themselves to perform the office of Gleaners after Barley Harvest; As long as Nature shall not grow old and dote, but shall constantly remember to give the rows of Indian Corn their education by Pairs,—so long shall Christians be born there; and being first made meet, shall from thence be translated to be made partakers of the Saints of Light."

Born at Bishopgate, England, March 28, 1652, and dying January 1, 1730, Sewall lived through the most strenuous days of the Olde and the Baye Colonies, and talked himself into their histories and into the hearts of their people. Sewall often visited Plymouth. Whittier, who so beautifully invests and glorifies in poetry the prose of life, discerned in the Judge deep poetic feeling as shown in the "Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," which reads in part:

"I see it all like a chart unrolled,  
But my thoughts are full of the past and old;  
I hear the tales of my boyhood told,  
And the shadows and shapes of early days  
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,  
With measured movement and rhythmic chime  
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.  
I think of the old man wise and good  
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,  
(A poet who never measured rhyme,  
A seer unknown to his dull-cared time.)  
And, propped on his staff of age, I looked down,  
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,  
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,  
His burden of prophecy yet remains,  
For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind  
To read in the ear of the musing mind.

As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast  
As God appointed, shall keep its post;  
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep  
Of Merrimac river, or sturgeon leap;  
As long as pickerel swift and slim,  
Or red-backed perch in Crane Pond swim;  
As long as the annual sea fowl know  
Their time to come and their time to go;  
As long as cattle shall roam at will  
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill;  
As long as sheep shall look from the side  
Of Oldtown Hill on Marishes wide,  
And Parker River and salt-sea tide;  
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search

The fields below from his white oak perch  
When the barley harvest is ripe and shorn  
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn  
As long as nature shall not grow old,  
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,  
And her care for the Indian corn forget;  
And the yellow rows in pairs to set;  
So long shall Christians here be born,  
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn.  
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost  
Shall never a holy ear be lost,  
But husked by death in the Planter's sight  
Be sown again in the fields of light."

Samuel Sewall married Judith Hull, a portion of whose inheritance was the well-known Point Judith. One can well imagine the thrifty young man standing by the side of his father-in-law, John Hull, the Mint Master of Massachusetts, while on the scales were thrown the shining shillings that made him and his future wife the envy of the town. This episode, and Hull Street deeded to the town on condition that its name should never be changed, anchor the Judge and his family to the traditions of Boston.



*Courtesy of the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.*

WORTH HER WEIGHT IN PINE TREE SHILLINGS OF 1652. THE ECONOMICAL MINT MASTER USED THE SAME DATE FOR TWENTY YEARS.



Thrice did Samuel Sewall lead to the altar a fair Puritan. He found time also amid vivid descriptions of his adopted town to dwell in more or less detail upon his varied wooings as he roamed afield in the marriage market. From these records we find Sewall's "stock" of reputation in Madame Winthrop's bailiwick was at low ebb, as with several others, whom the presence of the great man did not abash. Judge Sewall's account of his several efforts made before he found a female "Barkis willin" when courting his latest mate proves spicy reading. The aged gallant records with refreshing candor "I ask her to acquit me of rudeness if I drew off her glove, stating 'twas great odds between handling a dead goat and a living lady."

Samuel Sewall led the Congregational singing for many years until one day a front tooth came out. Evidently realizing that he might whistle instead of sing, the judge speedily slipped the "old servant and daughter of 'Musick'" into his pocket with the dolorous soliloquy that "life is nearing its ending."

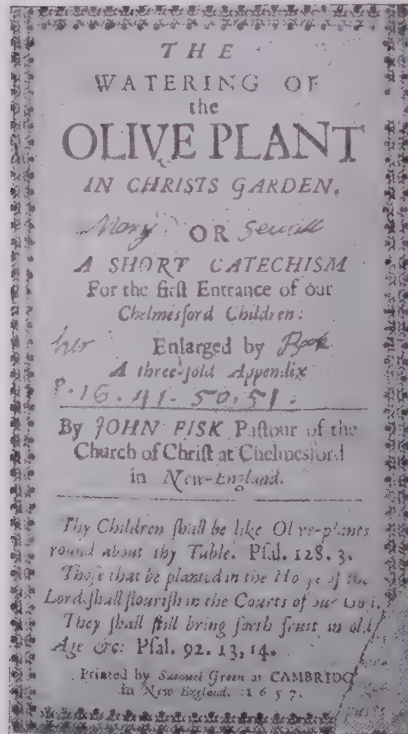
In 1730 Samuel Sewall passed on. "He talked much of self," would have been a fairly good epitaph over this voluminous writer, for Sewall's light was never hidden under a bushel, and his descriptions were often flamboyant, if not pyrotechnic. No better idea of Puritan Boston and New England, including Plymouth of the last decade of the seventeenth, and the first quarter of the eighteenth century, can be obtained than by keeping step with Samuel Sewall. A pronounced and almost bizarre individuality made him a prominent man of the town, enhanced socially by his first marriage to the daughter of the rich mint master Hull. In his pamphlet "The Selling of Joseph" he fearlessly struck at slavery, and was the first outspoken anti-slavery agitator in the long list of those abolitionists especially indigenous to Boston soil and the Olde Baye State. Yet it was an organized body that raised united and official protest previous to Sewall—that of the Dutch Mennonites

at Germantown, Pennsylvania, now part of Philadelphia, in which city the first anti-slavery society was formed.

In accordance with the habit of the times, Sewall discoursed also at length on matters that seem trivial. For

instance, he berated his minister because this worthy cut his hair and wore a patriarchal wig. In epitomizing the virtues of Boston's dean of schoolmasters, Ezekiel Cheever, Sewall according to his own estimate outdid himself.

The cockles in the heart of the lover of country life in our day, while strolling through his fruit orchards, glow with greater warmth, as he realizes that when that first Puritan famine-banishing ship, the *Lion*, sailed into Boston harbor in the spring of 1631, she carried, along with Baptist Roger Williams, aside from wheat, butter, and suet, three hundred fruit trees. These were



MARY SEWALL'S BOOK.

doubtless scions from trees indigenous to Asia, the backlog of our present civilization. They nourished and sweetened life for the Puritan colonists, who undoubtedly yearned keenly for the "flesh pots of Egypt." Less than one hundred years later, about 1725, one finds descriptions of fruit culture in New England. To the pomologist it is of interest to know what varieties were grown by his great, great grand-sire to make a centerpiece for his dining-table or to squeeze into the cider flagon.

A garden was one of the Bostonian's chief delights. Peter Faneuil's uncle, Andrew Faneuil, is said to have built the first greenhouse—a Dutch invention. Gardiner Greene, Sir Henry Frankland, Governor Hancock, and Doctor James Lloyd, also vied with scores of others to concentrate the sunshine and aid Dame Nature in furbishing and arranging her vari-colored apparel.

One horticultural enthusiast thus wrote in painstaking detail of fruit cultivation in America:

"The Plants of England, as well as those of the Fields and Orchards as those of the Garden, that have been brought over hither, suit mighty well with our Soil, and grow here to great Perfection.

"Our apples are without Doubt as good as those of England, and much fairer to look to; and so are the Pears, but we have not got all the Sorts,

"Our Peaches do rather excel those of England; and then we have not the Trouble or Expense of Walls for them, for our Peach Trees are all Standards; and I have had in my own Garden seven or eight Hundred fine Peaches of the Rare-ripes growing at a Time on one Tree.

"Our people of late Years run so much upon Orchards, that in a village near Boston, consisting of about forty Families, they made near three Thousand Barrels of Cyder. This was in the Year 1721. And in another Town, of two Hundred Families, in the same year, I am credibly informed, they made near ten Thousand Barrels. Some of our Apple Trees will make six, some have made seven, Barrels of Cyder, but this is not common; and the Apples will yield from seven to nine Bushels for a Barrel of Cyder.

"A good Apple Tree with us will measure from six to ten Foot in Girt. I have seen a fine Pearmain, at a Foot from the Ground, measure ten Feet and four inches round. This Tree in one Year has borne thirty-eight Bushels (by measure) of as fine Pearmain as ever I saw in England. A Kentish Pippin, at three foot from the Ground, seven

Foot in Girt; a Golden Rossetin, six Foot round. The largest Apple Tree that I could find was ten Foot and six inches round; but this was no Graft.

"An Orange Pear Tree grows the largest and yields the fairest Fruit. I know one of them, near forty Foot high, that measures six Foot and six Inches in Girt a Yard from the Ground, and has borne thirty Bushels at a Time. I have a Warden Pear Tree that measures five foot six inches round. One of my Neighbors has a Bergamot Pear Tree, that was brought from England in a Box about the Year 1643, that now measures six Foot about, and has borne twenty-two Bushels of fine Pears in one Year.

"Our Peach Trees are large and fruitful, and bear commonly in three Years from the Stone. I have one in my Garden of twelve Years' Growth, that measures two Foot and an Inch in Girt a Yard from the Ground, which two Years ago bore me near a Bushel of fine Peaches. Our Common Cherries are not so good as the Kentish Cherries of England; and we have no Dukes or Heart Cherries, unless in two or three Gardens."

Two hundred years old is this comparison table of plant maturity. Well posted were our English forebears as to what might be expected of the fruit harvest in America when they ventured across the tempestuous Atlantic!

Gooseberry in blossom,	England, Norfolk,	April 13th,
do. do.	America, Boston,	May 5th
do. do.	Sweden, at Upsal,	June 7th,
Gooseberry in leaf.	England,	March 11th.
do. do.	America,	April 20th.
Apple tree in blossom,	Sweden,	June 2d.
do. do.	England,	April 25th.
do. do.	America, Boston,	May 20th.
Lily of the Valley,	Sweden,	May 30th.
do. do.	America, Boston,	May 16th.
Red Currants,	England,	April 3d.
do.	America, Boston,	May 9th.
Apricot,	England,	April 1st.
do.	Boston,	May 1st.



Plum,	England,	April 16th.
do.	Berlin,	May 12th.
Peach,	England,	April 6th.
do.	Boston,	May 8th.
Cherry,	England,	April 18th.
do.	Boston,	May 6th.

John Josselyn, evidently well versed in medicinal herbs, hands down to posterity this list of cure-alls:

*Spear Mint*—Rue, will hardly grow. . . . *Fetherfew*, prospereth exceedingly. . . . *Southernwood*, is no plant for this country. . . . Nor *Rosemary*. . . . Nor, *Bays*. . . . *Bloodwort*, but sorily, but *Patience* and *English Roses*, very pleasantly.

These two fruit trees illustrated, the apple and pear, undoubtedly came to America in the Lion's consignment in 1631. We know positively that Endecott's pear tree was in this shipment, although Peregrine White was only eleven years old on its arrival. The inference is that the tree afterward known as the White apple tree was in the same Lion shipment. These two fruit bearers have now gone the way of earth. The third, extant until within twenty-five years, was Governor Prence's pear tree. The author now has growing on his country place scions from the Olde Plymouth Governor's tree, the fruit not as luscious as a Bartlett, nor as sour as a Crab, nor as plump as a Beurre d'Anjou.



PEREGRINE WHITE'S APPLE TREE.



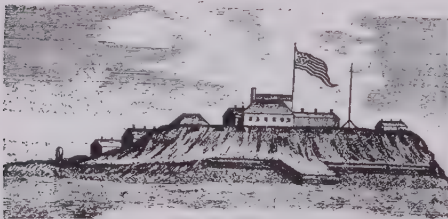
GOVERNOR ENDECOTT'S PEAR TREE.

## THE PILGRIMS' FIRST VISIT TO BOSTON HARBOR

Winslow writes of that first momentous journey to the site of future Boston Town on September 13, 28, or 29, 1621—probably the 13th. Fearlessness was a foremost quality with the Pilgrim, and Indian attacks were promptly blocked by taking the initiative. The Pilgrim diplomat's record reads "The Massachusetts Arrow Shaped Hill or Great Hill Tribe has often threatened us, we were informed, yet we should go among them, partly to see the country and partly to make peace with them and partly to procure their truck. For these ends the Governor chose ten men, and Tisquantum (Squanto) and two other savages, to bring us to speech with the people and interpret for us."

"On the 13th of September, 1621, being Tuesday, we set out about midnight, the tide then serving us; we, supposing it to be nearer than it is, thought to be there the next morning betime, but it proved to be well-nigh twenty leagues from New England. We came into the bottom of the bay, but being late, anchored and lay in the shallop, not having seen any of the people."

The Pilgrims anchored off Thomson Island, coasting close to Castle Island, the present site of Fort Independence, an especially historic spot to descendants of both Pilgrim and Puritan. The laying out of the fort that crowned this site was accomplished thirteen years later, with all the thoroughness characteristic of its Puritan owners. The Island began to be fortified as early as 1634, colonists evidently fearing an



CASTLE ISLAND, BOSTON HARBOR.



FORT HILL. FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT STREET URCHINS DISCOVERED THE ONCOMING RELIEF SHIP.

armed misunderstanding with the Mother Country at the time the king demanded the return, through Governor Craddock, of the charter given by Charles I in 1628.

Digressing to note the subsequent history of this future important Puritan stronghold, we find it was the first real fort built in New England.

"The Governor & Council, & diverse of the Minrs, & others, mett at Castle Iland, & there agreed vpon erecting 2 platformes & one small fortification to secure them bothe, for the present furtherance of it they agreed to laye out 511 a man till a rate might be made at the next Genll Court. The Deputye, Roger Ludlow, was chosen overseer of this worke."

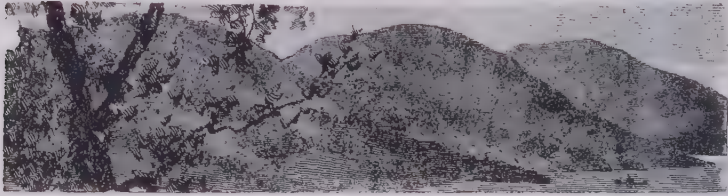
"The General Court ordered on September 3, 1634, That there should be a plattform made on the north-east syde of Castle Ileland, & an house built on the topp of the hill to defend the said plattform"; and Captains John Underhill, Daniel Patrick, John Mason, William Trask and Nathaniel Turner, and Lieutenants Robert Feakes and Richard Morris were chosen as a committee to fix upon the place for the fort and lay out the work.

" . . . is spacious within, that the trauerse of one gunne will not hinder the other's course; and for defence, the foundation is of stone and well banked with earth for dulling the shott and hindering execution; finally, wee app'hended it to be the compleatest worke of that kind which hitherto hath been erected in this country."

History also tells us that in later years, in July, 1665, "God was pleased to send a grievous storm of thunder and lightening, which did some hurt in Boston and struck dead here that worthy renowned Captain Richard Davenport; upon which the General Court in Aug. 10th following appointed another Captain."

Built for protection against possible Dutch and French invasion, as well as from Home-Country interference, the island became in later times a popular retreat for unpopular

leaders and military offenders. Its walls once harbored what Lord North sarcastically called in Parliament "Sam Adams' regiments," the Fourteenth and Twenty-ninth British regulars. After the Boston Massacre the incensed popu-

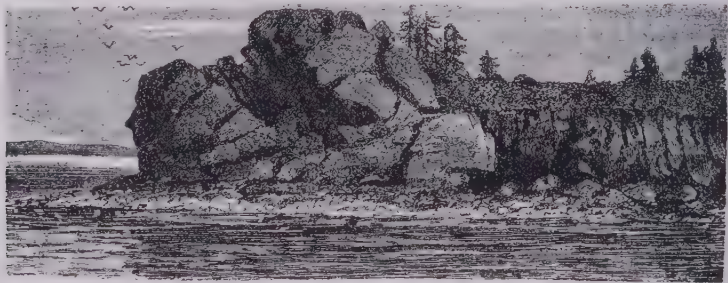


TRI-MOUNTAIN BEFORE THE WILDERNESS BECAME A MODERN ATHENS.

lace, under Samuel Adams' leadership, demanded of Governor Thomas Hutchinson to remove the offending troops. Realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, the Red-coats vacated their town barracks and secured protection in the fort from exasperated citizens.

Squantum Head, somewhat inconsistently, gives Squanto, for whom it was named, Caucasian features.

Returning to the Pilgrim explorers of then unnamed Boston and its magnificent harbor, one finds that in their



SQUANTUM HEAD, DORCHESTER.



eagerness to inspect the country, late though the hour, a few investigated by starlight the island off which they anchored. They named it for David Thomson, a Scotch fishmonger of London—his nationality and trade showing that the Scotch preceded the English in drawing food supplies from the sea.

It was also called after the sailor Trevore, who represented Thomson, his employer, the Thomson name survived time's onslaughts, Thomson lived on the island in 1624, dying in 1628. In these days it was known as "The Fruitful Isle."

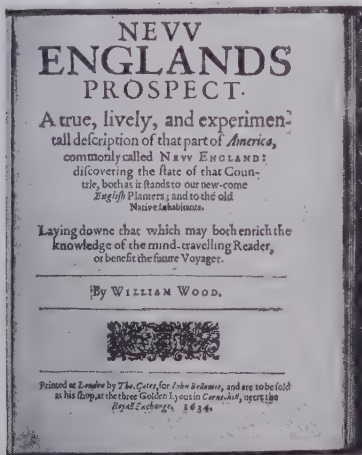
On or near Squantum Head nine years later the first Governor Winthrop's company landed from the big ship, The Mary and John. They crossed in small boats from Nantasket.

Thus began Dorchester's progressive settlement. Well named! What a chain of history from the days of the British village! The Roman camp, the Saxon stronghold, the English city, and finally the place of American homes, rich in wealth and culture!

Who will write a history that tells the whole story of some early habitation of man—say Dorchester or Braintree (home of President Harding's ancestors)—from prehistoric days of the Briton, through all the centuries and waves of humanity and civilization, down to our time?



ROUGH STONE MONUMENT  
AT DORCHESTER ERECTED  
IN MEMORY OF STANDISH.



"NEW ENGLANDS PROSPECT" BY  
WILLIAM WOOD.

The West Men from Dorchester, England, antedated the East Men from Boston-on-the-Witham by some two weeks. The Dorchester settlement was under the kindly and forceful patronage of the Reverend John White, that other

*The Squaw Sachem, Amapta*

(Father) John of New England of clerical rather than war and sea-rating abilities. It was he who raised three thousand pounds sterling to start the colony, which grew rapidly. In its earliest days it outstripped in prestige Boston-on-the-Charles-and-Bay. At least, so states William Wood, one of the group led by that first Puritan minister, the Reverend Mr. Higginson.

Wood came out as a reporter for the English Company which settled at Salem. Fortunately for posterity, he was so interested in land and people that in 1634, he wrote the History of New England. Among other details he described Dorchester as the most important town. In a tax levy of four hundred pounds, Dorchester's share was eighty as against Boston's forty pounds.

On Dorchester Heights and in the Massachusetts Fields (an Indian powwow place) Standish conferred with Abbatinewat (Obbatinewat), who feared with dire dismay the Tarrantines, that savage tribe living on the Penobscot in Maine. These in the late autumn usually raided the shore front of Massachusetts, and "took in" a pirate's share of their thrifty Indian neighbor's harvesting. Standish speedily used the knowledge thus obtained by offering to be their safeguard if they



SQUANTO.

would swear allegiance to King James—a proposition eagerly accepted.

The whites visited the grave of the Indian king, Nanepashema, a palisaded area within which in a sort of house the body was suspended on poles higher than a man's head. This custom of burial was for protection against wild beasts, the same reason which lay at the foundation of the Celtic wakes over the bodies of the dead.

The search of the Pilgrims for the Amazon-squaw-sachem, widow of the king, led them to Mystic, where they marched in martial array up Rock-Hill, Medford, and "back again," for Nanepashema's widow was "far hence." After this futile quest "with full moon and fair wind," as chronicled by the Pilgrim scribe, they "through the goodness of God came safely home before noon of the day following, with a considerable quantity of beaver and a good report of the place."

The widow of Nanepashema later married Welcomb, the medicine man, and in 1639 jointly with her new husband gave Somerville its deed.

In 1623 the Pilgrims established a trading-post in Boston Harbor, probably on Conant's (Governor's) Island. They thus preëmpted Boston years ahead of the Reverend William Blaxton; yet as in Windsor, Connecticut, Gloucester, Cape Ann and Castine and Penobscot, Maine, Pilgrims lost out in the final issue. It was on this trip to Boston Harbor that Squanto showed his thievish propensities by advising the Englishmen to steal the beaver skin garments of the squaws, thus leaving them robeless. Needless to state, the Pilgrims refused to do so. This picking of quarrels with fellow Indians in order to augment his own importance was one rock on which Squanto's reputation for veracity was hopelessly wrecked. On occasion "chickens came home to roost" on the rooftop of this wily Indian, to his sore confusion and ultimate undoing.

To their comrades the Pilgrims made a good report of the place, "wishing we had been seated there." A forty-

odd mile sail to the eastward, on that third and final excursion, undertaken December 16, 1620, would have landed the Pilgrims in this ideal spot—the result possibly being a *Pilgrim* instead of a *Puritan* Boston. Evidently, the visit to what became Boston's beautiful harbor and attractive shore and islands, affected their minds with feelings of envy.

The Pilgrim had made his homestead-holdings on a narrow arm of land seventy to eighty miles long, and averaging some six miles in width, fog and sea-environed. Though wooded in those days to the shore, it was still only a sand heap. Cape Cod's greatest height is of rock ground to powder and piled three hundred feet. Well borings show the same substance, even to a depth of fully three hundred feet. Here is a true sand mountain rising from the sea. Its outlying tentacle-sand-bars through the centuries have caught and carried in their pitiless grip myriads of ships down to death. This was before Wood-End, Long-Point, and Highland-Hill streamed forth warning lights.

The Puritan in England for the most part "lived in a grander way" than the less opulent Pilgrim, but in the New Land, in those early days, both learned the sweets of leaner living, as well as the canker of grinding poverty.

Instead of "God Bless Our Home," and other mottoes on the walls of each rough cabin, were hung the following rules of action:

#### THE TWELVE GOOD RULES

Profane no Divine ordinance.

Touch no state matters.

Urge no healths.

Pick no quarrels.

Encourage no vice.

Repeat no grievances.

Reveal no secrets.

Maintain no ill opinions.

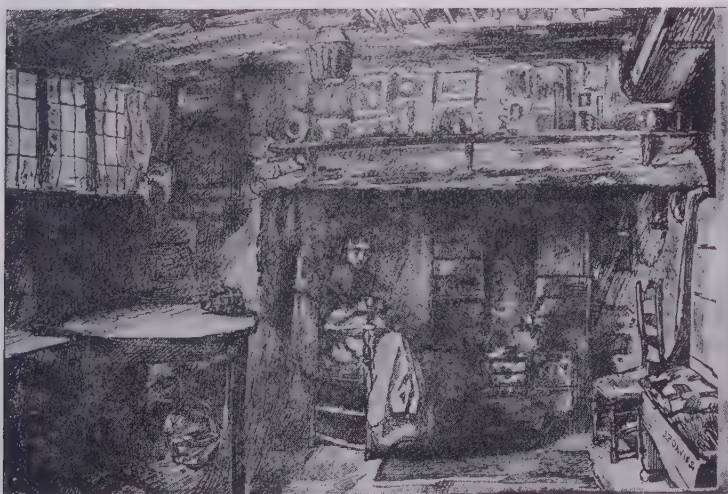
Make no comparisons.

Keep no bad company.

Make no long meals.

Lay no wagers.





CONTRASTING HOMES OF PURITAN AND PILGRIM IN ENGLAND. THE FORMER FREQUENTLY A PALACE, THE LATTER OFTEN A COT.



TYPE OF AN EARLY LOG CABIN ERECTED AT PLYMOUTH'S TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION IN 1921, BUT DE RASIÈRES TELLS US THE HOUSES WERE MADE OF HEWN PLANKS.

The interior conformed to that of the log cabin of the western hunter and woodsman. The building specifications of those first Pilgrim plank cabins that edged "the Streete" read "Eighteen feet square, a seven foot ceiling; kitchen and bedroom or living room on ground level, a ladder to sleeping garret, catted log chimney, oiled linen or paper window panes," and at first a sea-grass thatched roof, later rough boarded on the slant, strengthened with cross ties as shown.

The exterior and interior of Pilgrim dwellings and the general environment in the New World was inferior to the English home of Pilgrim or Puritan, but freedom of worship, according to an enlightened conscience, outweighed physical comfort.

The "Little Captain," not drawing a stipend, evidently put in his bill when his family larder needed filling; though with as much diffidence as he showed in his traditional courting methods. This alleged signature of Myles Standish has been labeled spurious by the recent discovery of a claimed genuine.

The military invasion of New England (Virginia) by

the little band of Pilgrim warriors was fostered and led by a man of unshaken courage in war, though proven in poetic tradition valorless in love, that soldier of fortune and energetic warrior who served the Dutch Republic as Captain

Governor Bradford

Sir..... My journey  
to Massasoit's lodge may  
be worth 16 s. 4 d to your hon-  
ble. servant.

Myles Standish

Plymouth Col.onie

16 June 1621.

SPURIOUS SIGNATURE OF MYLES STANDISH IN THE OPINION OF SOME RESEACHERS.

of the English "help troops." Myles Standish was well armed.

"With cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,  
"Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence."

Myles Standish's portrait, one regrets to state, has not a history "as of the family." Its somewhat dust-begrimed and mist-enveloped pedigree traveled into publicity, via an antique picture shop on School Street, Boston, and the painting is inscribed

"Myles Standish, 1625; Age 38."

That year Myles visited England. The known life-tenure of this portrait is traced to Roger Gilbert, through the Chews of Germantown, Pennsylvania, prior to 1812,—

that family around whose home one of the Revolutionary battles so luridly blazed. The unproved assumption is that the portrait was painted in England, in 1625, at the time of the captain's wild fling in high pressure finance. In this year, 1625, Myles returned to England on Colonial business, trying his hand as a financier and most disastrously failing to star therein.

After five months of negotiations, with the bankers, he obtained a paltry one hundred and fifty pounds on which the money-changers charged him fifty per cent interest. One can well imagine the doughty captain sweating agonies under the heel of capital as in desperation he wilted in the game with extortioners and hurried back to Plymouth. There he was able to face a home-task more to his liking—that of checkmating and if need be fighting and beheading hostile Indians.

His financial defeat did not however bar Standish from election to the post of town treasurer. Myles Standish was one Pilgrim who had by right of descent an interest in castles and broad acres, with the manorial prestige that goes therewith. The Standishes of Standish Hall in Lancashire, near Chorley, carried high heads amid England's gentry. Plymouth's military commander appropriately and in a double sense acquired the soubriquet "Soldier of Fortune." Edward Winslow also had manorial rights. These dated back to the fourteenth century, Winslow being descended from Walter Wyncslow of Buckingham county.

An axe found in the cellar of Standish's house proved that the owner believed, with Gladstone of England and the deposed Hohenzollern, that physical exercise should parallel the mental.

Was Myles Standish a Free Churchman? History gives an unequivocal "No." Was Myles Standish a Nonconformist? No one seems to have known, or if known it was not emphasized. Fighting was the "Little Captain's" spec-





ialty—unquestioned reality that evidently overshadowed whatever may be the facts as to his personal religion.

Even after the colonists lost their precious cargo of furs shipped to England on the return voyage of the *Fortune*, they still observed a thanksgiving day. They “rejoiced in an especial manner, in spite of the fact that they also suffered from a plague of mosquitoes and rattlesnakes.”

Events like the birth of Peregrine White, the conquering of Indians and disease, the saving of life, the prayer for rain, the gathering of the harvest, or the arrival of a vessel, were frequently celebrated by a specially appointed day of thanksgiving, irrespective of the time of year, although the regular Thanksgiving did not occur again for nine years.

Undoubtedly Elder Brewster, in searching the Scriptures for a clinching text, read once and again and commented upon that dramatic conference of the disciple to Jesus the Christ in Cæsarea Philippi. Turning to Peter, He said “Thou art Peter, upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

If the Elder, with the eye of prophecy, could have crossed the centuries and seen the glorious outcome, his lesson of the day to the Pilgrims would possibly have been As Christ founded the Christian church on Petros, the Rock, so we, pioneers in a strange land, have not only brought the church to the rock, but on this little boulder edging Plymouth’s water front founded the Christian Empire of the West.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROMANCE OF JOHN ALDEN  
AND  
PRISCILLA MULLINS

THE oft-told romance of the Plymouth maiden Priscilla, were it not for its inherent beauty, would have been worn threadbare and lost in oblivion long since. Yet, with unimpaired vigor, it has survived all attacks of severe skepticism and cold-blooded dissection with which historians have been uselessly busy. Unwilling to allow any poetic license, they condemn both background and narrative.

What New England village since 1630 has not had its galaxy of fair Priscillas whose descendants overspread today the entire country? Few names of pleasing rhythm, that can be culled out of the ordinary, with but slight chance of pet or pleasing abbreviation, have traveled so fast and so far.

The story in verbal tradition and in the poet's numbers, opens with a description of the Pilgrim maiden. One finds the fair one orphaned and left brotherless prior to or just after her marriage, either through the dreaded typhus, pulmonary consumption, or possibly fever-fed pneumonia, that ruthlessly tore asunder the band of ven-

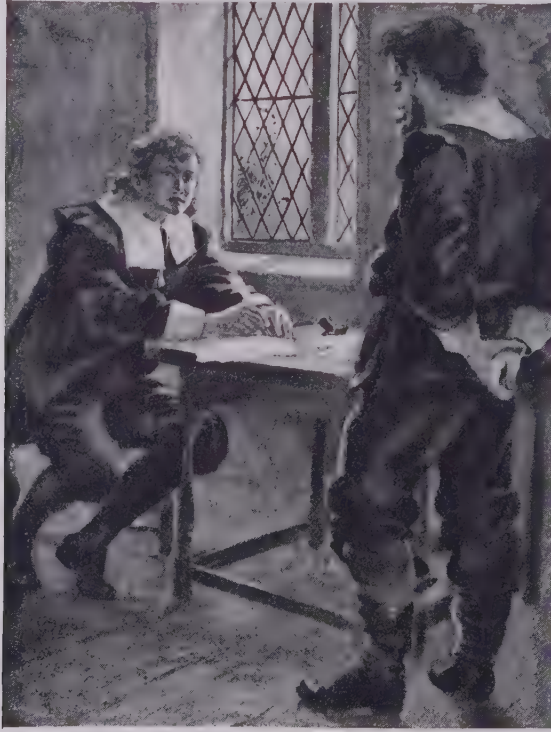


*Henry W. Longfellow*

*Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

turesome, heroic, and conscience-bound Separatists. Life then must have assumed to the little blond maiden features of present and prospective desolation.

It is evident that Captain Myles Standish, whom romance portrays as the diffident suitor, kept his own counsel.



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THE FOREVER-AND-A-DAY ROMANCE OF PLYMOUTH.

Hence it is not known whether affection or pity revived from silence the love note in the recently bereaved widower. Ruth, his wife, dying January 29, 1621, left little Lorea, their daughter, a half-orphan. As in most scenes of dramatic interest, because of contrast, two men sought one woman. John Alden of Southampton, youngest member of the Pilgrim colony, was a rival, whether consciously or unconsciously. The elements of a good story were all there



at Plymouth. This young man was an artisan of no mean ability, a cooper by trade, "a youth fair to look upon and eloquent of speech," albeit, the tallest and handsomest of all the men. Governor Bradford describes him as a "hopeful younge man and much desired."

John Alden was the only member of the Pilgrim band from Southampton\* and had been hired to fulfill the requirements of the barrel law, which was passed to avoid curtailing the capacity of the kingdom to produce staves of oak, so essential to the beer-drinking Englishman of that era. John Alden's bill of service issued by the authorities read "artificer of the mystery of coopering," a species of C. E., E. E., or M. E. in the mechanical world of 1620. To the agricultural majority of the islanders, all skill and handicraft was called a "mystery." Indeed, the secrets of each guild were almost religiously guarded. Nevertheless, the root word and idea came from the old English "mister," meaning a mechanical trade. A parliamentary statute of 1543 required that "whoever shall carry Beer beyond Sea, shall find Sureties to the Customers of that Port, to bring in Clapboard meet to make so much Vessel as he shall carry forth."

Alden probably expected to return to his native heath when the initial cargo of clapboards should be exported from Plymouth. Cupid, so often engaged in switching the well-laid schemes of humanity, seems to have effectually thwarted his plans. It is even rumored that striding along the quay at Southampton, the rare beauty of the Separatist maiden attracted him more than an opportunity to cooper barrels. Certain it is that around the figure of Priscilla Mullins† romance has thrown her most enchanting mantle.

\*Later reports claim there were several Southamptonites on the Mayflower, including that Huguenot who escaped from France in a cask.

†Methodical Bradford gives four ways of spelling Priscilla's maiden name; Mullins, Molines, Mollines, and Mullen. Let us venture to say that these names of the Pilgrim maid, were tenderly and possibly diffidently murmured by the sixteen lads, among whom were John Crackstone and Joseph Rogers, who trained as youthful eligibles in a land void of bachelors and where early marriages were in vogue,



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

"SHALL I DESERT THE FIELD AND SAIL?"

Evidently love's flame was well lighted when Alden, in the Captain's behalf, made that historic call. As the poet thus outlines, "Shall I stay and barter my very soul for honor?" inwardly queried the Southampton barrel artisan, later Captain Standish's love ambassador, "or flee to England on the Mayflower." "Make up your mind, lad; we are headed for Merrie England and home."

The young crave romance, the middle-aged court it, the old indulge in retrospect over its glory when its afterglow lights up the heaven of memory with resplendent hues.

Let us turn for the moment from any possible sombre hue of place, hour, environment, or circumstance, and listen with the fervor of youth, while the wooing of Priscilla Mullins by John Alden is outlined for us by Longfellow's pen of romance.

When Peleg Wadsworth, pedagogue warrior, and captain of Kingston's Revolutionary minute men in 1779, second

in command of that unfortunate Penobscot expedition, gave his daughter Zilpah in marriage to Stephen Longfellow, he little realized that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, his grandson-to-be, would enshrine the Pilgrims and Plymouth town



*Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

MYLES STANDISH AT THE GRAVE OF  
ROSE STANDISH.

in the language that encircles the earth. Though born in Portland, Maine, Longfellow held an affection for the land of his fathers that was unfaltering and that blossomed into the widely known poem that sets John Alden and Priscilla Mullins in the world's memory forever. It was nearly forty years prior to Massachusetts' receipt, in 1897, of Bradford's "Historie of the Plimouth Plantation"

that Longfellow penned this matchless poem. Manuscript revelations would have altered a trifle the plot and some details of this most winsome and interesting tale, which saw the light ten years after his heart-racking version of *Evangeline*, the latter based on Plymouth's part in the removal of the Acadians by General Winslow, one of the town's best-loved and most prominent citizens of the eighteenth century.

Longfellow's phantasy has drawn many a visitor to Pilgrim land.

Chronologically the poem begins with a grave:

On the hill by the sea lies buried Rose Standish;  
Beautiful rose of love that bloomed for me by the wayside;  
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower;  
Green above is growing the field of wheat we have sown there.

Myles Standish, with his ambassador John Alden, kept bachelor hall until they reached the parting of the ways

caused by the passion-divine wildly throbbing in each rival's breast.

The romantic thirty-six year old widower, with all his noble characteristics and profound military knowledge, was in this instance unwise, and without deep or shrewd perception, in selecting John Alden as his proxy ambassador to plead with Priscilla.

In the light, not of record, but of romance—we read—  
“Well, Captain, what shall I say to Priscilla? It's hardly to my liking but I'll do my best for the man I honor above all other men in Plymouth or across the sea.”

The poet, with rare perception, leads us into the very swirl of the whirlwind courtship when the captain thus answers the question;

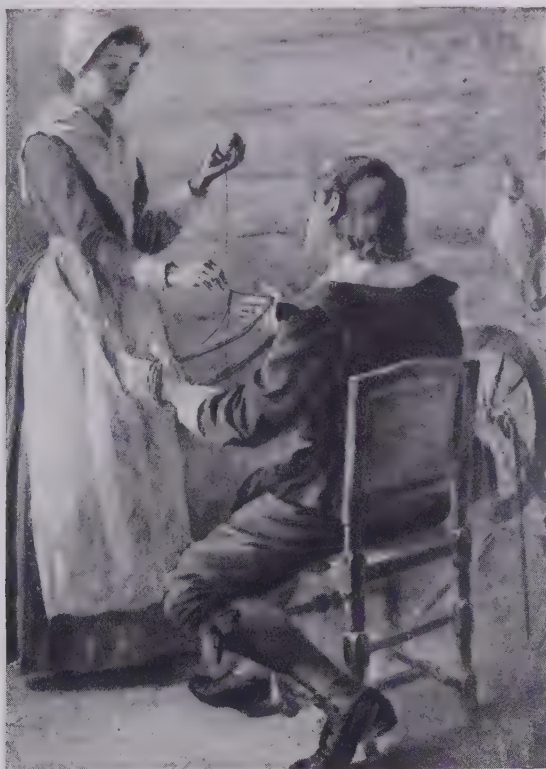
“Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth;  
Say that a blunt old captain—a man not of words, but of actions—  
Offers his hand and his heart; the hand and heart of a soldier.  
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning.  
I am a maker of war and not a maker of phrases;  
You who are bred as a scholar can say it in elegant language  
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;  
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,  
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,  
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness.  
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.  
“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens,  
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!  
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth.”  
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden  
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool\* like a snowdrift  
Piled at her knee; her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,  
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.  
Open wide on her lap lay a well-worn psalm book of Ainsworth,  
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and music together.”

\*Poetic license, as in 1621 no wool or flax was in the colonies unless it was brought there.



Such was the book from the pages of which old Puritan anthems were sung. Our forebears in Pilgrim and Puritan times were great singers. How often does Bradford refer with most enjoyable relish to the musical meetings of the



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

JOHN ALDEN PROVED AN APT SCHOLAR IN CUPID'S  
REALM.

Leyden Pilgrims—prototpye of our colonial and later singing schools. The music of the spheres—birthright of all races—became the music of the people. Today, the true American melody, original in its birth, bursts mainly from the throat of the negro.

As early as the year 1672, London began to farm out its singing, the concert was born, and hired talent silenced.

the voice of the civilized world, which up to that hour sang and sang well. Today the opera, church worship, the jazz of the cabaret and mechanical instruments, largely bound the confines of voiced melody.\*

Ainsworth's Psalm Book, while ministering to the soul's advance, also furthered the union of souls.

We have today the well-worn Psalm Book of Ainsworth, printed in Amsterdam. "Here appear rough-hewn angular notes like stones in the wall of a churchyard, darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

In the book from which the Pilgrims sang was the following:

- |                                  |                                  |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| "1. O blessed that doth not      | "2. But setteth in Jehovah's law |
| In wicked counsell walk;         | His pleasureful delight;         |
| Nor stand in sinner's way,       | And in his law doth meditate     |
| Nor sit in seat of scornful folk | By day and eke by night."        |

In 1640 the Bay Psalm Book was printed at the "Printery" in Cambridge on the first printing press set up in the colonies, imported from Holland. The one hundred and thirty-third psalm was thus Englished and arranged:

"How good and sweet to see  
    It's for brethren to dwell  
    Together in unitee;

"It's like choice oyle that fell  
    The head upon;  
    That down did flow,

\* It is doubtful whether the Free Churchmen in England, prior to the Commonwealth, had congregational singing. The residence of the Pilgrims in the Republic was very favorable to the development of music among them, for no people excel or ever excelled the Dutch in congregational singing, or in instrumental music, as the furore created by Mengelberg in March, 1921, showed. Until the Reformation, the Dutch cathedrals had no second in Europe for choral singing. With the change in the form of religious service, hundreds of Dutch vocalists and instrumental performers emigrated to France and Italy, where they assumed French and Italian names. Counterpoint, if not invented in the Netherlands, was there first developed in mediæval times. The Reformers in other countries might give up their organs and banish them from the church, but the Dutch Puritans have always kept theirs. Haarlem for centuries led in the size of its instruments.

The beard unto,  
 Beard of Aron,  
 The skirts of his garment,  
 That unto them went down."

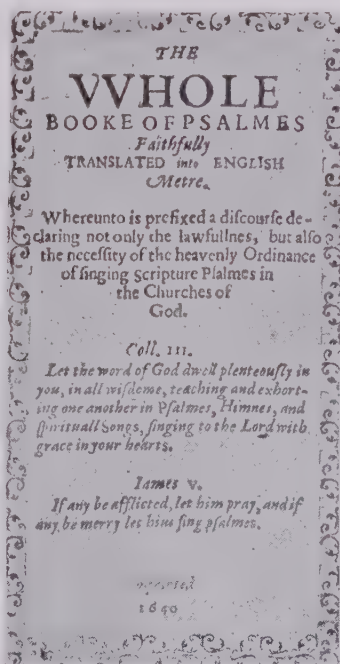
"Fair Priscilla"\* argues the proxy lover as he diffidently held one side of the psalm book:

"Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter  
 Yours is tender and trusting and needs a stronger to lean on;  
 I have come to you now with an offer and proffer of marriage  
 Made by a good man and true, Myles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,  
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,  
 Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"\*

These words, at once penetrating, compelling, and decisive, opened the second chapter in the heart-throbbing romance—set in poetry since the year 1858, when the world first eagerly read Longfellow's idealistic tale. Probably no other long poem yet written in America has been such a favorite with lovers, regardless of age, sex, station, or temperament.

In prose and illustration, one again sees the rendering of the romance. A rare concept this, the love tale that for three centuries has glowed the hearts of myriads. This is no hour for Bible reading. John has closed the sacred volume. Work, dull, unromantic work has hummed all day. The



AINSWORTH'S PSALM BOOK PUBLISHED AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1640.

\* Longfellow evidently had family legends reinforced from the poem of 1672 on "Courtship" by Moses Mullins, reprinted by Timothy Alden in 1814. The magic words of romance, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" are found in this early narrative.



*From Original Painting by John B. Whittaker, courtesy of Wayne W. Wilson, Esq.*

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA MULLINS.

spinning-wheel now has been pushed aside. Listen! Alden is telling the story of the ages, as old as the mountains. His words match in delicate color and phrase

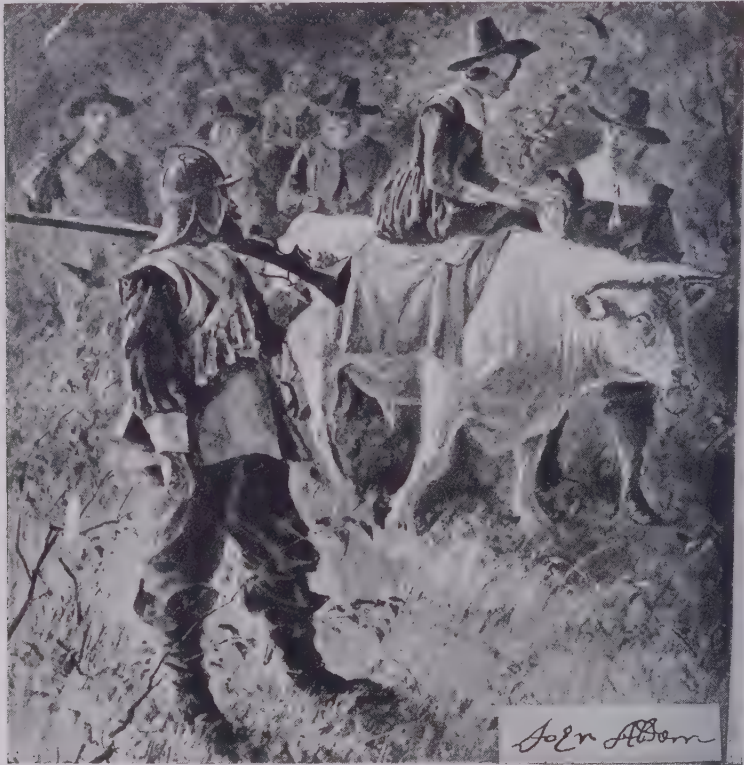




*Through courtesy of and arrangement with J. L. G. Ferris.*

CAPTAIN STANDISH'S CALL ON THE BRIDAL COUPLE.

the beauty of the field flowers which love's ambassador has plucked by the wayside to lend a touch of romance to this proxy-wooing venture. Having delivered the mandate and finished his delicate errand, the answer of the radiant Puri-



*By permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

tan maiden falls startlingly, delightfully on his ears and in the events of that hour the horoscope of the Alden family in America, today numbering many thousands, was settled for all time.

A face never to be forgotten, even in times yet to be, is that of the fair Pilgrim maiden, Priscilla, in that traditionally early love-pact of New England, beginning the epic of home life, which was the foundation of the Pilgrim Repub-



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

ALDEN, THE BENEDICT, HURRYING HOMEWARD.

lic. Love pacts oft dovetailed tragedy, but in this case, Time, the repairer, glossed o'er the Captain's bruised heart when he married sister-in-law Barbara.

"Forward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,  
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always.  
Love immortal and young, in the ever endless succession of lovers;  
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession."

It is a no more conscientious messenger than Dame Rumor who tells us that when John Alden returned from his ambassadorial visit to the fair Priscilla and reported *in part* the interview, the Captain's wrath towered far above his height. His going off to fight Indians, the false news of Standish's death, and the marriage of the happy pair followed in quick succession. Then came the tragic moment, turned by the royal hearted captain into deepest felicitations, when he smilingly greeted bride

II—15



Courtesy of The Christian Advocate,  
Nashville, Tenn.

BRINGING HOME THE CHRIST-  
MAS TURKEY.





THAT ALDEN REUNION AT PLYMOUTH IN 1902.

and groom at the threshold of the Community House with the words, "John and Priscilla Alden, God bless you."

The only ring in the poetically conceived bridal cavalcade of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins was nosed in the horned steer that existed also only in poetry. No golden band of protection, savoring of ancient pagan Rome and ecclesiastical ritualism, graced the hand of the bride, for, as a leading divine of the times proclaimed, with due solemnity, "The marriage ring of the Conformist typifies a diabolical circle for the devil to dance in."

Priscilla's father, mother, and brother, according to the most trustworthy records, all died in March 1621, and it is generally assumed that not long after their decease this ideal marriage took place.

It is stated that Barbara, younger sister of Rose Standish, married Captain Myles. To know that it was a continued story adds interest to the interlinked romance, as John Alden's daughter Sarah became the wife of Myles Standish's son, Alexander. The blending of the fountain-heads has through the centuries occurred again and again and once again.

Over- and under-sod homes of Elizabeth Alden Pa-



bodie, eldest of John and Priscilla Alden's eleven children, are here shown.

Elizabeth (Betty) was the first English female child born in New England, opening her violet blue eyes in the John Alden house in Duxberrie on a morning of welcome and glory about 1623.

Elizabeth (Betty) Alden was married to William Pabodie, December 26, 1644, doubtless by her magisterial father, John Alden, even as it is recorded he married her sister Ruth.



SOME OF JOHN ALDEN'S POSSESSIONS.

The Pabodies lived in Duxberrie for forty years, then moved to Little Compton. Thirteen children blessed the home. William Pabodie, the father, born in 1620, died in 1707; Betty died May 31, 1717, in the ninety-fourth year of her age, and had the rare distinction of holding in her arms the great grandson of her own granddaughter, on which fact was founded the well-known New England couplet:—

“Rise daughter, to thy daughter run;  
Thy granddaughter's daughter hath a son.”

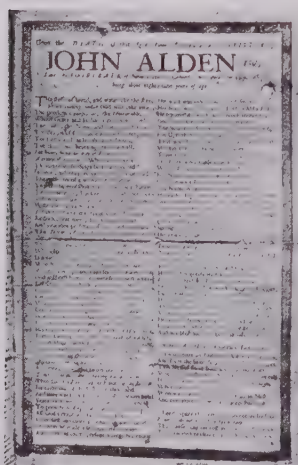
Had Daguerre been on the carpet he could have grouped and pictured *five* generations of Aldens.

The muse was ever close at hand in Pilgrim Land and these two poems written in memory of John Alden in the very hour of his departure prove how deeply his death affected the colony.



ELIZABETH PABODIE'S MONUMENT.

The house now standing, roof-treed in 1653 and built on large lines to meet the needs of the growing family, is near the site of that Honeymoon Cot built in 1627. The 1653 house undoubtedly at times sheltered that first John and Priscilla. Over two hundred and fifty years after its building, a John and Priscilla Alden still stirred the

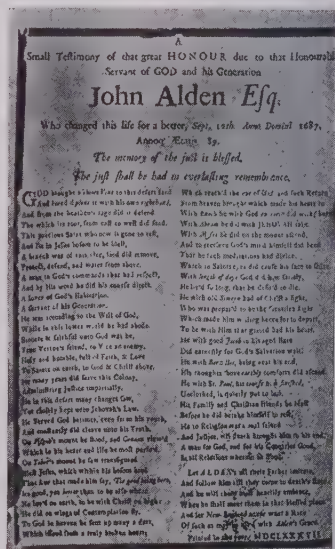


THESE TWO POEMS ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ALDEN HAVE BEEN PRESERVED FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES.



TOMBSTONE OF JOHN ALDEN.

flickering embers of the big log fire into a roaring up-chimney-flame on the hearthstone of their ancestors and pursued the humdrum domestic routine within the hallowed walls, unruffled by the mad world's grasping stir. "Greate" room, "beste" room or parlor, living-room, and bedroom, are just as reality and romance left them two and a half centuries ago. Few homes in the land can thus boast of an unbroken line to



distant ancestors. With a thrill of sincerity did John Quincy Adams, descended through John Alden and Priscilla's daughter Ruth, state, "I would rather have one drop of Puritan (Pilgrim) blood in my veins than all that ever flowed in the veins of kings and princes." In like manner he boasted of his Welsh descent.

John Alden was assistant treasurer, member of the council, soldier under Standish, and the last survivor of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. In the Warwick Patent of 1629, Alden was named with Standish, Winslow and Howland. From 1641 to 1649 he represented the town of Duxbury in the General Court of the Olde Colony and was among the largest taxpayers. In 1653-4-5 John Alden was a member of the Council of War, and from 1650 to 1686 one of the assistants for the long term of thirty-six years, being by twenty years the senior member of the Board and at times deputy-governor. On September 12, 1687, John Alden finished his earthly mission. His co-workers in the Vineyard thus commented on, epitomized, and epitaphed his fragrant, well-spent life:



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

PORTRAIT OF JUDAH ALDEN DRAWN BY KOSCIUSKO AT VALLEY FORGE. POSSIBLY THIS GREAT GRANDSON MAY RESEMBLE IN FEATURE HIS PROGENITOR.

"He was a meek, sincere and faithful follower of the blessed Redeemer, and his end was peace and triumph. Like the saints of old he was willing

to endure hardships with the people of God. Here he was unmolested in the exercise of the rights of conscience—in addition to his spiritual blessings he was crowned with that competence which is vital to content, with uncommon length of days and with a goodly number of children, all of whom delighted in the ordinances of God, and finally left that good name in the world which is better than precious ointment."

There was a great gathering of the descendants of John and Priscilla Alden in 1902 in and about the Alden homestead. Who can tell but that without his visual image on this unique occasion they enjoyed the basic spiritual presence of their mated ancestors who illustrated the corner-stone of the Pilgrims' organization—obedience to the divine law in making family life the unit. Those of the group herein pictured and their descendants will as long as life lasts revere the hearthstone of those from whom they sprang.

The scraping of paint from the ends of the heavy timbers that corner the Harlow House allow the present visitor to see and handle a portion of that revered structure, the Old Fort Church, on which John Alden labored with his fellows.

Fifty-two or fifty-four of the Pilgrims attended that first thanksgiving dinner, where ninety-one Indians were guests. As savages outnumbered the Pilgrims two to one, Brotherly Love must surely have had a reserved seat at the feast. It was a real course dinner, with turkey and "fixins," including a dessert of beech nuts. Among the Indian food gifts were delicious oysters—uncontaminated by modern drainage and—hearken, ye skeptics,—an individual oyster then measured a foot in length. This claim as to length of New England oysters is certified by William Wood, a leading historian of that century.

The first oysters tasted by the Pilgrims, were eaten with impunity on Oyster Introduction Day,—well centering the months containing a protecting "r."

As some one has said, "It took rare courage to eat the first oyster," but courage was saddled firmly with the Pilgrim, and no fear of death in the oyster pot limited inclin-





*The First Thanksgiving Dinner (by Taylor) published by arrangement with the Curtis Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.*

NEW ENGLAND'S FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER, WHERE INDIAN GUESTS OUTNUMBERED THE PILGRIMS TWO TO ONE.

ation or appetite. Where ignorance was bliss it was then "folly to be wise" with ideas of a century later, forced by human waste and the concentration of population.

Edward Winslow, in the following words, sent down through the centuries, described that first historic New England Thanksgiving, which was non-religious; for there was only one day that the Pilgrims observed as religious and that was the Holy Sabbath:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered in the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as served the company almost a week. At this time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and with them their great King, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon the Captain and others."

Thus was started the good old New England custom of a day of Thanksgiving, though on this very First Thanksgiving, the jollification lasted three days—the beginning of a domestic getting together which in time spread across the country and became a national festival, acting now in a million homes as a magnet to draw the children and children's children at least once a year under the paternal roof.

One finds that the smoking habit learned from the Indian made rapid strides with the Pilgrim as the tobacco habit generally does, and there is no question but the first smoker held in north Virginia finished that first Thanksgiving feast where Indian and white man fraternized in friendly after-dinner fashion, followed by an arrow and musket ball target practice.

Very probably the Pilgrims cultivated tobacco quite early—even before the Dutchmen of New Netherland—despite Washington Irving's caricature and the popular traditions, in which the uncritical lovers of jokes and fun delight. Among the commodities which Bradford offered



*Through courtesy of and arrangement with the artist, J. L. G. Ferris.*

ANOTHER CONCEPT OF THAT THANKSGIVING DINNER.



in trade with the Manhattan folk, the first was for a smoker's supply; "Tobacco, fish, corn, or other things." The canny and thrifty Pilgrim Governor added the query "and what prices you will give?"

The Pilgrims did not closely follow the model of the Thanksgiving Day which the Dutch established at Leyden in 1572, and which they have continuously observed even to the present day, for no recurrence of a day of combined worship and feasting in Plymouth—the latter predominating on the initial date—is recorded until 1630.

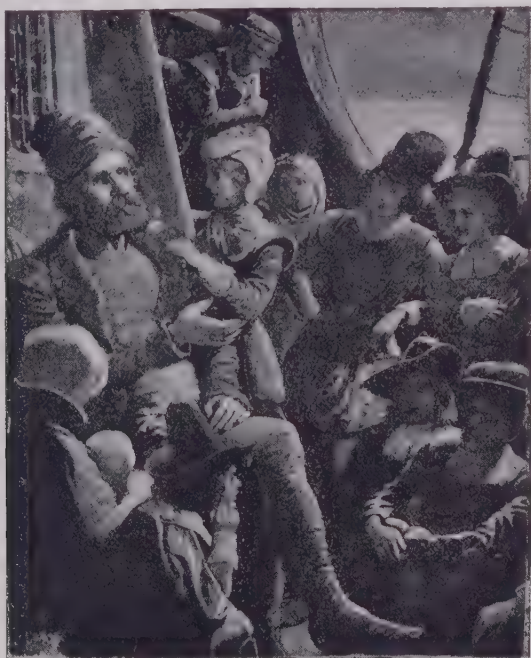
It was a wonderful product of American environment—that bird well roasted and stuffed—which was served on the first Thanksgiving. Haphazard naming, after the manner of "turkey wheat" for maize, fastened upon this royal fowl the commonplace and unmeaning name of "turkey" a bird well deserving a ringing, self-explanatory American name. In England and in Holland nearly all novelties took their name from Turkey, from which country they were supposed to have come. Commerce between the lands of the seven-striped flag and the crescent and star in this era was very flourishing.

If Benjamin Franklin had had his way, the wild turkey of the American forest would be now the insignia of the United States, rather than the monarchical European eagle. Voice evidently counted in the selection. The piercing, defiant shriek of the eagle, heard among mountain fastnesses as he flew straight in the eye of the sun, as compared with the domestic earth-walking of the bird that could utter only the harsh and monotonous "gobble, gobble" settled the selection. In our far west, the name "Truckee" river shows the attempt of a savage to pronounce the name of a domestic bird that had escaped from its coop.

After the Pilgrim had passed the famine years, he revelled in good living, the variety on his table at times out-ranking the festive boards of European princes. The menu read, wild celery soup, oysters, fish freshly caught from



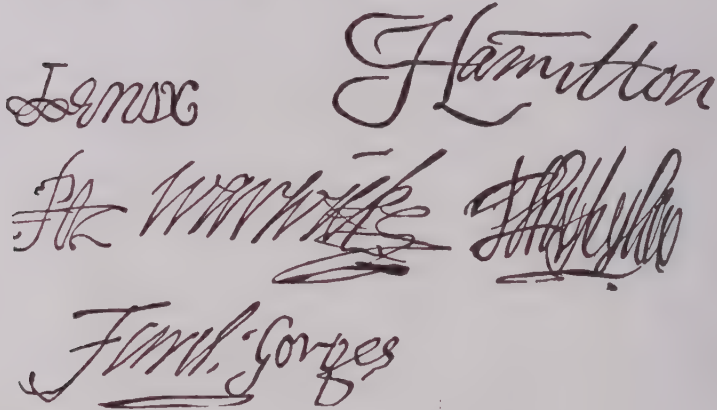
brook or sea, venison, bear's meat, and that luscious food, the proudest game bird of the woods, wild turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and sauced with cranberries from the lowlands. The "laze root," or potato, seems to have been omitted, but



SCENE ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE FORTUNE.

a good substitute, corn, took its place. This was prepared in a dozen ways, in early summer before it was ripe, and at New Year dragged from the wintry, snow-covered field unharmed, save as rodent or crow had made inroads on crops which should have been stored in that Indian invention, the corn-crib. Pone, corn flapjacks smothered in maple syrup, scrapple and hominy, berries of all sorts in season, wild grapes, tough of skin but rich in flavor, hickory nuts and chestnuts, the former often made into an excellent oily butter that greased the viands and throats of the feasters, made meals which, without stretching the imagination, could be called satisfying.

/ **In witness** whereof the said President & Counsell haue  
to the one pt of this pte Indenture sett their seales\* And  
th'otner pt hereof the said John Peirce in the name of himself  
and his said Associat<sup>l</sup> haue sett to his seale geuen the day and  
yeeres first aboue written/



James Hamilton  
John Winthrop  
William Brewster  
Francis Gorges

SIGNATURES TO PLYMOUTH PATENT.

It is a positive affliction that Europe, even in time of famine following the World War, knows not fully the worth and nutriment of delicious maize, used in many forms by the Pilgrims.

During the voyage of the second Pilgrim ship to reach Cape Cod, the mate of the *Fortune*\* explained to his breathlessly interested passengers conditions in the New World—the Indian foe, the wild beasts, with doubtless more agreeable tales of the beauty of land and sea, the native Indian corn, the delicious wild strawberry, the ideally fragrant trailing arbutus, and the freedom of life, where neither king nor bishop could dictate, imprison, or behead. As with many of these old pictures, the artist has grasped most accurately time, place, and mental as well as physical environment. On this same *Fortune* came William Bassett, progenitor of many of the New England Bassetts, and one of Duxberry's

\*One writer claims this experience occurred on the *Mayflower*, and that the mate was describing Hudson's explorations.

(Duxborrow's) first settlers, whose daughter Sarah later married Peregrine White. Among the thirty-five passengers was Brewster's eldest son, and John, brother of Edward Winslow. John Winslow afterward married Mary Chilton, the maiden of the Mayflower who is reputed to have been the first to step on Plymouth Rock.

The thirty-five newcomers on the *Fortune*—that first caller from Homeland—came empty-handed, and were to be fed from an almost empty corncrib. It is said that in their hurry to board ship, coats, doublets, and firearms were in some cases forgotten. The feverish rush of America's Forty-Niners to reach California was outclassed, in 1621, by this pell mell rush of Englishmen to reach New England.

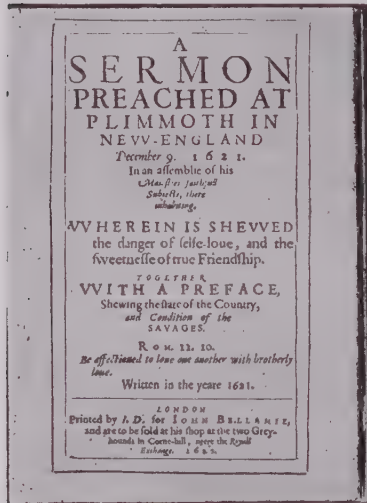
Pierce's signature is missing on the above Patent, doubtless torn off with the seal.

The original of this initial *Plymouth Patent*,\* the oldest State paper in New England, dated June 1, 1621, one of America's most hallowed relics, is to be seen in Plymouth Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts. It bears the signatures and seals of the Duke of Lenox, Marquis of Hamilton, Earl of Warwick, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges. However, in spite of such august god-fathering, its life tenure was only a year.

Stirring events came still faster in that bleak November. On the *Fortune* was the "scrap of paper," covering the land where the Pilgrims had located. It was taken out in trust in the name of John Pierce, one of the London stockholders who later obtained a duplicate malice-bred personal patent. Happily for the Pilgrims, he was deterred by a tremendous storm from reaching New England to enforce its tenets. This protest of nature, as the Pilgrims interpreted it, thwarted his well- or rather, ill-laid plans to make serious trouble for the Plymouth men by claiming as an Overlord both their improvements and their landed properties. In present day vernacular his was an attempted "hold-up" of flagrant proportions. Discouraged after one more futile

\* That first patent, granted Plymouth colonists by the North Virginia Company, in the name of John Wincob, was never used.

attempt to cross that bugbear of timid souls, the storm-breeding Atlantic, Pierce sold to the Pilgrims for the sum of five hundred pounds, a claim that had cost him but fifty pounds. This black cloud of trouble followed its myriad predecessors into oblivion—again proving that our greatest worries rarely if ever arrive.



ROBERT CUSHMAN'S SERMON ON SELF LOVE.

Another annoying scrap of paper on the Fortune was a letter of upbraiding from the London Adventurers, who, having ventured their money, demanded prompter remittances, and were nettled that the Mayflower had returned with empty coffers.

On the Fortune, in 1621, came Robert Cushman, a man of authority, and fresh from conference with those hectoring partner-supervisors in England. Cushman it seems combined religious with secular

duties. Joining the little procession that trailed after him up hill to a cabin on the south side of "The Streete" one would have heard what brother Cushman elected to state was "The first real sermon preached in New England," thus completely ignoring Elder Brewster, who doubtless instructively preached himself to the point of exhaustion scores of times. Anything less than an hour's sermon in early colonial days brought down upon the preacher the hearer's verdict "ran short of material." Nor were hunting-case watches, opening with a spring and closing with a snap, known in times when the sermon meant library, club, and newspaper.

Cushman's affection for himself, a trait he so emphatically and purblindly condemned in others, possibly caused



him to have published and circulated in London in 1622 the sermon on the theme, "Sin and Dangers of Self Love." This dictatorial, dynamic discourse of Robert Cushman, delivered in Plymouth, New England, was in part as follows:



ONE PHASE OF MYLES STANDISH'S CONSOLATION FOR A RACKED HEART.

"The parts of this text are two. 1. A dehortation. 2. An exhortation. The dehortation: Let no man seek his own. The exhortation: But every man another's wealth. In handling of which, I will first open the words; secondly, gather the doctrine; thirdly, illustrate the doctrine by Scriptures, experience and reason; fourthly, apply the same to every one his portion."

"The difference between a temperate, good man and a belly-god is this: A good man will not eat his morsels alone, especially if he have better than others; but if by God's providence he have gotten some meat which is better than ordinary, and better than his other brethren, he can have no rest in himself, except he make others partake with him. But a belly-god will slop all in his own throat, yea, though his neighbor come in and behold him eat; yet this gripple-gut shameth not to swallow all."

This was followed by an hour or two more of the same or broader speech—a habit of the times. The present-day assumption is that brother Cushman may have been an element of discord, requiring judicious handling, but the Pilgrims frequently declared he was an important member of the colony and their very right hand in England. Cushman was sent by the London Adventurers, more especially to examine into Pilgrim affairs, collect on the debt what he could, and try to commit the colonists to the unsigned section giving full six days' labor to their English backers—the article that caused promotor Weston to withhold that vital hundred pounds, and in a fit of temper to leave the Pilgrims in the lurch at Southampton. This was Cushman's only journey to the colony, as he died in England.

Bradford anathematized the keeping of Christmas Day as smacking of the belief which they had foresworn, of making one day more holy than another when pressing need and duty obliterated any and all red letter days in the calendar.

“No Christmas festivities, comrades! Work, the night approacheth, and London merchants must be paid.”

was the Governor's command to the colonists in the fall of 1621.

Among the newcomers on the *Fortune* were a few dawdlers, moral slackers, whose “religious scruples” as they cannily said, prevented their “working on Christmas Day.” When Governor Bradford returned from the woods to his midday meal he made short shrift of lame excuses invented to indulge in gaming, playing stool-ball and pitch-bar. With an indignation not to be mistaken, challenged or trifled with, he ordered the lukewarm backsliders either to keep the day religiously in their homes, or to work, making tar, soap and clapboards—which it is recorded they did ever after. Some of these “wished themselves in England againe, others fell a-weeping,” fancying their own misery in what they saw in

*By arrangement with the artist, J. L. G. Ferris.*



THE FIRST SERMON IN PLYMOUTH PREACHED BY ELDER BREWSTER.





THE SINGING MASTER OF LATER COLONIAL TIMES EARNING HIS STIPEND.

others—so successfully did auto-hypnosis grip even the stern Pilgrim mind.

To offset the wails of the faint-hearted, let us look over the shoulder of William Hilton, a true optimist, one of the *Fortune's* passengers, who, in the midst of discouraging circumstances, wrote home: "Our Company are for the most part a very religious, honest people; the word of God is sincerely taught every Sabbath, so that I know not anything a contented mind can want here."

As early as 1637 football was with Boston youths a popular leg-stretcher and lung-expander. They chased the "pigskin" on the world renowned Common. This pastime doubtless reached Plymouth, but dice, cards, and "cross and pile" were barred from both colonies. Other joyous recreations were apple bees and corn huskings, which lighted up with fun and joy what in our perspective—if we look at only one side of the shield—seems to have been sombre environment, while promoting love and mating.



Singing schools did not come into existence until one hundred years later. The record is that singing was "taught" as a fine art in 1720. Boston, more affluent, launched the theatre on a patiently waiting New England world in 1750, an innovation that was considered by many a fresh advance of the forces of iniquity.

Storms seem to have come to hand opportunely to harass and to aid the Pilgrims. Specimens and proofs had been seen in mid-ocean when a beam buckled under impinging waves; when driven to safety on Clark's Island; also during John Pierce's futile voyages; in Gorges' attempted trip, and especially in the tempest that held back the moving of the town. The spell of good fortune was broken when a tidal wave engulfed dwellings and crops to a depth of twenty feet.

Log rolling and turning over by hand the hard, tough soil with a mattock were the immediate occupations of the Free Churchman in a free land. The expression of his finer nature was delayed until his horny hand became pliant through trading and his brain was free from figuring how "five grains of corn" could furnish a meal for a starving family. The number of mouths to fill, because of the Fortune's arrival, and even the victualing of the ship for her return voyage, compelled all in the colony to live on half rations during the entire winter. Well was it that sea food



FIVE GRAINS OF CORN.

and game were available to fill many an aching void. It required "soldier stomachs" to attack and digest the monotonous daily diet of lobsters and hard shell clams (quahaugs), washed down with cold water, which for months kept the Pilgrim soul in its tabernacle during a situation bordering on starvation.

"By the time our corn is planted, our victuals are spent, not knowing at night where to have a bit in the morning, and have neither bread nor corn for THREE OR FOUR MONTHS TOGETHER, yet bear our wants with cheerfulness, and rest on Providence."

Bradford wrote most cheerfully: "They bore their hardships with great patience and in spite of scanty fare, God in His mercy preserved both health and life." After Cushman's death in England, his young orphan son, Thomas, was brought up in the family of Governor Bradford and became a ruling Elder in the Pilgrim church, so long founded and administered on Barrowist or semi-Presbyterian principles, but not for several generations on true Congregational ideas and practices. Thomas Cushman served in this office of ruling Elder—unknown to modern Congregationalism—during forty years. He married Mary, daughter of Isaac Allerton, who was the last survivor of the Mayflower passengers, with the exception of the Provincetown, harbor-born Peregrine White, who died in 1704.

The Pilgrims were next confronted with a terrifying problem, when two thousand Narragansett braves (as reckoned in the settlements), gave the symbol of extermination, a declaration of war, by sending a message of defiance to this handful of white men struggling for a foothold in the New World. Instead of parchment duly signed and sealed with wax, a messenger was dispatched who laid upon the governor's table a bunch of arrows encircled by the skin of a rattlesnake. The Indian frequently and picturesquely united act and utterance in his symbolism without words.

Happily, Standish was already educated in Indian psychology. Not satisfied with the sight of things outward,

he had gained insight with his experience, and he interpreted rightly and instantly the meaning of the message. Very promptly was the challenge met, as described by that poet, true child of Plymouth ancestry, who in verse haloed Plymouth, and her brave men and fair women.



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

#### CHALLENGE OF THE NARRAGANSETTS.

This incident, crowned with the aureole of poesy reads:

"Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,  
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;  
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,  
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,  
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.  
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for his planting,  
Then had sifted the wheat as the living seed of a nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

"One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the elder,  
Then outspoke Myles Standish— . . .  
'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth;  
'War is a terrible trade, but in a trade that is righteous  
'Sweet is the smell of powder and thus I answer the challenge';



Then from the rattlesnake's skin with a sudden contemptuous gesture  
Jerking the Indian arrow he filled it with powder and bullets  
Full to the very jaws and handed it back to the savage."

Governor Bradford, strenuously backed by Captain Myles Standish, not only returned the rattlesnake's skin to



ROGER WILLIAMS WINNING THE NARRAGANSETTS AS COLONIST'S ALLIES.

Chief Canonicus, afterward a close friend of Roger Williams, but sent this message: "If the English had boats, they would in person demand satisfaction for the insult," and dared Canonicus to make good his threat.

Thus did forty or fifty Englishmen instantly defy a united and overwhelming force of blood-thirsty warriors. In the act of returning the bullets and gunpowder, they threw down the gauntlet to thousands of Indians in other



tribes, who itched mightily for English scalps, muskets, ammunition, tools, and gew-gaws. The widespread terror inspired by the returned rattlesnake skin stuffed with the white man's "thunder and lightning" is vividly set forth by Bradford in his history. It is pleasant to read that a dozen years later at the outbreak of the Pequot (Pequod) War, Roger Williams successfully held back the arrows, tomahawks, and muskets bought from the Dutch of these same Narra-



A DOOR THE ONLY BULWARK BETWEEN A HOWLING HORDE OF SAVAGES AND THE COLONIST'S HOME.

gansetts through his influence with their chiefs, Canonicus and Miantonomo.

The building of that other shallop in 1621 on Buzzard's Bay, coupled with fear of land-absorption by the Pilgrim, doubtless had much to do with this futile attempt at intimidation made by Canonicus, in the rattlesnake episode of 1622, so narrowly averting an Indian war. It is said the Indian chief, fearful of that rattlesnake skin filled with powder and shot, returned it unopened, and then, in Indian fashion, changed his abiding-place each day. Indeed, the savage, often swollen with bravado, generally wilted before the superior, unyielding nerve of a true red-blooded civilized man.

From Captain John Huddleston, a stranger to the Pil-

grims and one of the fishermen rendezvousing in Maine, a message was sent by the Sparrow's shallop. This craft with seven passengers, entered Plymouth Harbor in 1622, on a voyage of investigation for Thomas Weston. The news borne was to the effect that three hundred and forty-seven Virginian settlers had been massacred in April, 1622, by order of Opechancanough. This unparalleled slaughter of the whites, located in outlying plantations near Jamestown, gave farther alarm to the handful of religious pioneers marooned in a hostile land. Their well-grounded fear was that word concerning acts of southern Indians would inflame the northern tribes and compel farther action for safeguard and defense. The Plymouth men, enfeebled through sickness, could work but a few hours each day, but they now redoubled their efforts in strengthening the Fort Church and conserved their powers for a possible fight to the death, if need be, with the Indian tribes by which they were surrounded. These might at any time, in spite of treaties, give way to savage cupidity and vengeance. Or it might be that some renegade Pilgrim, Puritan, or free lance settler who had corrupted the Indian and in the act corrupted himself, might betray the whites. After providing for wall protection, military drill was the order of the day, and preparedness became a watchword.

So thoroughly was the Fort Church put together and log stockades driven and securely pegged, that one brother of severely critical mood complained that defenses were being "vaingloriously built." This Pilgrim trait, however, served them well in their ever present exigencies, for, as a matter of fact, forewarned meant forearmed, and the moral effect on the savages was convincing.

Weston, having sold his holdings in the parent company, sent to New England following the Sparrow—his private venture—the one-hundred-ton *Charity* and the thirty-ton *Swan*. His purpose was to compete with the Indians, and with carefully planned duplicity, to wreck the Pilgrim settlement. On board these privateers, as we might call them,

were sixty "undesirables" collected from the scum of England's water front. Not only did the new arrivals at Plymouth rob and trample the cornfields by night, but they induced some of the settlers—undermined by such license—to follow suit and pluck the sweet young corn.\* Plymouth magistrates condemned the culprits to be publicly whipped for example. These impudent newcomers were a sorry lot; they slurringly called the Pilgrims "Brownists," reviling their benefactors. It was a temporarily joyful day for the Pilgrims when Weston's people went eighteen miles northward and settled at Weymouth (Wessagusset).

Meantime, good Doctor Fuller had again shown his kindness of heart by treating, free of charge, the sick Weymouthites who had, from June to August, camped on the Pilgrims. By him they were most tenderly cared for. Richard Green, Weston's brother-in-law, who had charge of the expedition, died in Plymouth, and was succeeded by one Saunders. Doctor Fuller died in 1633. His first wife was Agnes Carpenter and his second Bridget Lee. His nephew, Samuel Fuller, has been sometimes confused with his uncle, the doctor, whose descendants are found in every state in the union.

The Pocasset episode came next in line, a seemingly small affair, but in reality a strenuous attempt to undermine the Massasoit treaty by the subordinate chief Corbitant of Nemasket (Middleboro). Having failed to persuade the Nemasket and Massachusetts tribes to join the revolt, with the intent also of supplanting Massasoit as chief of the Cape Cod tribes, Corbitant's next move was to dispose of the "Englishman's Mouth," as he called Squanto and Hobomok. The latter slipped through the would-be assassins, his guards, as they attempted to stab him, and brought news to Plymouth of the probable death of Squanto. One can well imagine the

\* Was this the original of the vulgar term "corn stealer" for the right hand? We have heard the greeting of two old cronies as they met again after absence: "Old man, give us your 'corn stealer?'"



BREWSTER READING THE WORD.

preparations made by exasperated Standish and his men.

Standish took but ten men with him to attack this Pocasset tribe. The Indians fully realized they had again to deal with the "little pot that soon boils over, quick of temper as of eye."\* Such a descriptive name had been given by them to Standish, possibly in semi-fearsome derision, but surely well seasoned with foreboding shivers.

The best part of a stormy night was spent lying in the wet woods near the Indian village, in order to make an attack in the darkness. Standish took oath to bring back the head of Corbitant if a hair of Squanto's head was harmed. Squanto, however, was rescued during the fight. Each little Indian lad, seeing that squaws were unharmed, with the occasional cowardice of his race, yelled "I am a girl." The wounded savages were triumphantly brought to Plymouth, later nursed to health, and returned to their tribes. This act, to the aborigines so novel in war, aided greatly in the healing of any aftermath ruptures and the suppression of Indian uprisings.

It was rough treatment to hang a man for stealing a deer haunch from a debauched Indian, but these were crude times. Whether or not the dastardly act, embalmed by a New England versifier some hundred and fifty years nearer the time of the rumored harrowing episode, over which future generations were to shudder, rings true, is still a

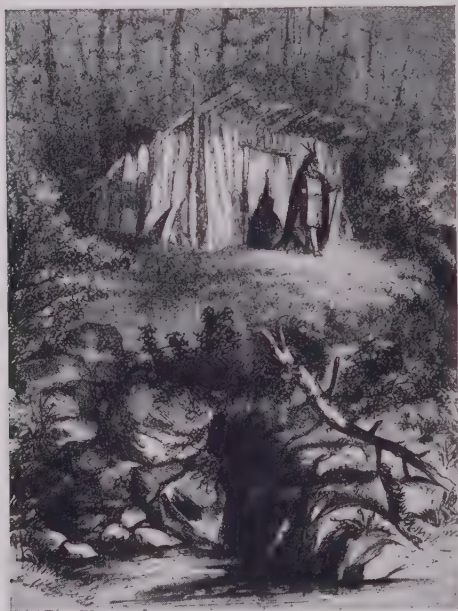
\* One argument showing Standish was under size.



question. While bringing it into the limelight, one follows custom and mantles the deed with charity, especially as the act, if committed, was by those very earliest Weymouthites—in no sense Pilgrims—who had no church and were for the most part disreputable citizens, when gauged by Pilgrim and Puritan moral standards.

“That sinners may supply the place,  
Of suffering saints is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence many times,  
On one man for another’s crimes.  
Our brethren of New England use,  
Choice malefactors to excuse—  
And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the churches have less need.  
As lately ’t happen’d. In a town,  
There liv’d a cobbler, and but one,  
That out of doctrine there could but use  
And mend men’s lives as well as shoes;  
This precious brother having slain,  
In time of peace an Indian—  
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
Because he was an infidel.)  
The mighty Tottypottymoy,  
Sent to our elders an envoy.  
Complaining sorely of the breach,  
Of league held forth by brother patch;  
In which he crav’d the saints to render  
Into his hands, or hang th’ offender.  
But they maturely having weigh’d  
They had no more but him o’ the trade,  
(A man that serv’d them in the double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble.)  
Resolv’d to spare him; yet to do  
The Indian Hogammogan too  
Impartial justice, in his stead, did,  
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.  
Then wherefore may not you be skipp’d  
And in your room another whipp’d?  
For all Philosophers but the skeptick,  
Hold whipping may be sympathetick.”

Edward Winslow's regard for his fellows was more than skin deep. In the spring of 1623 he risked his life to nurse back to health the Sachem Massasoit, who was at death's door with a contagious disease. This humane act of Wins-



MASSASOIT'S HOME.

low's, unknown at the hour of happening, cemented still more deeply a friendship that held in abeyance Indian warfare until King Philip's fearful lapse over half a century later. Winslow ignored the Indian medicine man and proved his case by speaking of "such a hellish noise as distempered us who were well and therefore unlike to ease him that was sick." Massasoit in these words thanked the kind-hearted Pilgrim when he said, "Winsnow" (for the In-

dian could not pronounce the letter L), "Now I see that the English are my friends and love me, and while I live I will never forget this kindness they have shown me." And he never did. In this almost mortal sickness of Massasoit, Indians ran over hill and valley as far as one hundred miles to comfort the dying chief.

In unvarnished prose it may be stated that the Indian plot, in part instigated by the weak and cowardly Massachusetts tribe, whom the fierce Tarantines of Maine had well under heel, had for its first measure the massacre of Weymouth settlers. After disposing of these stricken, subservient wretches now despised by the savages, the plan was to exter-



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

PECKSUET'S INTERVIEW WITH STANDISH PREVIOUS TO THE WEYMOUTH TRAGEDY.

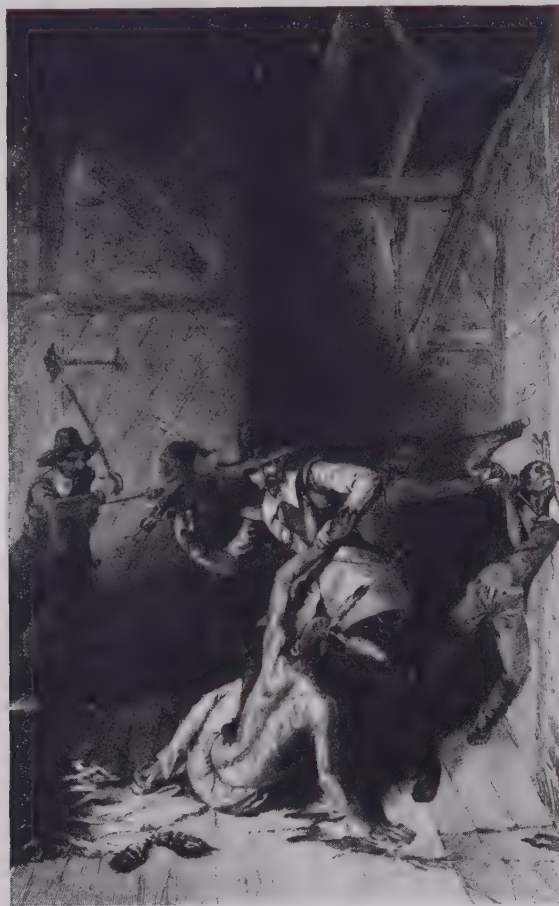
minate the Plymouth colony before the white man's "winged canoes" could come o'er ocean in rescuing squadrons.

Massasoit, deeply grateful for Winslow's cure of that deadly illness, effectually blocked the scheme, by apprizing the colonists, through Hobomok, that tribes which he could not control, though under his jurisdiction, the Massachusetts, Eastham, Cape Cod, Falmouth, Barnstable, Buzzards Bay, Wareham and the Martha's Vineyard Indians, would soon be on the warpath and had plotted to massacre all colonists at one fell swoop. The Massachusetts and Neponset tribes now began to show their teeth. Bradford thus writes of conditions in and about Weymouth, which town, going its own mad way, nullified much of the good accomplished by the Pilgrims among the Indians and even came frightfully near wrecking Plymouth colony and destroying this first stand for the Free Churchman's faith made in the New World.

"Hitherto ye Indians of these parts had no pieces nor other arms but their bows and arrows, nor for many years after, neither durst they scarce handle a gun, so much were they afraid of them, and ye very sight of one though out of kilter was a terrour outo them."

The details of this vital conquest of the Indians are as follows: At a town meeting on Thursday, March 23 (O. S.)

April 2, (N. S.) 1623, it was voted to meet the issue by force. The doings of town meetings in those days never leaked out. Standish followed the invariable custom of the Pilgrims and at once took the initiative. With a bodyguard



KILLING OF PECKSUET BY CAPTAIN STANDISH.

of but nine men, he went to Weymouth. He found that John Sanders, head of the colony, had gone to Maine for food. The thirty-ton *Swan* was lying at anchor unguarded. The settlers were living in fancied security with Indians,



some of the men being away at the plantation. Bribing the shiftless, with a daily stipend of a pint of corn, to stick closely to the settlement, in the course of a few days, Standish called Wattawamat (Wituwamat) and three other of the con-



TRIUMPHAL MARCH INTO PLYMOUTH

spirators, including Pecksuet, all of whom had been exasperatingly insulting and threatening, into a log cabin. Then he quickly closed the door, and, aided by two comrades, started in grim silence a knife-to-knife fight, the result of which was that seven redskins lay dead, including four killed outside. Details show that the Captain personally started the combat. He snatched the knife from huge Pecksuet's neck—that knife that on the previous day had been disdainfully and insultingly flourished by the Indian in the face of the Captain—and plunged it into the Indian's heart. By this



THE HIDDEN FOE. GOING TO CHURCH SOMETIMES MEANT A DEATH STRUGGLE.

heroic and desperate action, Standish saved the Pilgrim settlement from probable annihilation. Master courage was needed thus to inaugurate war, but it was not written in the "Little Captain's" decalogue, to flinch in the face of any issue, however strenuous. So swift was the onslaught, and so dire the punishment, that a new word entered into the descriptive vocabulary of the Indians. Henceforth by this Indian tribe the Plymouth men were called "Stabbers."

To the Pilgrim and Puritan, governed so much by the spirit of the older parts of the Old Testament, the Biblical record of the Canaanite wars gave, they thought, full license to slaughter the aborigines. Nevertheless, it is rather remarkable that the spirit of the Israelites in borrowing from their Egyptian neighbors the night before their departure, with no intention of payment, was not more closely followed in

their dealings with Indians. The lives of these men to whom the Biblical library was a code of law—as they read it—were completely guided by Holy Writ. All records in three countries prove that the Pilgrims were scrupulously honest, even to a fault, with both friend and foe.

Yet this is also the record among various tribes of men all over the world. They specialize in virtues which they select for emphasis. Rarely does any community keep all the commandments in their true relation and importance.

The sin of killing that first Indian, a Massachusetts son of the soil, as pastor Robinson intimated it was in a letter to the colonists, by a Pilgrim, was laid at the door of Captain Standish. This drastic action was committed over three years after the Pilgrims' arrival, but from the cisatlantic point of view it came under the head of dire necessity.

"Frightened, the savage fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket; hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat fled not; he was dead."

As a trophy of war, the head of Wattawamat was exposed on the roof of the fort, which at once was a "church and a fortress." Here for many years it bleached in wind, rain, and sun. A pair of wrens, to the amusement of the children, built their nests and made their home inside the gruesome proof of the Captain's bravery.



THOUGHTS OF OLD ENGLAND.

When King Philip's war broke out half a century later, the Cape Cod Indians having had their fill of Pilgrim fighting prowess, refused to join those tribes which brought such dire calamity to the colonists. When close neighboring tribes were athirst for slaughter, their goal being the extermination of the whites, these Indians and their descendants kept in lively memory this deadly chastisement, arguing if nine white men by their stern initiative could overawe a whole county filled with Indians, what would hundreds of banded Englishmen do? This was the enigma. Serving as a brand on the memory of the Cape Cod savages, it forced speedy decision. The savages remained neutral.

That the savages of the coast so near the Pilgrims needed this lesson can hardly be gainsaid. It was imperative to make the red man understand that he could not impose upon nor frighten the colonists.

Did the transatlantic view edge the academic? The Reverend John Robinson could only crudely comprehend the alarming conditions. He criticized Standish in unmistakable language, but both men acted in the line of conscience and duty, each one doing first what he was convinced he ought to do. The shepherd of souls wished to convert first; the soldier saw the actual need, and made the guilty suffer in order to save the innocent. Who shall upbraid either?

Robinson was a man of culture and ability; an impressive preacher; capable in argument—a first quality peace-maker, and exceptionally broad-minded. At Leyden he entered the university and became a power in educational circles. The church in Plymouth which had impatiently yearned for his personal leadership, eagerly expecting him on each incoming vessel, was sadly grieved over the unfair treatment given its beloved pastor by the London Puritan contingent who successfully intrigued to hold him in Holland. Hearing of the slaughter of Indians, at Weymouth, Robinson wrote to the Plymouth church cautioning it regarding the hot temper of Captain Standish:



"He hoped that the Lord had sent him among them for good if they used him right."

but feared he might be lacking "in that tenderness of the life of men made after God's image, which we meet."

He closes with that pathetic and heartfelt declaration:

"O, how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you killed any."

Surely the pastor was not wrong, for the profession which the Pilgrims made before leaving Holland and one object particularly professed for their going was the spread of the gospel among the natives.

The Pilgrim church in Plymouth—that is, the younger part of the Leyden church—was ever after in the main managed by laymen, no pastor ever again possessing the power exercised without fear or favor by the masterful Pastor Robinson.

On Standish's return from his only journey back to England, he brought news of the death of John Robinson, of whom Roger White, Robinson's brother-in-law, wrote to the colonists:

"If either prayers, tears, or moans would have saved his life, he had not gone hence."

John Robinson the scholar, preacher, pastor, champion of Calvinism and Free Church principles, statesman and colonizer, died March 14, 1625, at the age of forty-nine years. Letters he had written to the church were received nearly a year after his death; Bradford wrote—

"His and their adversaries had been long and continually plotting how they might hinder his coming hither, but ye Lord had appointed a better place."

One can imagine with what profound and tense interest the reading of letters traced by the then lifeless hand of their

beloved leader was listened to and commented upon 'mid blinding tears by the faithful. Robinson's death prevented Standish from personally explaining his action in the Weymouth tragedy, but his broad manhood and love for the revered pastor were shown when he wrote in his will thirty years after—

"I give three pounds to Mercy Robinson,  
Whom I tenderly love for her grandfather's sake."

The church record furnishes proof that the Reverend John Robinson's body was placed in a grave hired for seven years at an expense of nine florins—a rigid custom nearly universal in all the thickly settled parts of Europe. At the expiration of the rental, each heap of dust and bones was cast out on the pile that awaited farther usefulness in fertilizing fields under cultivation for thousands of years. "To deepen pansies for a year or two," is the poet's thought.

From Winslow we learn that Robinson's funeral was impressive, attended by most of the notables in Leyden. "The universities and ministers of the city accompanied him to his grave, with all their accustomed solemnities, bewailing the great loss that not only that particular church had whereof he was pastor, but some of the chief of them sadly

10 meter. *Opz en gheen way Jay Robert nuyssend-predikant. y*  
*Extrait fidelle des Registres*  
*en date du 6<sup>e</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> l'an deux van de*  
*Republ<sup>iq</sup>ue de 1689 tot 1699.*  
*J. J. Cornuiss<sup>e</sup> The Sec<sup>r</sup>*  
*Pasteur de l'Eglise Reforme<sup>e</sup> Hollandaise*  
*W. P. Bickers*  
*Commiss<sup>r</sup> Administrateur des Eglises*  
*reformees de Leyde*  
*Copied before me,*  
*J. S.*  
*Leyden Decr. 13<sup>e</sup> 1691*

EXPENSES IN CONNECTION WITH JOHN ROBINSON'S BURIAL.

affirmed that all the churches of Christ sustained a loss by the death of that worthy instrument of the gospel."

On the evening of August 31, 1921 (Queen Wilhelmina's birthday) in the great church (Pieter's Kerk) in Leyden, not far away from the burial-place of the Pilgrim pastor, a most impressive service was held—probably two thousand natives and foreigners being present. It was conducted by American, English, and Dutch ministers, with congregational and choir singing by Leyden folks. In the American delegation were Christians of every name who revered the memory of this noble, self-effacing pastor, all in "the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace," showing how widely Pilgrim leaven had spread and deepened with intense force.

To the Pilgrim tablet in the Reformed church at Delfshaven, at least one prominent Roman Catholic in New York City contributed. In this act we see inklings of the leavening wherein lies final brotherhood.

## CHAPTER V

### PILGRIM REINFORCEMENTS—COMMUNISM ABOLISHED

TO the regret and alarm of the Pilgrims, Massasoit's friendship for the colonists now suddenly cooled, owing to Squanto's lies, stating that Massasoit intended to massacre the English and obtain their possessions. The indignant and loyal chief, learning of this lapse of Squanto, sent messengers to demand the head of the scheming Indian, who hoped to supplant the chieftain in his great influence with the English—sending his knife for the job as well as a placating present of beaver skins. The Pilgrims, under the terms of their treaty with Massasoit, though their determination was tinged with deep sorrow, met squarely the unfortunate issue. They decided to surrender Squanto but they refused to barter their integrity for pelts. Squanto's life was saved, at the last moment, by the arrival of Weston's shallop. This caused such excitement that the Squanto incident was overlooked.

The "Englishman's Mouth," as jealous Corbitant, until the day of his death, continued to call the Indian interpreter, died of the dreaded fever at Chatham (Mansimock) in October, 1622, during that joint search for corn around the Cape, made under the pangs of hunger by men on the Swan, accompanied by its owners, the Weymouthites. Even the elements at times seemed to fight against the Pilgrim forward effort. Before reaching Chatham on this food search, their advance was twice balked by storms.

Squanto in his dying moments, yearning to go to the "white man's heaven," begged Bradford so to pray, which the good Governor did with the unction of an Old Testament



prophet. It was a sad day for the Englishmen when the red man, who with such signal success had acted as their interpreter, guide, and imparter of Indian lore, left them for the Happy Hunting Ground. Having lost their pilot, the trip was abandoned after some thirty hogsheads of corn had been secured. Then the sorrowing company returned to Plymouth, bearing news that depressed every man, woman and child in the colony.

When the ship *Discovery*\* from Virginia put into the harbor, in September 1622, the Pilgrims seized with avidity the opportunity to lay in a stock of gew-gaws and glass beads for Indian trading, thus warding off starvation. The Governor, ever ready to give thanks to the Source of All Good, marked her opportune arrival with the words, "In God's good mercy the *Discovery* arrived." Upon Virginia, though widely differing from her religiously, the Plymouth colony now began to look as a calling neighbor in both receiving and giving, although the calls were at first one-sided, as Jamestown frivolities were hardly in harmony with Separatist ethics. Virginia soon received the affectionate regard of her Pilgrim Sister.

On July 16, 1623, the ship *Plantation*, which had been at first driven back to England by a storm when John Pierce attempted the journey, arrived with Sir Francis West, to whom the Council of New England had given the office of Admiral. This high official's duties for the Company included oversight of the territory and the collection of revenue from fishing fleets along the coast, but his mission proved a failure. The independent, hardy fishermen laughed him to scorn. The Admiral finally sailed home and the fish revenue laws of the unpopular Council of New England were speedily revoked by Parliament, on petition of the fishermen.

In this same year, 1623, fourteen days after the arrival

\* On this ship *Discovery* was John Pory, whose lost letters published in 1622 and recently discovered, give interesting sidelights on Pilgrim life in Plymouth.

of the Plantation, came ninety-six new settlers in two vessels, the *Anne*, of one hundred and forty tons, followed in about ten days (a storm having separated them in mid-Atlantic) by a pinnacle of forty-four tons, appropriately called the *Little James*, possibly in ironical criticism of the bigot king. Her captain was William Bridges.

The *Little James*, being of light draft, was planned and afterward used as a fishing craft, but was returned to England within two years as a losing investment, having been partially wrecked several times on rocks and sand bars, entailing a heavy repair account. Inaccurately and imperfectly charted waters kept the sailor-man ever uncertain as to hidden reefs and shoals. A pinnacle varied in carrying capacity from fifteen to eighty tons.

Sixty of the new arrivals called themselves "Generals" and were in harmony with the Pilgrims; the others took and received the nondescript name of "Particulars." These latter, true breeders of divisive elements, at opportunity showed their Conformist leanings, coupled with gross duplicity. Were the Pilgrims wrong in branding as ungodly the so-called National Church of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when in outward form it salved man's conscience, while clergy and laity vied in abominations? In the midst of this widespread corruption, it has been well said "Puritan thought expressed all that was worth while in the heart of England."

Reading between the lines of the documents in the Plymouth archives, the critical student discerns the heart of the Pilgrim and both his thought and purpose—that the spiritual should ever dominate the material. In coming to America, these people aimed to found a commonwealth of God on earth. Well based was the vision of these idealists. "They looked for a city which hath foundations."

The inheritances of age-old traditions, with mental habits formed in early childhood, so influenced them that kingly protection seemed a necessity; but in the religious

realm, the Pilgrim claimed absolute freedom. He wished to build a true commonwealth for himself and his descendants.

Duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God," was the Pilgrim's mentor. His conviction was unyielding, and his acts were hewn to the line. With a good conscience he greeted the first rays of the rising sun, sat at table, bowed his head and his knees in loyal devotion, enjoyed comfort and warmth at the fireside. "Himself from God he could not free" and "he builded better than he knew." Pilgrim life at times may have aggravated the flesh, but it brought all heaven before his eyes. Above all things, he was a realist. He craved not symbols, but what was behind and beneath the symbols. He knew the divine promises. Without the Bible from which to draw inspiration, the Pilgrim would never have o'erleaped a degenerate world, set new values, struck new tokens of worth, staked out a new realm, and enacted laws which though drawn from a source thousands of years old, were novelties in his day and generation.

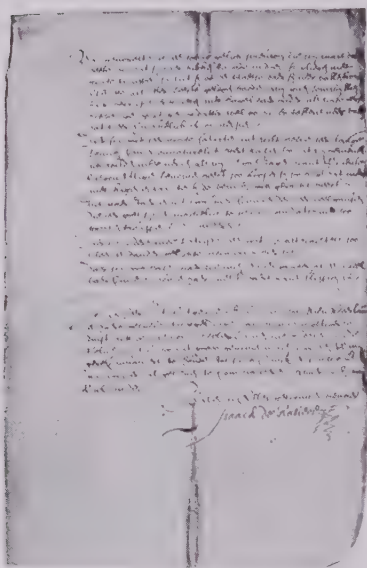
We have noted that Governor Bradford's first wife, Dorothy May of Wisbeck, was drowned in Provincetown harbor while he was away on that third and final excursion of the Pilgrim explorers. On this larger ship Anne, one of the passengers was a lady who had been, traditionally at least, Governor Bradford's first love.

In Bradford's history he hints delicately at his romance when he demurely writes "The Anne arrived with some very useful persons on board," undoubtedly referring to Alice Carpenter Southworth, widow of Edward Southworth. Alice had evidently crossed the ocean to plight her troth. Also came Barbara, presumably a sister of Myles Standish's first wife, Rose. Barbara in time healed the love wounds of the "Little Captain" and survived her husband many years. The wives of Dr. Samuel Fuller and Elder Brewster were also among the Anne's passengers. More than one American visiting Scrooby has also visited the adjoining village

of Scaftworth, either on foot, in automobile, or on bicycle, over a path often expectantly trodden by young Bradford.

The diet of Plymouth colonists, consisting in the main of fish, clams, lobster, and water, so crude and uninviting

before the days of plenty, disgusted even to repulsion some of the new arrivals and they made complaint. On September 20, 1623, the *Anne* sailed back to England laden with clapboards (barrel-staves) and furs. Besides this material cargo there were certain human beings, the disaffected, eager to flee and forget, especially when returned at the colony's expense. In fact, it seems that any or all wishing to shirk duty or afraid to meet trials and dangers, received a free return ticket. Nevertheless, we must remember that for those who came over on the *Anne* it was a sad awakening to meet these friends



THAT FAMOUS LETTER OF ISAAC DE RASIÈRES WRITTEN TO HOLLAND ACCURATELY DESCRIBING PLYMOUTH AND ITS INHABITANTS.

from whom they parted in Leyden but two years before, and see them thus brought by meagre diet and sickness to appear as physical wrecks of their former selves.

A look in at the stockaded area of the Pilgrim settlement those first few years before the little community grew beyond its primal days, shows one large family; the fortified church on the hill, the little block house at its base, and the log cabins close together. These reveal living conditions which, when placed over and against the strenuosity of life in our day, have at least one redeeming feature—the nobility of an existence sweetened by neighborly acts of kindness. We are beholden to Governor Minit's delegate, Isaac de



Rasières, and the friendly conference of fellow-Christians, Pilgrims and Dutchmen, in 1627. They were the only non-English people of the Reformed faith who thus visited Plymouth.

With fine literary skill this Walloon gentleman wrote



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PLYMOUTH HILL.

Upper, Courtesy of George Stedman Hanks, "Our Plymouth Forefathers."  
Lower, Courtesy of A. S. Rurbank, Plymouth, Mass.

in 1628 an unbiased description of the town, in which he pictures scenes of great moment to all who revere and love Plymouth. Clearly outlined by an eyewitness and honored guest is this account of how our forefathers lived.

"Plymouth lies on the slope of a hill, stretching east toward the seacoast, with a broad street about a cannon-shot of eight hundred feet long leading down the hill, with a crossing in the middle, northward to the rivulet and southward to the land.

"The houses are constructed of hewn planks, with gardens also enclosed behind and at the sides with hewn planks, so that their houses and courtyards are arranged in very good order, with a stockade against a sudden attack; and at the ends of the streets there are three wooden gates. In the centre, on the cross street, stands the Governor's house, before which is a square enclosure upon which four patereros are mounted, so as to flank along the streets."

"Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they have six cannons, which shoot iron balls of four and five pounds and command the surrounding country. The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays."

With a bird's-eye one views the Plymouth settlement; the silver strand, the "towne brooke," the anchored shallop, "the Streete," Coale's Hill, the Fort Church and the open country, just as the Pilgrim viewed it in those early days of struggle.

The Pilgrim anticipated Haussmann's plan to control Paris by planting cannon at street intersections. Four bastions pierced the palisade, one of the three gateways of which led to the Nemasket or Middleborough path, another to the Bay Colony, yet another towards the sea, while a fourth had no outlet. Strange as it now may seem, even England had public highways leading to Scotland and toward Ireland, France, and Holland, foundationed with the

same dirt material, for as yet, excepting fragments of Roman highways, paved roads in Great Britain were unknown. Neither the Anglo-Saxon nor Norman races were famous for either roads or bridges. Rome in her military and civil conquests was not imitated. Macadam was not born, nor was it thought that his name would ever mean broken stone, as road material, or that the Greek termination "ize" would be added to his Scotch patronymic as a synonym of well "metalled" roads. Not until 1756 did this "restorer of paths to dwell in" see the light. Not until the nineteenth century were there, as a rule, in modern countries, paved public roads of length, nor, except Philadelphia—the first city in America with paved streets—from the beginning, did even the large towns know cobblestone. The paving of Stone Street in New York came later.

Thus reads the oldest history of the times describing the Fort Church:

"This somer they builte a forte with good timber, both strong and comly, which was of good defence, made with a flat rofe and batilments, on which their ordinance were mounted, and wher they kepte constant watch, espesially in time of danger. It served them alldso for a meeting house."

Seven log cabins, which in time increased to thirty-one—eight of this number in the original Leyden street settlement soon thoroughly palisaded—lined what was primarily known as "The Streete." Later this thoroughfare was called after the City of St. Peter in the Dutch Republic, but it held its initial name until about 1804. Then a sense of justice to the sacred memory of the past caused Pilgrim descendants to do what their ancestors should have done, when they staked out those first log cabins. They took for the namesake of that first street in the Olde Colony, even as it is today, Leyden street. In the memory of living men, the beautiful city of Hartford, in giving Dutch names to some of the newer streets, followed the Pilgrim precedent, and honored both truth and history.

In the routine of living, we note that a special Thanks-



THE HOME ACROSS THE SEA.

giving day was appointed in praise to the Lord, when rain, after a six weeks' brazen sky, saturated parched cornfields and filled corncribs. This was a most welcome answer to a mid-week day of fasting, including nine hours of prayer and supplication to the Throne. Nevertheless, the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving Day was not what is our national November festival day. That of 1621 had no religious significance, for the Separatists stoutly maintained in practice that the only sacred day to be commonly observed was the one and the only one commanded in the Bible, "the Sabbath." In their view every day was equally sacred.

Hobomok, asking the reason for these extra and prolonged devotions on the Sabbath and on special days of prayer, when enlightened, watched with other Indians, "wearying the heavens with beseeching looks" and marveled "mightily at the astounding result." The weekly gathering, with cessation of all labor, seemed a visible demonstration of the white man's close friendship with the Great Spirit, and farther increased the awe of the red man towards his white



neighbor. Hobomok knew that the souls of the Pilgrims had for weeks vibrated 'twixt hope and fear. They had planted extensively and the early spring promise of a generous crop was nearly ruined by the blasting heat. While facing possible—even probable—failure of a third planting, a half-matured plan had been evolved to forsake Plymouth and build houses nearer mountains that condensed the clouds and gave rain. The sequel of the prayer day decided the question, and the idea of removal passed out of mind. In his theology the Indian was not so far from normal, since the oldest Biblical name for Deity means the Giver of Rain.

Even in the third year of their occupation of the soil, the Pilgrims had only twenty-six acres under cultivation but these were utilized to the last square inch. No tares choked their corn. Besides this they ploughed that raging main again and again to capture the "Cape Cod turkey" that dwelt beneath the wave. With persistent zeal the fishermen, as they gained skill, also drove the black fish whale ashore, an easier task than that of winning "bread out of the earth" by laboriously swinging the mattock and struggling with nature's wildness.

Thomas Weston, a veritable Nemesis to the colony, whether in "Olde" or "Newe" England, having been an iron-monger in London, now disguised himself as a blacksmith and landed in Plymouth from a fishing-smack, mingling with the villagers as one unknown. With several companions, he sailed for Weymouth, to view the destruction of his settlement which he learned of in closer detail from the Pilgrims. Wrecked later near the Merrimac, harried and stripped by Indians of his belongings, including the clothes on his back, he was furnished with raiment through kind-hearted settlers at Portsmouth. Like the proverbial bad penny, Weston turned up again in Plymouth, but the Colonists, forgiving, if not forgetting his ruthless and dishonorable treatment at Southampton, obeyed again the law of God and the Master, who had given them an example.

Revenge was no part of the Pilgrim code of either mind or conduct; they nursed no grudges, but when even an enemy was down and out, they heaped "coals of fire upon his head." With silvery tongue and sophistical argument, Weston, New England's first promotor, persuaded kind-hearted Governor Bradford to lend him for trading purposes, in the spirit of "auld lang syne" from one hundred to one hundred and eighty pounds sterling value in beaver skins, though these were sorely needed by the colony to forestall famine. The loan was made by Bradford, with the consent of some half-dozen advisers. This act, owing to subsequent non-payment and loss, proved the only one for which Bradford during nearly forty years of official life was ever criticized by the rank and file.

Weston's duplicity, as if dyed in the wool, was again emphasized when, having safely landed the beaver skins on board his vessel, he loudly bragged that he would get the Plymouth leaders into trouble for exceeding their powers.

Communism for two years had a fair trial at Plymouth. The lazy shared equally with the industrious. Jamestown, Virginia, tried the scheme for two years. In 1623 the inevitable consequences caused Pilgrims to vote the substitution of personal responsibility for that method of raising revenue and drawing from a common stock. Quite naturally, all had proved swift drawers, and just as naturally an appreciable number slow providers. In the new plan each member of a family was assigned lands for planting instead of pursuing a community plan of cultivation. Communism—the argument against human nature—failed on the continent of America, as it had failed repeatedly in Asia, notably the China of the eleventh century, and even, so far as permanence was concerned, within the Christian church in its birth era.

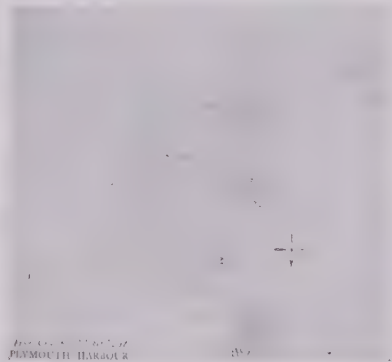
The following account of improved conditions shows that the seventeenth century mind philosophized and bar-

gained and bargained and philosophized on much the same plan as the twentieth.

"The women now wente willingly into the field and took their little ones with them to set corn, when before they would alledge weakness and



THE PILGRIM BUILDING HIS HABITATION.



MAP OF PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

inabilitie and whom to have compelled would have been thought a great tirinie and oppression."

"Those who had some to spare began to trade one with another for small things by ye quaret, potle, and peck, etc., for money they had none."

Self-interest increased cultivation, prudence in husbanding harvests, and insured well-filled granaries ever after. Character asserted itself even in figures and measures. After the famine year good living evidently aided high thinking. Lord Chatham's judgment, pronounced on the brain power of the Continental Congress, in which unity took the place of division and attractions overcame repulsions, in the interest of a higher evolution, was not far astray, even to the present hour.

Life in the wilderness, away from haunts of men, was no guarantee against some of the myriad annoyances that weaken and even throttle civilization. In September, Robert Gorges, that astute politician-promotor and investor, bound for deserted Weymouth, appeared on the vessel Paragon with new settlers. Gorges brought a formidable



A PILGRIM CARPENTER APPRENTICE.

document issued to him by the Council of New England on account of the charter so strenuously fostered by his father, appointing him Governor-General of its entire holdings. His associates were Admiral West, Christopher Levitt, Governor Bradford and such others as Gorges himself might choose to select as his assistants. Gorges went on to Plymouth, where he remained two weeks, to the grave apprehension of Separatists. These Free Churchmen, in secret conference in shop, living-room, and on street corner, anxiously awaited the outcome of this mysterious official visit.

The new governor as Overlord, did good work in arresting Weston, who chanced to sail into Plymouth Harbor, in his standby vessel, the thirty-ton *Swan*. In spite of Weston's previous glaringly insulting ingratitude, Governor Bradford twice generously obtained his release from Gorges' grip. In return the ungrateful Weston railed with biting sarcasm at his liberator. Gorges, smarting under Weston's unjust, irregular and careless administration of the interests of Weymouth Plantation, reversed Bradford's lenient policy as well as his own. He kept his insubordinate subordinate in Weymouth jail all winter, and in the spring shipped this unappreciative, untrustworthy man to Virginia. From this vantage-point at every opportunity, even to the end of his days, Weston lashed Pilgrims in "Olde" and "Newe" England and in Holland, with his never-resting tongue.





LOG CABIN WITH PROTECTING PALISADES.

Rough life on these frontiers of civilization did not agree with Robert Gorges, and he soon returned to comparatively luxurious England. Whether or not his report of conditions deterred the appointment of a successor is unknown. At all events the cloud passed, and it was sixty years before another governor-general was placed over Plymouth colony. Meantime, colonists, though growing slowly in numbers, under self-government waxed strong and assertive. Probably with mirth as well as delight, Bradford noted how handsomely consecrated manhood, industry and life prevailed over red tape, wax parchment, absenteeism and circumlocution.

There came with Robert Gorges—surreptitiously sent by the Council of New England—the Reverend Mr. Morrell, a clergyman of the Established Church, with power to control public worship. Whether he admired the Pilgrim fibre too much to attempt proselyting, or avoided testing weapons with so strenuous a people, history makes no record. The fact remains, however, that although Morrell tarried nearly a year it was not until some twelve months after his departure (one authority states he showed his true colors just prior to sailing) that colonists were aware of their own growth in character and attainments.

They realized that the elements which had driven them to leave the land of their fathers and even in some cases to sacrifice their entire worldly possessions for principle had kept pace with their wanderings. With some of the Particulars the desire for ease and the fleshpots of Egypt was as a smoldering spark, which, barring the smothering hand of the Lord, might have burst at any moment into a devouring flame. The Reverend Mr. Morrell's chief record of his visit to Plymouth is embodied in a Latin poem which he published in England and in various anthropological studies, at close range, of the American Indian, that rare and interesting product to the European eye and mind.

Another member of the ubiquitous Gorges family came to the surface some thirteen years later, in the person of William Gorges, probably a nephew of the old baronet, who settled at Agamenticus (York), Maine, in which the Pilgrims at one time had considerable holdings. Maine was sold to Massachusetts by young William Gorges, on May 1, 1677, for twelve hundred and fifty pounds, settling an ownership dispute with the Crown, it having been granted by Charles II to his brother, the Duke of York, in 1669. Later, outwitted royalty in several harassing directions vented its spleen on the Puritan purchasers. The impenetrable forests, rock-strewn rapids, long winters, and short summers of this region had attracted settlers so slowly that in 1686 the colony, including Nova Scotia, finding economic progress a thankless, disheartening and difficult task, came under the protection of Massachusetts. This transaction was confirmed in 1691. By the treaty of 1783 Nova Scotia was relinquished and boundaries were definitely settled. It was a century ago that Maine became a sovereign State of the Union.

Wickedness as well as goodness was illustrated intensively at Plymouth. An attempt to burn the town was made as early as November, 1623. Drunken sailors from the ships *Paragon* and *Swan* were overheard planning this

crime. Before the flames were quenched, four houses had gone up in smoke, and the most important building, the community storehouse, was partially destroyed. In the same year, two futile attempts were made by Indians, professedly friendly but thoroughly treacherous, to assassinate Myles Standish, the chief military man of the colony. Once it was Barnstable Indians and again a Nauset brave at Sandwich, who craved the greatest honor that could come to bad Indians of that day. Possibly, like the "youth that fired the Ephesian dome," and the assassin of Lincoln who imitated the classic incendiary, these amateurs so "careless with fire" hoped to win abiding fame.

At another time the forty Particulars fomented discord by complaint to London stockholders abroad and connivance among themselves at home in Patuxet (Plymouth). Evidently, there was a deliberate plot on the part of some of the English underwriters to force the Separatists back into the Established Church through disruption. Those across the sea would tear every vestige of Nonconformity from the Pilgrim community, the details of the plotting to be worked out on the spot by the Particulars.

The Reverend John Robinson had frequently written to Elder Brewster that objections continued to be made to his own embarkation or that of any more Leyden Church members to New England. Thus some of the merchants and investors who traded passage money for seven years of Pilgrim servitude, harassed and undermined the Pilgrim and blocked reinforcements of the faith at every opportunity, endeavoring to nullify all efforts of their protégés to obtain freedom from the galling yoke of English Conformity. In a word, Free Churchmanship had to fight long and hard for its life.

Though land apportioned to the Particulars was untaxed and these newcomers were exempt from town service, they were barred from drawing from the common store for their own use. The settlement tax levied on each one

of the new emigrants was one bushel of corn a year. This was cheap guardianship, since it insured protection from the Indian menace, as well as from that rowdyism and licentiousness which to man's discredit ever comes to the surface as tokens of the human tendency to revert to lower levels of living. Not only did the Particulars call their benefactors "Brownists," but, looking askance, resurrected that old misnomer, "the pinched fanatics of the Mayflower." Yet the Pilgrims had ever before them in Holy Writ the warning proverb about the dog that remains a dog and the washed sow that loves best her own wallowing, and this without any modern phases of the doctrine of evolution. They believed, for their cheer, in the potency of progress and also in their possibilities of reversion. Hence their forfeiture of the things behind and their noble pressing on to the things before—most happily for our inheritance and glorious advantage.

The colony now was sufficiently large to require a statute book. The first entry therein loudly clangs the tocsin of liberty. It states that

"the Citizens of the New England Colony as free subjects of England, are entitled to enact as follows: that no imposition, law or ordinance be made or imposed upon or by ourselves or others at present or to come, but such as shall be made or imposed by consent according to the free liberties of the state and kingdom of England and not otherwise."

These were noble echoes of the Netherland document, the Great Privilege of 1477 with which in Leyden the Pilgrim Fathers were familiar—"no taxation without consent"—which later in 1770 took the verbal form of "Taxation and Representation are Inseparable," against the contrary of which Americans went to war, protesting, in the Revolution. This principle, established by Americans in 1783 and by the British in 1830 is now rapidly becoming the basis of all civilization.





THE LOOKOUT

GUARDING WORKERS.



IN SOLEMN MOOD THEY STRODE TO MEETING.

IN TOUCH WITH THE SERVICE  
ALTHOUGH OUT IN THE COLD

STANDISH EXPLORING  
BOSTON HARBOR.

Plymouth became the parent in the New World of another firstling, as shown in trial by jury.

"It was ordained 17/27 day of Desemb. Anno. 1623 by the Court; who held; that all crimynall facts; and also all matters of Trespasses; and debts between man and men should, be tried by the verdict of twelve Honest men, to be Impanled by Authorityty."

The "Big Four," leaders of the Plymouth colony, were busy men in these days, especially Governor Bradford, who apportioned the work for the day, such as making soap, felling trees, cutting clapboard (beer-barrel staves), etc., settling minor disputes, while active generally in the three-fold departments of government: legislative, executive and judicial—first differentiated by the prophet Isaiah, even before Aristotle.

Various descriptions have been handed down as to how the Sabbath Day was kept. This "day of rest and gladness" began Saturday at sunset and ended at sundown Sunday. There was no cooking. It was especially the day of cessation of all toil for women. The bustle of housekeeping became a calm. Beds were unmade and rooms left unswept. Morning and afternoon the drum beat for church. The line formed in front of Standish's house. In Sabbath garb the procession moved to the Fort Church. Following the military officer was the robed Governor, also the elder in his Geneva gown, flanked by the forceful Captain with his side arms. Next filed the people by twos and threes, all wearing the wide, white, purity collar and cuffs. Each man bore his matchlock and was ever alert and vigilant, for, in spite of Indian treaties and promises, eternal watchfulness and complete preparedness were vital to the existence of the colony. This included discipline and the keeping of all weapons of defence in prime order and in evidence on all occasions. The forest echoes were awakened and prowling savages became sober-minded when the white men were at target muster practice.

Fire flashes and loud reports told of courage, skill, and unrelaxed discipline. It was these precautions, backed by almost superhuman courage, that prevented the extermination of this little band of conscience-fed and Bible-reading colonists. Nothing less than the standard implied in the apostolic order of "Having done all, to stand," interspersed with occasional outbursts of hymnal praise to the Lord of Hosts, satisfied either Bradford, Brewster or Winslow.

The hours of service were none too long, when there were no newspapers, magazines, fashion plates, books, nor any public sports. It was not, however, until 1681, that the custom of lining the hymn was diplomatically started—rumor saith because some brother was unable to read. No need at first of giving out verse by verse when the Pilgrims lived in Holland, where in the public schools so much singing was practiced, and all young persons learned music. Before their eyes and ears in wholesome stimulus was the rivalry of Walloons and Huguenots, who sang Marat's Psalms so grandly. Congregational singing was known in France and the Netherlands long before it was common in England. The more closely we follow the path trod by the Pilgrims in Europe, the more we realize how essential to their development was the Holland sojourn. In their exile, congregationality prevailed. In later days, especially under Puritan influence, ministeriality was the feature, bringing on the "glacial era" so mourned over by nineteenth century critics. The strictures of Hawthorne and Charles Francis Adams reach almost the point of cynical contempt.

It is on record by one of Plymouth's residents that in seven years no one ever heard an oath or saw a drunken man. Nothing is said of the eighth year; or of the fair sex, but a hold-out for over twenty-five hundred consecutive sunrises and sunsets tested and proved the fibre of the people and well matched the diploma of reliability given by the Leyden authorities. With his face toward the sun-

rise, reaction from the old was the Pilgrim's banner thought. The Papist knelt when he talked with the Creator. "I will stand," said the Pilgrim, "nor will I say prayers over the dead." Hence no priest nor parson at the cemetery! The clods dropping on the coffin were the only sounds breaking the solemnity of the hour. When, under pressure from without, the change of custom came in 1685 over the corpse of the Reverend Adam of Dedham, the prayer intoned seemed a sacrilegious curse to mourning friends.

The old Puritans also believed in realism. The bier was left standing over the grave of the latest death victim, a telling monument to the uncertainty of life. When time or disease cut down another citizen, the bier was removed to a new location and the process repeated as the Harvester claimed his "forever and a day" tollage.

With all their apparently hard-lined, straight-laced living, the Pilgrims were very human. When trouble and death crashed into their homes they talked the vital happenings over in secret, with God and the bees.\* Then they went forth with heads erect and shoulders squared to meet issues that would have abjectly depressed or annihilated a less strenuous and conscientious race. They had their Gethsemanes, yea, even their Calvarys, but they marched forward feeling they were victors over Death and Hell.

It took generations to dull the noble desire of both Pilgrim and Puritan to read the Hebraic law in the original tongue. One finds Bradford in his Leyden days diligently studying that language unmatched for sublimity, pathos and virility of description. His object was, as he trenchantly tells us, to see with his own eyes the ancient oracles of God in their native beauty—a good example this

\*"And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on;  
'Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence;  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone."



to our weaklings in scholarship and our half-baked sermonizers!

Samuel Sewall, that stalwart of stalwart Puritans, born in Old England in 1652, who arrived in New England early in life, and died in 1730, carried this thought so intensely as to pray that his infant daughter "might be helped to speak the Jews' language, and forget that of Ashdod." Indeed rumor—we repeat, rumor—saith that certain enthusiasts among the Puritans seriously thought of supplanting the English language with Biblical Hebrew. As a matter of fact, some of the Separatists, more especially a few of the leaders, when in Amsterdam, split and separated farther on the question of using or discarding translations.

In addition to all this, these purists—well worthy of the name Puritan—carried their rage for purism, or reality, so far that, never at a loss to express themselves, they used lavishly hyperbole, sophistry, and sarcasm, plentifully sprinkled with Hebraic law to clinch their arguments. In all cases, they harked back to and laid their foundations on Holy Writ. With neither a Webster nor a Worcester to sanction spelling, "scrivening" was the recreation of many individuals. There was no academy or Royal Institute as yet, or National Institute of Arts and Letters. Quill, voice and brain were used strenuously in the search for reality, though the pathway to truth seemed often crooked and even whimsical.

The Pilgrims believed in long working hours. The rising bell clanged alarmingly at 4:30 A. M., and at 9 P. M. cheerfully knelled the curfew or "cover the fire." As at one time a single crude plough was all the settlement boasted, the morning star and the rising moon often found the Pilgrim gripping the plough handle that was the prophecy of corn. This cereal proved the foundation stone of vast import in the settlement of our country, furnishing a secure economic basis. In our day it has become a potent

factor in gaining a victory of emancipation for the human race in the World War of 1914. With this grain our people were fed at home, while the needed wheat went over sea to millions, not only while warring, but when later caught in that loom of destiny which for ages has ever marked the logic and succession of waste, desolation, famine, pestilence and bankruptcy, of which bloody strife is the beginning.

In the British Isles, prior to 1752, March 25 was New Year's Day. England, like the Russia of our remembrance, was ten or a dozen days behind the rest of Europe. When in the Dutch Republic, the Pilgrims used the continental or Gregorian calendar of 1582 while the rest of Europe made use of the Julian calendar. By the Gregorian calendar New Year's Day came on January 1. When the reform was made in England in 1752, there were serious popular riots. There being no general public school system for instruction of the masses in the matter, the ignorant people imagined they had lost eleven days out of their lives.

It was in 1624 that a law was passed fining an elected official of Plymouth who refused to serve, graft being unknown in those early days. Any suggestions flattening the Pilgrim's pocketbook was sure to cut off all intended resignations. This first executive council, consisting of the Governor, who received fifty pounds a year, and had five coadjutors, was the forerunner of our democratic form of government.

The necessity of an exchange medium was met at first by corn and even by bullets that passed as legal tender, and later by wampum, as a century or more of legislation shows in detail.

To appease the early cry for corn to barter, as well as to eat, more land was apportioned. Two hundred acres were divided among one hundred and eighty people. This act was, however, shadowed with a consciousness of breaking faith with the London stockholders, whose contract of

A Receipt from the  
Sic. Makand for  
20000 Larys.  
10000 Dollars.

Received from the honorable Thomas and Richard Penn Esq<sup>ts</sup> true and absolute Proprietors of Pensyl<sup>a</sup>.  
vania by the hands of the honorable Sir William Johnston  
Baronet the sum of ten thousand Dollars, being the  
full consideration of the Lands lately sold to them by  
the Indians of the six Nations at the late Treaty of  
Tobacco w<sup>ch</sup> we say received this Twenty Eighth  
day of July— Anno Domini 1769—for ourselves  
and the other Indians of the six Nations and their confederates  
and dependant Tribes for whom, we act and by whom  
we are appointed and empowered—

Witness present Not. MacLeod  
 Monday Day Testing Pat Dalry  
 Jacob J. Cook Justice

 Anahgogare



Orographon

 Onughehony

For the Cayuga Nation  
by the desire of the whole

Anagnodocka

Terrebonne

*Abram, for the Mohawks*



Universitäts- und Landesbibliothek Bonn

Jonathan Tazewell

Joseph Thagard, <sup>negro</sup>

James Suparowane

Lodowicke Aughlauntá

Joseph Tagahwaron.

*Sayumi*

control barred such division. It seemed to show a weak sense of responsibility for existing obligations. Moreover, it blocked intensive cultivation and encouraged a few farmer-slackers until 1627, when the seven-year-bounden period of obligation was to end—the debt to be paid, or their land holdings and personal belongings to be foreclosed and forfeited. “A pound of flesh” contract, was this, but the Pilgrims proposed to live up to the London deal in spirit if not in strict letter. The act of dividing additional land and giving the extra area of soil to thrift-driven colonists harmed no one on either side of the ocean, for it was not a sufficiently extensive division to interfere with conserved energy. It was simply an outcome of the dire necessity of supplying food directly through exchange, or of increased values to underfed if not famishing bodies. Strenuousness was the order of the day.

There is no record to prove one’s possible suspicion that, when it seemed darkest, some wondered why they had not joined the Walloon colony which under Dutch auspices was well located and comfortably housed and fed in the Hudson River valley. Some might have asked why the Pilgrims did not accept free transportation and cattle, avoid poverty and the heart-racking incubus of debt and rely on their proved individual prowess to withstand possible attack from fierce Hudson River Indians.

In the perspective of history, admiring the grit and sturdy independence of these people who were willing to pay the price of freedom, well may we say “All that ends well is well.” If, like Paul the Roman citizen, or the American Indian, they could not, as immigrants, boast that they were freeborn, but must, like the centurion say, “With a great sum obtained I this freedom,” they were, like Paul’s rescuer from the Jerusalem mob, as proud of their ransom from slavery of conscience as he was of his dignity as a Roman.

Rigid Puritans continued to control that London Board,



and would fain with non-radical English Separatists worship with and support the New Established Church—a church at this time radically changed to suit Puritan views, but still at heart the same Anglican Church of their fathers, allied with politics, persecutions, and intolerance. As much as ever it was an engine of government.

Against the wishes of both Winslow and Cushman, who were in England and strenuously objected to the arrangement, the Reverend John Lyford, a clergyman of the Anglican Establishment, with his wife and four children, was placed aboard the Charity by the English stockholders.

The breadth of the Pilgrim faith, as compared with that of the Puritan, is nowhere more clearly shown than in the treatment of this emissary—the agent of an ecclesiastical establishment allied with political government—who had been deliberately sent among them, in malice, to undermine their cherished beliefs. Lyford, the better to hide his covert purpose, hypocritically offered to renounce his ordination, and virtually become a full-fledged Separatist. To this the Pilgrims replied, thus proving their extreme fairness, “Neither we nor any of ours in the confession of their faith renounce or in one word contest with the Church of England.”

They differed as to forms of government, but not in the essentials or fundamentals of the Christian faith. In other words, where human ideas or forms dominated, the Separatists claimed equal right to think, determine, and act, but in the things of God, they bowed loyally to the Lord, appealing to the “law and testimony” as revealed in the Bible. Only one was their Master, even Christ, and all Christians were to those who followed Him, brethren, but in soul-life they called no man master. In their view, no church built on the New Testament idea could be “established” “by (human) law,” but only in hearts renewed by the Holy Spirit. To them their pastor, John Robinson, was as good a bishop, and with as authentic credentials, as any in the “Established” Church. In their view, a church could

not be made or ruled by a bishop, pope, or trading company, but only by redeemed souls. Theirs was "orthodoxy" not of an era, but for all time, and they showed their convictions, their charity, and their fraternity, by recognizing all mem-



Copyright by Charles Stedman Hanks. "Our Plymouth Forefathers."

#### THE TRIAL OF LYFORD.



SIGNING COMPACT IN CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

#### ANOTHER CONCEPT OF THE HISTORIC MAYFLOWER SIGNING.

bers of the Church of England as brothers in faith, but not in ecclesiastical politics.

Both Pilgrims and Puritans were religionists in a true sense, and though circumstances sometimes warped judgment, at heart both persistently labored for the welfare of

mankind, the formula "A church without a bishop; a state without a (resident) king," expressed the spirit of the forefathers.

The culmination of Lying Lyford's duplicity is shown in his hypocritical attitude, also in the frustration of Oldham's efforts to deliberately disrupt the colony by division. These men were the forerunners of the apostles of social discontent, so numerous, and yet forming altogether such a small minority in the United States, which is populated by over one hundred millions, a majority of whom in 1921 had American grandfathers.

Thus wrote Lying Lyford to the London promoters regarding his benefactors, trying to paralyze the hand that gave him bread:

"that ye church, as they called themselves, though ye smallest member in the Colony, deprived the majority of the means of salvation and poor souls were complaining of it with tears to him."

Confronted at the trial by his own letters intercepted in reprisal by Bradford from an outgoing vessel, the craft having been overtaken after she had left the harbor—even as the Conformist clergyman had opened Bradford's letters at Gravesend—Lyford, in the face of his sworn oath of fealty to the Pilgrims, was proved a veritable seventeenth century Benedict Arnold.

While this deceitful churchman sycophantly begged for mercy, Oldham, his traitorous partner in the disrupting scheme, stormed and defied the Pilgrims to do their worst. This they proceeded quietly, but firmly, to do. Oldham had previously been obstreperous, refusing to stand guard as sentry. This duty was one born of dire necessity, and to shirk it was in Pilgrim eyes a heinous offence. He was "a dumb dog on the walls of Zion." He also committed the inexcusable military crime of calling the captain "Myles,"



*After the painting by George H. Boughton.*

THE HESTER PRYNNE (ELIZABETH PAYNE) OF PLYMOUTH.

and spoke of Standish as "a beggarly rascal." It appears that Lyford's own wife did not give him a first-class rating for morality. Rumor saith that, beneath the dust of time if one should dig deeply enough, there can be found record of a Hester Prynne (Elizabeth Payne) in Plymouth. It would be an unearthly community, if the sin of the race did not at times overleap barriers, even amid pure-minded Pilgrims, who, it is recorded, did not hesitate to peer, pry, and prate, as well as pray, for they were human all.

In the shakeup, Oldham and Lyford departed for Hull and Nantasket. Lyford was given six months to move his family, but he continued his scheme of returning evil for good by again writing libelous statements to England, of which copies were obtained for Governor Bradford. After expulsion, Oldham returned to Plymouth within the year 1625. With insulting braggadocio he met the colonists, but was made to run the gauntlet by his own neighbors as he, well paddled by musket butts, hastened to reach his vessel.

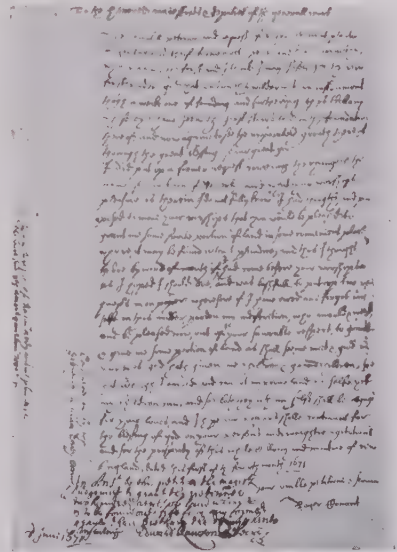


This community thrashing was accompanied by the command "Go and mende your manners."

Later, a storm at sea brought the bully to a state of contrition, and the forgiving spirit of the Pilgrim permitted his return. In a weapon-controversy with Indians his life went out—a fitting end to a turbulent fellow. Leaving Nantasket, Lyford and Roger Conant—the latter a reliable and desirable Separatist—settled in Gloucester on Cape Ann, Conant becoming governor of the little company. Lyford later ended his days in Virginia.

Engrossed in thumping recalcitrant Oldham, the indignant Pilgrims did not notice the arrival of the Jacob, until she was close to land, bringing Winslow, from another special trip to England, with word from disaffected stockholders that they contemplated withdrawing from the contract. Whereupon, under Winslow's advice and direction, the Pilgrims at once began to formulate plans to forestall foreclosures and liquidate their debt. By this prompt action they effectually blocked the tendency among many to stop planting trees, building fences, and making other permanent improvements for fear of ultimately losing their little property.

Antipodally different from such characters as Lyford and Oldham was the Reverend John White. Persistent as well as sagacious, he not only sponsored a new charter, but so handled his associates as to aid notably in starting that staunch Puritan, John Endecott, to settle Salem with fifty or sixty Puritan followers. In the succeeding year, 1629,



LETTER OF GOVERNOR ROGER CONANT.

joining the Salem colony, came the Reverends Higginson, Skelton, and Bright, with upward of two hundred colonists. These preceded Winthrop's mightier undertaking in 1630, in the main fruitage from seed sown on the rocky shores of Cape Ann by that enthusiastic Nonconformist minister, John White.

The Sons of the Sea who rendezvoused all along the shores from the Newfoundland Fishing Banks to Cape Ann, as is the wont of sailors, were generous to a fault. They kept in close touch with Plymouth, and in times of famine gave freely, without money and without price from their scanty store, to keep the Pilgrim soul within its tabernacle.

Among wiseacres the Council of New England was now derisively considered a dead letter or a "dead carcass," as dubbed by that imperious, impetuous, and as some believe, man with fair pretexts but ulterior schemes, Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The land division at Greenwich allowed Winslow and Cushman to purchase from Lord Sheffield for Plymouth colony those five hundred acres on Cape Ann. Puritans also obtained tracts of land from different owners, and looked askance at the Pilgrims. These they still occasionally called Brownists, the slur being both home and bone-bred in some Puritan minds. Among these and the prelates and ritualists, neither Browne, the Pilgrims, nor the other Separatists were ever forgiven for leaving England and their autocracy and going into the Dutch Republic, where the full freedom of conscience accorded to all men, including the Jewish race, was a constant rebuke to Anglican bigotry, just as for centuries later this asylum and training-place for the education of Whigs was hated by the Tories.

At this time in colonial history, the flesh of poultry, goats, and swine, with occasionally bear meat varied a diet of fish and clams, which had furnished their main food supply during early hardships and deprivations

Hardly had the Pilgrim obtained precarious footing, in 1622, when the iron heel of James I, the opinionated fat



Perhaps in sharp contrast with Cape Cod, the very stability of Cape Ann, an impregnable, God-made Rock of Gibraltar, enticed the Pilgrims to part with hard-earned coin to purchase the five hundred acres at Stage Rocks (now in Gloucester). In Captain John Smith's picturesque naming, after his Turkish flame, Tragabigzanda, the headland, jutting well out to sea north of Pilgrim Land was so called.

The Pilgrims were keenly interested in the nomadic fishing fleets harboring and coasting along the Maine and Newfoundland shores. "When they make harbor, religious instruction must be given those fishermen, whose kirkless homes are on the high seas," said the Reverend John White, of Dorsetshire. Cape Ann seemed the ground most available for the venture. Even as over two centuries later the Reverend Father Taylor, of Boston's Seamen's Bethel, ministered to the seafaring man on this same Cape Ann, so did the Reverend John White's colony look after the fishermen's souls. Older than Boston was that settlement on Gloucester's rock-ribbed coast.

In 1623 fourteen men were set ashore at Cape Ann and started the good work. Five ships came later and the settlement grew until partially disrupted by the conflict of Hewes and Myles Standish over the Sheffield patent which covered the Cape Ann holdings purchased by Winslow and Cushman. Governor Conant, who had charge of the colony and acted the part of peacemaker between Standish and Hewes, later decided to leave for Beverly—settling for a time at Naumkeag (Salem), again returning to Beverly, a part of Salem, at the age of eighty, to pass his declining days in that old town.

Memorial Day is an anniversary of sadness for fishing towns in the Bay State. Then the yearly death-list of the watery waste is counted and brought to memory. Churches are thrown open for service, and orphans in their bereaved childhood scatter flowers o'er the waves in memory of the hundreds of brave men whom the fog, storm-lashed billow,





THE NARRAGANSETT CAMPAIGN.

or the swift ocean liner by collision have doomed to death while these food-providers were fishing on the Newfoundland banks.\* Driving spray and winds often heeled the fisher craft to her free-board. A subject of dramatic interest to the painter is that of Roger Conant stopping an impending battle between the forces of Hewes' barrel-intrenched defenders and Captain Standish's in-the-open-warriors ready to assault the impromptu fragile breastworks. The captain's trip to Cape Ann from Plymouth was in the recently arrived Jacob, here seen anchored in the offing.

In this same town of Salem, in the main for fishermen's children, Joanna Prince started the first Sunday School in America in 1810.

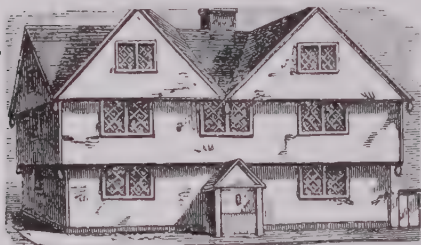
The dwelling, called the Planter's House, in which Governor Conant lived, built at Cape Ann on Plymouth property, was later taken down and moved, when the fishing post was abandoned by the Pilgrims, this being the first house-moving of record in the New Land.

This Cape Ann domicile of Governor Conant, owned

\*A half-score of the author's blood relatives living on Cape Ann thus were plunged into the depths off the Newfoundland and St. George's banks.

by the Pilgrims, became the "Faire House," from which the imperious Puritan Governor Endecott ruled his Salem colony with an iron hand.

In 1624 Winslow, in the vessel *Charity*, imported to Ply-



THE "PLANTERS HOUSE."



© Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FISHERMEN OF CAPE ANN.

mouth the first cattle, a bull and three heifers, including the coddled and storied "Raghorn," to the great joy of all the colonists. The cattle in a few years proved a precious boon to tillers of the soil, though their late arrival in fact disturbs the attractive picture of the poetic bridal cavalcade. Longfellow's presentation of the theme was evidently drawn from imagination, not from record or chronology.\*

The outstanding features in both the courtship and the wedding of

John Alden with Priscilla Mullins, as versed by Longfellow, were gathered from tradition before Governor Bradford's "History of Plimouth Plantation" was discovered, in 1846, and recovered later. This precious document set the facts in their true perspective, after its disappearance for full threescore years and ten. Its recovery marked a charming episode in international brotherhood. This relic of Pilgrim days, which came back home in 1897, can be seen and reverently handled in the State House in Boston.

Horses in Plymouth were at first unknown. It was

\*Possibly the cue was taken from the Reverend William Blaxton's proclivity for riding a bull across Tri-Mountain peninsula.

not until 1644, a year after consolidation, that one finds any mention of these friends and fellow workers with man. Well-to-do Samuel Hopkins gives us the clue in being taxed for his mare.

The shipwright and salt-maker, who came out to the New World to fill a "long-felt want," proved failures. The

*Wymab ~ H Walford*

shipwright died after building two shallops, one small vessel, and setting up a ship on the stocks. The salt-maker, lacking Pilgrim grit, showed the white feather and drifted away.

Weymouth (Wessagusset), that town edging Monatiquot Brook, was regarded by the Pilgrim as the Bad Town, as the Jews considered Nazareth, yet good came out of it. In

*with Blaxton*

*Samuel Mavericke*

1625 a trio of its pioneer sojourners—a fraction of those scattered "Olde settlers," as they were called, to distinguish them from later arriving Puritans—settled near the future Boston under the patent of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. They were Thomas Walford at Charlestown (Mushawum), William Blaxton, and Samuel Mavericke. The first was a blacksmith

*Ferd: Gorges*

with Episcopalian tendencies; the second was the High Church ecclesiastical recluse who raised his roof-tree on Boston's peninsula, Shawmut, near what is now Louisburg Square. The land which later included Boston Common was part of his sale to the Puritans. Blaxton lent the dignity

of the cloth to his ride on a bull through the berry paths that criss-crossed Trimountain. The third was a wealthy young churchman, who built that first moated house-fort on Noddle's Island (East Boston). He lived there with his vassals like a feudal lord and was ranked high for hospitality and luxury with visiting English gentry and other Europeans of the upper class. Mavericke was later appointed to a co-commissionership, with Childs and Vassal, in that Tory attempt to force a viceroy over the Bay and Plymouth colonies. The scheme was frustrated by the diplomatic Edward Winslow of Plymouth through a special journey to England made for that purpose. A street and Congregational church in South Boston are named after this man of colonial prominence.

The Walloons, or French-speaking Belgians, with their wives and children, were the first true settlers of New Netherland. This new province of the Dutch Republic, when organized as a civil government, was named New Belgium (Nova Belgica). The pious Walloon pioneers, being Pilgrims, had the usual experiences of settling in the wilderness among savage tribes, and of replenishing and subduing the earth. As fellow colonists, they sent Christian greetings to the Pilgrims at Plymouth. The Dutch Republic and England were still allies in the war against Spain, and the settlers of the future four Middle States were under the patronage of the West India Company at Manhattan. They now suggested, through Isaac de Rasières, secretary, in a letter to Governor Bradford, written in 1627, that they would "like to trade for mutual advantage and profits." Governor Bradford replied in terms of Christian fraternity and for the Pilgrim Englishmen, as allies in the cause against Spain—then the political tool of the papacy. Governor Bradford wrote one of the fairest pages in American history in his grateful and graceful acknowledgment of the way the Dutch while they were in the Republic had treated the Pilgrims, thus foreshadowing the national unity of forty-eight states and the





composite nature of ancestry and present population, whose harmony even though not yet perfect, surprises the world. Thus wrote Governor Bradford to the New Netherlanders:

"Now, foreasmuch as this is sufficiente to unite us together in love and good neighbourhood in all our dealings, yet are many of us further obliged by the good and curteous entreaty which we have found in your countrie, haveing lived ther many years with freedome and good contente, as also many of our friends doe to this day, for which we and our children after us are bound to be thankfull to your Nation, and shall never forgett ye same, but shall hartily desire you good and prosperity as our owne forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

and so we humbly pray the Lord for his mercie sake that He will take both us and you into His keeping & gracious protection

By Gover & Counsell of New-Plimouth, Your Worshippes very good friends and neighbours, &c.

New Plim

March 19 —."

Nevertheless, business is business, and Bradford as Governor distinctly warned the Dutch in their own language, which he spoke and wrote fluently, as follows: "Do not trade with our Indians, the Narragansetts, and those about Buzzard's Bay." He intimated that the colonists would defend their trading rights in Connecticut and elsewhere.

That conference at Plymouth was happy and fruitful in results. It settled possible disagreements. The treaty, made between two progressive neighbors for many years, did good service.

This meeting between the Pilgrims and New Netherlanders was heralded by trumpets, as the Dutch Ambassador marched into Plymouth, having landed in the neighborhood of Buzzard's Bay and sent to the Pilgrims for water conveyance. As trumpets were the means of communication (now monopolized by heliostats, wig-wagging, the telegraph, telephone, and wireless aerograms), and kings and emperors made use of them, so the Republicans, in the land of public schools, free printing, and liberty of conscience, appropriated

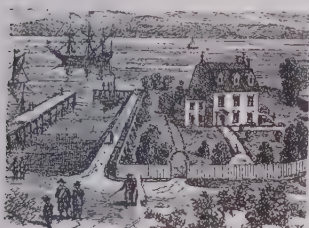


NEW YORK CITY IN LEADING STRINGS.

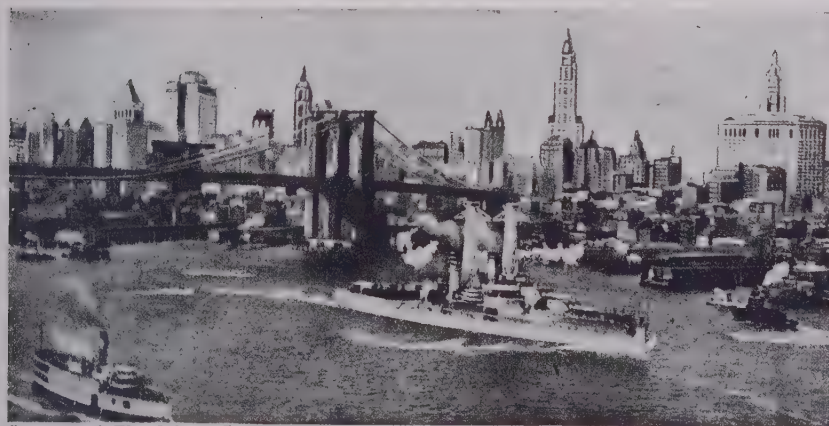


DE RASIÈRES SAILING OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR TO VISIT THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH WHERE HE CLOSED THAT FAMOUS TREATY WITH THE DUTCH.

PETER MINUIT, GOVERNOR AND CHURCH ELDER, BUYING MANHATTAN ISLE FOR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS.



NEW YORK CITY GROWING.



Courtesy of The Osborn Co.

NEW YORK CITY GROWN.



to themselves all that courts and thrones, with despotism over conscience, had claimed as their divine right. Hence the ceremonies, brilliant uniforms, "complimental titles" and trumpets of the Dutch, contrasting with the simplicity of the Pilgrims! This use of high-sounding titles and apparent but not real flattery meant no more on the soil of America than in Holland, where it was common custom. For the Dutch to have acted differently on this occasion would have been impolite. These titles are like our epistolary phrases, "My dear," "Your obedient servant," etc., etc.\*

In a word, here on American soil both parties acted according to the code of morals and manners to which they had been accustomed, and here, unconsciously, both by Dutch and English, was enacted in miniature the future pageant of freedom in the United States—diversity of taste and desire, with mutual respect and with a national unity that wins the world's admiration. This letter from Governor Minuit to Governor Bradford was written in both French and Dutch, the language of the exiled Walloons and that of the land of their refuge, the Republic. Bradford's reply was in Dutch. We are indebted to this same Isaac de Rasières for the evidently unbiassed reportorial description, previously referred to, of the Pilgrim Fathers, as he studied them during that memorable visit in 1627. He pictures in words their method of worshipping God in their sanctuary of wood. De Rasières' letter was sent to Herr Blomaert, one of the directors of the West India Company. The original was re-read in Holland exactly two hundred and twenty years after this Walloon gentleman and scholar, Isaac de Rasières, had posted it to his Dutch superior.

"They assemble by beat of drums, each with his musket and firelock, in front of the captain's door. They have their cloaks on, and place

\*"Noble, wise, and prudent Lords, the Governor and Counsellors residing in New Plymouth, our very dear friend. The Directors and Counsell of New Netherland wish to your lordships wonderful, wise, and prudent happiness in Christ Jesus our Lord, with prosperity and health to soul and body."





themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his long cloak on, and on the left hand the captain, with his side arms, and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are continually on their guard night and day.”

Possibly this verbal picture of Isaac de Rasières, from which George H. Boughton made his classic painting, which showed the martial side of the Pilgrim, together with the firm business stand of Governor Bradford, may have had something to do with modifying the Dutch claim—founded on the discoveries and mapping of Henry Hudson and Adrian Block—that New Netherland extended from the Delaware to the Connecticut river. It may even have proved an element of success for the English in later treaties.

At any rate, some candid, far-seeing Dutchman later coined the time-worn but expressive saying that they feared being obliged “to eat oats from the Englishman’s hand.” The saying most probably became general when, in a time of profound peace and after lying to the Dutch ambassador, Charles II of England most treacherously sent two heavily armed frigates loaded with soldiers to capture New Amsterdam.

Governor Peter Stuyvesant, thirty-seven years after the welcoming letter of Governor Peter Minuit, is popularly supposed to have dashed to the ground Colonel Richard Nichols’ letter, demanding the capitulation of New Amsterdam, and is so pictured. He reluctantly “ate the oats,” which at first evidently left a decidedly brownish taste in his mouth, though to the end of his days he was on very friendly terms with Colonel Nichols, the gentlemanly and just representative of the Merry Monarch. Stuyvesant’s successor at once renamed the town after his ducal master, who in 1685 mounted the throne as James II—a monarch whom the English later drove out of the land. This last one of the Stuart dynasty proved a bitter hater as well as virile actor.



THE MILLSTONES UNDER THAT FIRST HOUSE OF WORSHIP IN NEW NETHERLAND. THE FIRST CHURCH IN NEW YORK WAS BUILT OF WOOD AND WAS LOCATED ON THE SITE OF 33 PEARL STREET.

OVER THREE CENTURIES AGO, FOLKLORE RECORDS STATE, THESE FOUR MILLSTONES SOUNDED THEIR GRINDING MESSAGE OF LIFE TO THE STARVING, AND POSSIBLY AT TIMES DISTURBED SERVICES HELD IN THE HORSE-MILL LOFT BY THE FIRST DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA. THE MAYFLOWER DESCENDANT, WHO FOR YEARS HAS LOOKED UPON THE LITTLE SQUARE IN PLYMOUTH AS THE SITE OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN AMERICA, IS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT THE FIRST REGULARLY ORGANIZED CHURCH IS KNOWN AS THE COLLEGIATE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH OF NEW YORK CITY. THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH WAS WITHOUT AN ORDAINED PASTOR FOR FULL TEN YEARS, AND CONSIDERED ITSELF ANNEXED TO AND BUT AN OFFSHOOT OF THE LEYDEN CHURCH.

Three hundred and twenty Englishmen who did not think his way were executed.

Nearly one-half of the New Netherlanders, preferring Republican to kingly rule, and full freedom of conscience, declined to live under English governors and returned to their homeland. One of the first acts of an English governor of New York was to abolish the free public schools established by the Dutch and to attempt the "establishment" of religion, though in only four out of the ten counties of New York was "the church" established. The ineradicable ideas of the Dutch in the matter of free public schools and the toleration of religion were the chief obstacles in the plan of joining the church to politics and of fettering the growth of liberalism. On reaching statehood, New York was the first of all the thirteen States to fix in its fundamental law absolute liberty of conscience—thus following the precedent of the Dutch Republic, wherein Bradford declared was "freedom of religion for all men."

When de Rasières set sail from New Amsterdam for Plymouth at the command of Governor Minuit to negotiate a treaty with the Pilgrims, he and his companions, could they have looked three centuries ahead, would have seen the present Empire City of the Western Hemisphere in all its glory, rising like a tale of the Arabian Nights from the shore front of Manhattan Isle. They would have seen a federal union of forty-eight states in harmony, which Dutch and Huguenots had so large a part in forming, and which had adopted in substance the striped flag and every one of the principles and federal features of the Dutch Republic—with improvements. Perhaps they would have appreciated, more than they did in 1627, the real fibre of the people they met amid the sand dunes of Cape Cod.

Stuyvesant's surrender was freighted with far-reaching possibilities. It opened the greatest sea-gate of the American continent to the British people and handed over to them the key that on its eastern shore unlocked the treasures of all





THESE THREE TABLETS, ERECTED IN THE MIDDLE CHURCH AT SECOND AVENUE AND SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

THESE STATE IN DETAIL THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH IN A.D. 1628, AND GIVE DUE HONOR TO THE FIRST COLONIAL GOVERNOR AND CHURCH ELDER, PETER MINUIT. (MENEWEE.)

THE SECOND TABLET MEMORIALIZES THOSE FIRST ADVANCE DOERS OF GOOD TO THEIR FELLOWS, THE "KRANKBEZOECKERS," OR VISITORS OF THE SICK, NAMELY, SEBASTIAN JANSSEN KROL (OR CROL) AND JAN HUYCK. THAT WINTER KROL WAS SNOWED IN UP THE HUDSON AND WITHOUT MEAT HE CONCOCTED A GREASE ABSORBER WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN EVER SINCE AS CRULLER.

THE THIRD TABLET STATES THAT EARLY IN 1628 CAME THAT FIRST ORDAINED DOMINE, JONAS MICHAELIUS, WHO AFTER A WIDE-WORLD EXPERIENCE, WHEN WELL PAST FIFTY YEARS OF AGE, LANDED WITH HIS WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN ON MANHATTAN ISLE TO ACCEPT THE PASTORATE OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN OUR LAND. DOMINE MICHAELIUS WAS SUCCEEDED IN HIS PASTORAL WORK IN 1633 BY THE REVEREND EVERARDUS BOGARDUS, WHO IN TURN WAS SUCCEEDED BY THE REVEREND JOHANNES BACKERUS, IN 1647.

North America. England lost no time in drawing out what she considered to be the wedge inserted at the Hudson by the Dutch. New England and Virginia were speedily united and remained so, barring that short period when the Dutch temporarily regained New York.

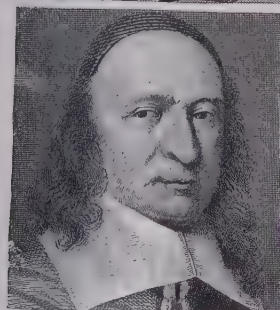
In 1624 Governor Peter Minuit followed out the mandate laid upon the West India Company by the States General of the Dutch Republic, that all lands occupied abroad *must* be paid for and the previous owners satisfied in cold, hard specie. Red cloth and brass trinkets bought Manhattan Island, today the most valuable piece of property on the continent, the Dutch merchandise being valued at twenty-four dollars. The cost was about one-sixth of a cent per acre.

This purchase of Indian lands for cloth, beads, and hatchets has been severely criticized. The first Dutch fur traders found axe heads, shovels, and most of the hardware bartered by Henry Hudson or his men worn as necklaces around aboriginal necks. The critic must remember, however, that there were millions and millions of acres of land lying fallow and that supply and demand regulate the price.\* The Indian had not, at first, any idea of permanent alien ownership or occupation. His motive in "selling" meant to him only joint occupation. This fact, so little understood by popular writers, lay at the root of many Indian massacres and wars. Only when proper ceremonies, with wampum, to take the place of seals, writing, and parchment, were observed, was such a thing as a "sale" of real estate even dimly understood by the red man. It took centuries to make the Indian comprehend that being "paid for" the soil on which his fathers had roamed and in which they were buried, meant to him loss forever.

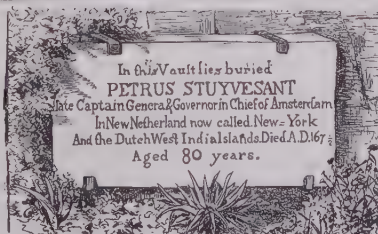
From the Dutch, who from the Iroquois had discovered the uses of wampum (wampum-peack or womponpague),

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\*It is of record that a white man, presumably of fair intellect, sold a quarter section of land for a wheelbarrow.



*J. Bayard*



JUDITH BAYARD WIFE OF PETER STUYVESANT AND THEIR HOME.



the Pilgrims learned the value of this Indian shell currency. The material was tedious to search for and required much labor to cut and drill, but, when wrought into wampum, possessed intrinsic, as well as decorative value.



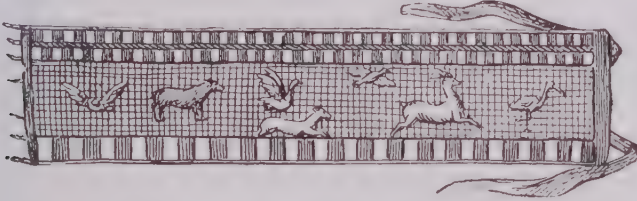
"HERE COME THE ENGLISH; RUN FOR YOUR LIVES,  
GIRL AND BOY!"

Wampum was one of the many gifts of the red to the white man. The unit was a string of beads extending from elbow to the little finger-tip, each bead an eighth of an inch in diameter and one-quarter of an inch long—purple beads having double the value of white. Long Island, the aboriginal name of which means the Island of Shells, was one mine of the raw material for these tokens of value. In exchange for salt, the Algonquins traded shells with the Iroquois who were agriculturists and on a much higher plane of civilization.

Though seeming in itself of small moment, wampum provided both white man and Indian with a circulating medium of easy use, light weight and little bulk. Scarcity of these shells curbed manufacture, and the competition of the white man, who with superior tools was able to excel in



rapidity of manufacture, made the industry in time obsolete. Schenectady, New York, was noted for its large output of wampum, for the canny Dutch set the skilled and nimble fingers of the squaws at work in liberal production.



WAMPUM IN STRINGS AND IN BELTS, USED AS MONEY.

In the year 1628, to balk the possible incendiary and criminally careless blunderer, the time-honored roofs of thatch were stripped from the cabins. As the day of shingles had not arrived, rough boards or planks replaced the vermin-sheltering, inflammable material which had been used for centuries for roofing by our English ancestors. It was in consequence of this fashion that some of their most important as well as haloed buildings, and many records, of inestimable value to their descendants, were claimed by the fire king, who in earth-cleansing ruthlessly destroys.

The fifty pounds of wampum brought by the Dutch to Plymouth lasted two years, after which the trading Indians of the coast used it as an exchange medium, and eagerly sought to obtain it. To both white and red man for a century and over a wide expanse of country it proved of great value, fluctuating little more than does our twentieth century currency.

New Netherland ideas and customs had considerable influence in modifying social life in New England. The Dutchman's idea of recreation, expanded in Holland, softened a trifle the Pilgrim's angularities, and he sometimes even played on holidays, like his Walloon and Dutch neighbors, though within rational limits, and with less abandon than characterized a genuine revel of Hollanders,

It is a curious fact, however, that the comparatively crude paintings of Dutch artists, showing convivial souls under the influence of lively music, dancing and flowing bowls, have had tenfold more popularity—among British



*Lossing.*

WALLOONS LANDING AT NEW  
AMSTERDAM.

folk particularly—and have even been multiplied in reproduction while the pictures of religion, worship, philanthropy, and charity, which were and are fully as characteristic of life in the Republic, are scarcely known outside the Netherlands. Oddly enough, Washington Irving's jokes,

fun, and caricatures have been taken as real history and everyday fact. Yet, even he tells us of Dutch thrift, cleanliness, honesty, piety, and of prim and trim houses often crowned with weather vanes, with abiding comfort within and proof of the love of flowers without, as well as of their sanded floors, stroked by the good dames in patterned beauty of rhomboid and circle with lustily handled broom. Dirt and Dutchmen are rarely found together.

Many forcible reasons prevented the rapid growth of Plymouth, the little settlement of cabins clinging to that sandy strip bordering the sea. First, London financiers blocked reinforcement of the Pilgrim numbers and faith by holding back as far as possible not only members of the Leyden church, but also by discouraging English emigration. In the second place, the Pilgrims themselves, recalling their unfortunate experience with the Reverend Lyford, and fearing repetition, with possible underminings of their faith, preferred a slower, more circumspect, and safer growth—in a word, by their own action retarding immigration. In 1627, a vital period to the Pilgrims, one finds after seven years but one hundred and fifty-six landholders.

Seldom did a progressive settlement grow so slowly as

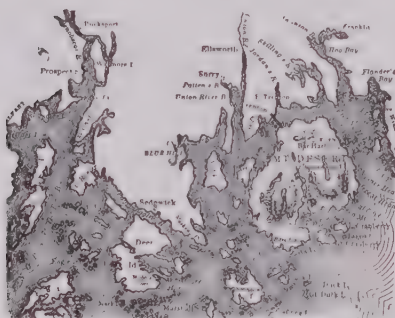
that of the Pilgrims. In some years the records imply one step forward and two backward. "To God the glory," was the purpose centering their lives. Plymouth's census taken during these dates numbered and classified the inhabitants of the town as follows:

1620	54	1646	79 voters	1783	2380
1642	180	1650	51 voters	1800	3524
1627	156 land owners.	1683	55 voters	1820	4348
1629	300	1689	75 voters	1840	5281
1631	400 to 500	1764	2225, including 48	1900	9592
1643	146 between the		Indians, 77	1910	12141
	ages of 16		colored slaves	1915	12926
	and 60.	1776	2655	1920	15000 (about)

That the Separatists of Plymouth had by 1628 more than made good was the word of triumph that echoed in English ears. Puritan England at heart knew that the opprobrious term "narrow bigoted Brownists" was an outrageous slander. God had fulfilled His "word," and the expression of it in joyous achievement was the Pilgrim idea.

The affluent Puritan, like the less wealthy Separatist or Pilgrim, held largely aloof from aggressive partisanship with the Indian against the white man, save in the two strictly Indian wars, that of the Pequot and King Philip. Such treatment of their fellow men as that shown by a small minority, but as dastardly as that used by the French and later by our Tory antagonists in the Revolution and by sectionalists in 1812, and later in our national wars was unknown. Frenchmen in all the early hostilities supplied their Indian allies with tomahawks and firearms, even gleefully gloating with the savages, of victory over tortured and dying English colonists; while it is beyond all controversy that during the Wyoming and Cherry Valley campaigns, the British government, through its agents, paid for American white men's scalps. The Pilgrim and Puritan "hoed their own rows" unassisted, and afterward drove off, mastered, enslaved, or annihilated their red enemies.

In 1627 Bradford and Winslow of Plymouth, and David Thomson, the Scotch fishmonger of London, who owned Thomson Island in Boston Harbor, and whose heirs, after strenuous years of litigation obtained possession in fee simple,



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MAP OF THE PENOBSCOT REGION.



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LIGHTHOUSES AT PENOBSCOT.

purchased the English trading-post on Monhegan Island in Maine for eight hundred pounds. Bradford and Winslow, going into the live stock business, bought all the goats on the island. These and similar trading transactions prove that the Pilgrims were learning how to make good financially. Presumably canny Scotch David, their partner in this latter enterprise, gladly gave money-making "pointers," which were as gladly received.

The Massachusetts Bay Company, struggling for life, in the almost defunct Council of New England, obtained a strip of land extending three miles north of the Merrimac, three miles south of the Charles, and supposed to stretch from sea to sea across the continent—at that time a desirable tract and today one of fabulous value. Those sixty colonists under Governor Endecott, sponsored by the Reverend John White of Dorsetshire who arrived that autumn at Conant's Naumkeag settlement, were reinforced by the Reverend Francis Higginson's company of some two hundred in July, 1629.

In 1627, the year the contract with the Undertakers expired, the Pilgrim debt amounted to eighteen hundred



pounds, or close to a present-day value of thirty-six thousand dollars. In a word, the Undertakers were all ready, but the corpse failed to meet the appointment. When Isaac Allerton asked for and returned with a legal extension, guaranteeing the payment of two hundred pounds per year, the colony thus confronted, solved this financial problem as follows:

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Isaac Allerton". The signature is written in a cursive style with large, flowing loops and a prominent initial "I".

They had the entire debt shouldered and the title temporarily taken by a Pilgrim group called the Eight Undertakers, thus another firstling—practically a receivership—came into existence, its members, Standish, Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, Allerton, Howland, Alden, and Prence, becoming the trustees of the material possessions of the fraternity. The two hundred pounds borrowed by Allerton bore interest at the common rate of thirty per cent. per annum.

Under this scheme, each of the one hundred and fifty-six householders, on January 18, 1628, received nine acres of land, five fronting on the Bay and four acres inland. It was planned to pay off the debt according to Winslow's thought, first expressed in 1625 and matured in 1627, namely, by the cultivation of the land thus held. This scheme of "Nine" acres enough was the forerunner of the small-farm project started in later times by a fervid American horticulturist and author. In this final transfer, all were made shareholders, whether church members or not. In time under this plan the debt-ridden Pilgrim reached the promised land of economic freedom.

In the new apportionment of the soil, each little frontier community in due course stood on its own feet, while closely bound to Plymouth settlement and its trading-posts. The Indian was in the main a wanderer, needing many hundred acres for his individual support. He brought to the cabins of settlers furs of varied sorts and values, and thus the

savage opened still wider the door to independence, through which Pilgrims finally strode forth free men. Meanwhile, the Pilgrims, individually and collectively, demonstrated the superiority of agriculture over hunting, showing this stage of human evolution as the higher; for from only a fraction of the land required by the one roaming savage, the white man's family could find food.

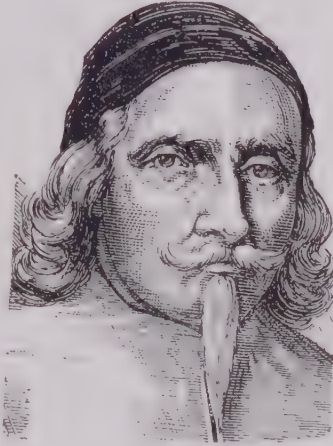
Those early settlers seem to have carried a "chip on the shoulder." When Conant found himself actually being deposed as governor of his little Naumkeag settlement, he was tempted to test squatter rights with Endecott and the sixty new arrivals, who were owners and bearers of patents officially signed and sealed. Better counsel however prevailed, and both colonists decided to stand shoulder to shoulder, like true Englishmen and "brothers tried" in the wilderness peopled with Indians and wild beasts. To emphasize this comradeship Naumkeag in the fulness of the hour of conciliation was given the Hebraic name "Salem," signifying peace. Was it coincidence that in the Indian tongue Naumkeag or Nahumkeik means "bosom of consolation?" With all the settlements, including the Pilgrim, the Jamestown, and Elder Blackwell's settlement in Virginia, the dead line was deeply marked and very visibly drawn. Massachusetts was no exception. The Grim Reaper richly harvested in 1628 in the fields of Salem Puritans governed by Endecott.

In 1630 Winthrop's settlements at Charlestown and Boston were alarmingly depleted by a death-rate of twenty-five per cent., which if continued meant total extinction within a few months. Doctor Samuel Fuller came across country from Plymouth to save lives for Endecott, just as he did later for Winthrop.

It was on this, his first trip to Salem, that the beloved physician opened some Puritan eyes to the gross injustice they had done the Pilgrim in maligning both the man and his faith. To the cynical, possibly the old adage "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be" was illustrated

in Salem. At all events, Governor Endecott put his signature, in good faith no doubt, to the following letter to the Pilgrims:

"I rejoice much that I am by him (Fuller) satisfied touching your judgment of the outward form of God's worship. It is, as far as I can gather, no other than is warranted by the evidence of truth and the same which I have professed ever since the Lord in mercy revealed Himself unto me, being far from the common report that hath been spread of you touching that particular."



This testimony from Governor Endecott was wonderful, generous, and completely in favor of the government of the church by the congregation in the Christian, apostolic way. The message must have been read by the Plymouth Governor and received

by the Pilgrim audience with great joy in the meeting house crowning Plymouth Hill. It was a missive the spirit of which was in direct contradistinction to that in Higginson's farewell when sailing from the England which had harshly pilloried the Pilgrims. Yet which of these, Pilgrim or Puritan, valued the more their ancient English inheritances, the insular folk who came across the sea, following a precedent of success set by others, or those who, tempered and mellowed by exile and with perspective and power of comparison, daring to do, even twice beyond sea attempted and triumphantly demonstrated the example of initiative and success? The truth is, both Pilgrims and Puritans dearly loved the land of their fathers.

Shortly after this episode Governor Bradford journeyed to Salem to extend the right hand of fellowship. In this manner the two communities settled in a strange land were

drawn more closely together in bonds of brotherhood. The Puritan, possibly without fully realizing it, had become in great measure a Pilgrim in faith, save in the matter of the bigoted interlocking of Church and State. The resultant of this combination, a union which at Jerusalem planted Calvary's cross, starting on the New Continent, was a hard-shell theocracy. The Pilgrim, contrariwise, believed in and insisted on the complete divorcement of "practical" politics from matters of conscience. The Puritan, nevertheless, planted himself firmly on the two brief, simple fundamentals of the Pilgrim church, which he fully accepted; (1) To be a member of a Christian church, one must be a Christian; and, (2) being a Christian and therefore filled with the spirit of God, he needed neither pope, priest, nor deceased saint to intercede for him. He insisted also on being ministered to by clergy in which "presbyter" "bishop" and "pastor" were synonymous. In a word, with him there was but "one mediator between God and man."

In 1629 Governor Endecott demanded that Plymouth should discipline the Wollaston (Passonageset) or Merry Mount Settlement, started in 1625 by Captain Wollaston, and deserted by him for South Virginia's milder climate. The Pilgrim when thus called upon to act, responded, and in short order put an end to the licentious revelry at Wollaston.

Captain Thomas Morton had mutinied under Fitcher, following Rasdeel, who was Captain Wollaston's first legatee and accredited agent. The abominable doings at Merry Mount had sadly lowered the Indian's respect for the white man. When the stench of Morton's settlement insulted high heaven, as the Puritans declared, the Salem colonists and Endecott laid the task of chastisement on Plymouth shoulders as being within Plymouth's jurisdiction. The superb discipline and unspeakable value of the little Pilgrim army was demonstrated. In a bloodless battle, consisting largely of forceful words backed by glittering weapons and on the part of Morton's garrison by an overplus of powder and ball, made worthless because of excess of liquor,



Standish subdued the refractory element. He arrested Morton, who had spoken of the Captain as a "little shrimp" and had called Bradford and Brewster obnoxious names, and promptly shipped the scamp back to England. Bradford's narrative of the whole affair is an epitome of wit and good



STANDISH DISCOVERS THE REVELERS AT MERRY MOUNT

"CLOSE YOUR EYES, HEZEKIAH; YE GODS! CAN SUCH SCENES OCCUR," WHISPERED UNDER BREATH THE HORRIFIED PILGRIM.



Bedlam Let Loose



Governor Endecott cutting down the maypole

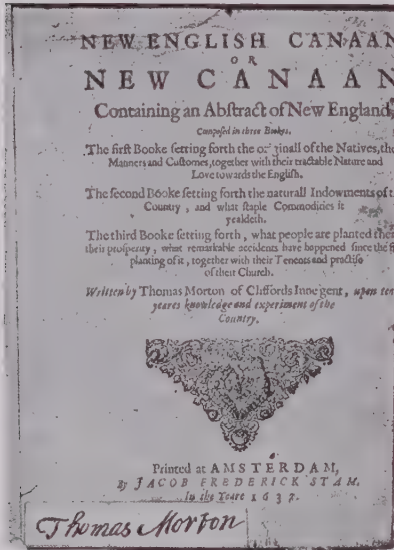
EROTIC GAMBLING AT MERRY MOUNT ERADICATED BY THE PILGRIMS.

English and the laughter in Plymouth must have been loud and long.

Thus ended the smirching rule of those called by the Pilgrims "Lords of Misrule." Among other outrageous acts, the Morton colony, in violation of the Pilgrim code of ethics, as well as of a law enacted by King James I, had sold fire-

arms to the Indians. Near the time of the occurrence in which Standish was the hero, the happenings at Merry Mount were described as consisting of

"May-pole, drinking and dancing about it, and frisking about it like so many fairies, or furies rather; yea, and worse practice, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad bacchanalians."



THOMAS MORTON'S BOOK UPBRAIDING THE PILGRIMS.

Thomas Morton wrote in halting verse of his buckthorn-decorated Maypole, eighty feet high.

"A faire sea-marke for the directions how to find out the way to mein Host of Ma-re Mount."

He also composed and nailed to the pole the following effusion—

"With proclamation that the first of May  
At Ma-re Mount shall be kept hollyday."

but the merrymaking, haphazardly deteriorating into a riotous erotic bout, lapped over many a day, week and month.

A few months after Standish had arrested Thomas Morton, one of Governor Endecott's first acts was to take a hand in a second cleansing process, by banishing nondescript successors of Morton and cutting down the Maypole at Merry Mount.

Thomas Morton, in his book called "New English Canaan," attempted to air and square his grudge against both Pilgrim and Puritan. At the same time Morton spread broadcast important and accurate data and information concerning the new country toward which English yeomen turned longing eyes.



INDIANS BRINGING PELTS INTO PILGRIM CAMPS.

The Dutch in New Netherland who had the French as an example had sold gunpowder and firearms to the Indians ever since the Iroquois, in 1609, heard the shot of Champlain; for the Dutch and Walloons, in the forests, distant from the sea, needed the friendship of these warriors. In fact, the territory on which both whites and Iroquois in America dwelt was more than once invaded by the servants and subjects of the kings of France. The French, inflaming their Indian converts with religious rancor, succeeded in burning Schenectady and Deerfield, and even hoped to dominate the continent by shutting up the Dutch and English between the Appalachian chain of mountains and the Atlantic.

A joyful echo of this decisive event of 1609 is read on August 4, 1921, when at Peretang, Ontario, the men of hereditary hatred, the Hurons and Iroquois, met to bury the tomahawk of war, and to smoke the calumet of peace. Mohawk and Sioux chiefs, the modern representatives, in full Indian regalia, met in the shadow of a birch bark tepee, and the hatchet was given an eternal grave under a huge old boulder.



The rivers named Monumet and Scusset had eaten into Cape Cod so deeply, that it made but a four-mile "carry" to reach the Buzzard's Bay Post, where the Pilgrims kept a couple of men to cultivate corn and care for a drove of swine. Here the Pilgrims also followed fur trading, which, with coast of Maine bartering—frigid Maine and outlying districts being a prolific field for fur-bearing animals—aided in banishing the ogre of the English debt which for half a decade had sat grimly in ghostly presence at each fire-side. In fact, for nearly a quarter of a century this depressing shadow flickered across our Forefathers' hearth-stone.

The Colonists, especially the Pilgrims, had lived inland. They were never, at first, skilled fishermen, though they soon won success.

Trading proved even more remunerative than fishing. Bradford particularly condemned the fishing industry when he said tersely of an arriving vessel: "The ship came in fishing—a thing fatal to the colony." Thereafter, the Pilgrim bent every energy toward developing trade, as the best debt-banisher. More than this, after a somewhat dearly bought experience, he protected himself from the deceitful scheming of financial sharks who from time immemorial seem ever to have been on the watch for victims.

Olde England was on the very brink of an inferno. The clouds of civil war were already gathering. The clearest thinkers saw the light of progress streaming from the New England wilderness, and the thought "We can do likewise, aye better," sank deeply into the hearts of thousands. The descendants of those same Puritans of the Salem, Boston and Massachusetts Bay colonies, if strictly truthful, gladly acknowledge to the Mayflower Society, collectively and individually, "Your Pilgrim ancestors blazed the path that ours followed."

Lincolnshire as well as Gloucestershire saw the beginning of the Puritan Exodus. Hence we of Massachusetts trace to



Boston-on-the-Witham, our major centre, and also to the counties of Middlesex, Suffolk and Essex, the homes of our English ancestors, names, customs, expressions, idioms supposed to be Americanisms. We see even facial features greeting us in every corner of New England, and in regions westward and to the south. The New Land, to insure actual English possession, naturally slow in developing under the Pilgrim minority, needed the power given by the numerical strength and wealth of the Puritan.

Two successive Ralphs seem to have been in charge of the Pilgrim soul for a quarter of a century—from 1629 to 1654. The first incumbent, Reverend Ralph Smith, came over in 1629 and landed at Salem. Governor Matthew Craddock wrote to Endecott ordering that Smith be returned to England for trial as a radical of the radicals—an action that no doubt brought the liberal preacher prominently to Pilgrim notice and was the main factor in the “call” to this divine. Smith left Salem to drift toward Plymouth on a vessel harboring at Hull, his first port of refuge. In the interim possibly he did a bit of religious electioneering through Plymouthites who ran their crafts into Hull Haven. Being apparently the only ordained preacher available, Smith was “called” as pastor of the Plymouth church, which for nearly ten years had been piously and instructively shepherded by Elder William Brewster, whom the church had frequently urged to be ordained. In the following words, written years before by their pastor, Reverend John Robinson, one discerns how sharply drawn was the line between clergy and laity, and how in loving dictatorialness, the church was in many important matters ruled rigidly by its ordained ministers. This was especially true in the earlier free churches, which in government were Barrowist, or semi-Presbyterian, and not true Congregational churches. The “larger Congregationalism” did not come to New England until after the English Commonwealth—that is, when two generations had lived and for the most part died in

New England. Robinson wrote to Elder Brewster as follows:

"I judge it not lawful for you, being a ruling elder, as in Romans XII, 7, 8 and in Tim. V, 17, opposed to elders that teach and labor in the word and doctrine to which the sacraments are annexed, to administer them, nor convenient if it were lawful."

The Reverend Ralph Smith's pastorate ended in 1636. We know not whether mammon or righteousness, society or church members, created the influence under which he was deposed, but we do know that he served full six years in the first Christian congregation in New England. After preaching, praying, consoling, and general ministering care, some clerk officiously wrote on the church minute-book that his "resignation was requested by members of the church, who had come to the conclusion that he had little or no ability." It is, however, to the credit of Pastor Ralph Smith that he had as a colleague for some two years or more in Plymouth the eloquent Roger Williams. He was also in conference with Governor Winthrop and other celebrities representing Plymouth in the Council of the Massachusetts Bay colonies. Later he shepherded a church at Manchester, Massachusetts. Doubtless it was the same loquacious and biassed clerk, who effusively interjected into the record the statement that his successor, the Reverend Ralph Raynor (and he wrote the dictum in the very year of that pastor's arrival, 1636), "was an able and godly man." Guaged by the time required to pass judgment on brother Smith, the statement in regard to brother Raynor would come under the head of hasty prejudgment.

A vessel named the Mayflower again reached New England in August, 1629,—a far better season of the year than the usual Pilgrim selection for an ocean voyage—entering Salem harbor. Thus was the same haven reached when the ship had brought over part of the Higginson settlement.

Its thirty-five passengers from Leyden were conveyed to Plymouth by shallop. Later in this year (1629) Isaac Allerton, the Canterbury tailor, who, true to his calling, read men as well as one's valet could do, and was an accredited messenger of the Pilgrims to and from England, once more came to the fore, but this time in a reprehensible act. He brought to Plymouth the banished Thomas Morton, that overlord of the Lords-of-Misrule, in the guise of his clerk. Morton, like the scriptural dog, returned to his evil ways, relapsed into Wollaston dissipation, and was promptly re-shipped to England.

Allerton also brought an Episcopal clergyman named Rogers, who, fortunately for the Pilgrims, being insane, met with a cool reception, even from the ever-present disaffected ones, and was returned at the expense of the colony. One wonders how Washington Irving, the great caricaturist of New Netherland, had he taken hold of the Pilgrims first, would have treated this persistency of the London profiteers, prelates, and Puritans to force undesirables, in the form of the wrong kind of pastors, upon the Pilgrims, while they kept back—almost to virtual imprisonment—their own Pilgrim minister and leader, John Robinson.

It was on this trip that Allerton mixed his private accounts with public funds, giving rise to unfavorable comment among his fellow Pilgrims. Of excellent financial ability, and the richest man in the colony, the final squaring was satisfactory as recent research shows. Isaac Allerton later went to New Amsterdam, and his descendants may gaze with pride on a bronze tablet erected at 8 Peck Slip, New York City, identifying the site of this Pilgrim's former rooftree, while one of the several great hotels named after him in the metropolis of the Western world opened its doors during the tercentenary year of the Pilgrim venture.

In May, 1630, the *Lion*, Captain Pierce, landed at Charlestown (Cherton) with more Leyden Pilgrims, who, as on previous occasions, were transferred to Plymouth by

shallop. Then followed days of rejoicing among long separated friends.

"In New England's chill November" of the same year the Handmaid arrived, bringing sixty new settlers to their desired haven. Doubtless these were the last of the Holland sojourners coming to America who still retained, unmerged with the Dutch, their English birthright.\* It was long believed that among them were the widow and children of Pastor Robinson, who were supposed to have "stood by the ship" until all of the little church company long dwelling in Holland who desired to come, could be landed in Plymouth, that town ever to be hailed as the nursery of the Pilgrim faith in America. As, however, Bridget Robinson's will has recently been discovered in Holland, with the statement that she died in that country, she may never have come to Plymouth, but her son Isaac Robinson certainly settled with the Pilgrims.

\* What became of those left behind in Holland? This and other questions are answered in the book written by Dr. J. G. de Hoof Scheffer, 1831-1895, translated into English by his son, and edited by W. E. Griffis, entitled "History of the Free Churchmen called Brownists, Pilgrim Fathers, and Baptists," 1597-1700. Andrus and Church, Ithaca, N. Y.





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GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S FLEET.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE COMING OF THE PURITAN—THE CHARTER—HANGING—ROGER WILLIAMS

**A**MONG those first landings following that of Columbus in 1492 on Cat Island Point in the Bahamas, the tragic settlement of Jamestown, some one hundred and fifteen years later, is well to the fore, colonists building their huts on the miasma-saturated peninsula. Hudson's landing on the shores of "the river that flows out from the mountains," gave the Dutchman his foothold. People of the same faith; like the Dutch, leaders in the van of civilization, were the Pilgrims, who in 1620 set foot on Plymouth Rock. Ten years later, the Puritans entered the harbor of Manchester-by-the-Sea. They journeyed to Charlestown via Salem, and later settled at Shawmut, where Ann Pollard, according to folk lore first leaped on Boston sands.

An interesting comparative study would be that which showed in detail the facts of 1609-1630—not in modern senti-

mentalism—what each ship represented, what was behind it in actual existence at the time of its sailing for the new world.

The coming of their next-door neighbors, the Puritans, was of great importance to the isolated Pilgrims.

Antedating by a few months that last arrival at Plymouth of the members of the church in Leyden, came the Puritans in some seventeen vessels, upward of



*Courtesy of H. Burgess.*



LANDING OF THE PURITANS AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA.

one thousand strong. In the spring and summer of 1630 under the leadership of John Winthrop some of them reached Salem, where Conant, Endecott and Higginson had settled several years before.

Those in the first vessels of Winthrop's fleet, the *Mary* and *John* under Captain Squeb, made landing at Dorchester. Then came the crossing by Winthrop of the *River Charles* to Shawmut (meaning a place near the neck of the peninsula) and the settling of Boston under Puritan control.

The event of the coming of the Puritan hosts under Winthrop, on that June day, 1630, was pregnant with



*Courtesy of Silver Burdett & Co.*

MANCHESTER HARBOR.



*Copyrighted by Harper & Bros.*

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS IN NOVEMBER.



LANDING OF THE PURITANS IN JUNE.

mighty influences for the making of our nation. They entered first the narrow, land-locked inlet leading to Manchester-by-the-Sea. Little wonder that the sight of flower-lined banks quickened heart throbs and footsteps as the sea-weary



FROM THESE SALEM CLIFFS THE INDIAN CHIEF SAW THE ONCOMING WHITE MAN'S "WINGED CANOE."

passengers leaped again to Mother Earth — the leap, it is recorded, centering in a bed of delicious wild strawberries. The Puritans then moved toward Salem, their first real haven, whose wonderful cliffs greeted the sea-weary voyagers, to whom the solid earth seemed so beautiful. No lovers sat on their summit in that day, but an Indian with hand-shaded eyes gazed in querulous wonder at the big oncoming white-winged canoes of the pale faces. Little recked the chieftains then that these newcomers would

ultimately compel the movement of their tribes towards the setting sun.

That exodus from England under John Winthrop bolstered up the arms of the Pilgrims and, with vast accessions from other strains of humanity, made America an ideal land at the dawn of the twentieth century.

To one who in imagination pictures islands floating in the sky and quaint forms in mountain, cliff, and tree, the contour of the inner and outer verdure-clad and tree-crowned harbor islands in Boston's famous ship-haven is of





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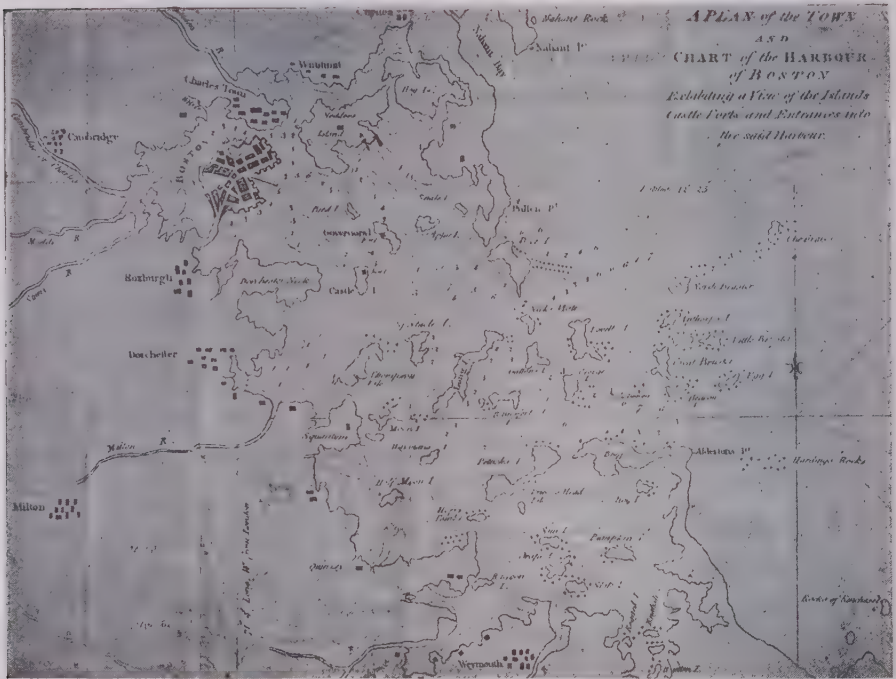
*Reprinted from LIFE by permission.*

THE UNSEEN HORROR THAT FIGURATIVELY HAUNTED THE ARABELLA'S WAKE, AND WITHIN THIRTY YEARS BEGAN ITS DEADLY WORK.



© Charles Scribner's Sons.

BOSTON HARBOR IN THE YEAR 1630.



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE QUAINLY OUTLINED ISLANDS OF BOSTON HARBOR.

cows, moons, and dozens of other forms. A hurried glance shows monster and ogre, biped and quadruped, in shore outline. How different the fancies of adults and children! Early in Boston's history the harbor islands, in the main thoroughly wooded, claimed the attention of the settlers as woodpiles, grazing fields, and residences. Governor's Island, occupied by Roger Conant, hence formerly called Conant Isle, was one of the trio of homes of Governor John Winthrop.

To inspect Shawmut thoroughly was the first eager impulse of the newcomers. The three verdure-clothed hills, the deep valleys, beaches, headlands, coves, bays, springs, rivers and harbor islands entranced the Pilgrim. Today, through the eyes of geologist and scientist we see more deeply; know



THE OLDEST LIVING THINGS EAST OF THE ROCKIES.  
THE OAKS OF WAVERLY.



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.

IN BLACK OUTLINE IS SHOWN THE REMARKABLE CONTOUR OF THAT  
UNIQUE BOSTON BASIN, THE SEED BED OF A CONTINENT.

the why, the when, and the how of the foundations of Boston Town as Winthrop and his followers never knew them.

No fairer plot of land exists on America's eastern seaboard than Boston's basin, shown by the black outline on the above map. From Natick, extending eastward to the sea, and from Scituate on the south to Lynn on the north, including the seventy-five harbor islands, it is approximately in area about twelve miles square. Within this space grow the Waverly oaks, said by Agassiz to be the oldest living thing east of California, trees that were giants in size and of hoary age when the Mayflower anchored in the "Cow Yard" at Plymouth Harbor. Boston's basin gives in unstinted measure that wind from the East which in winter chills to the bone and in summer cools and glorifies the hottest days. In beauty of contour, in valley, stream and hill, this twelve-mile square area, for those to the manor born, outrivals any other spot on earth.

"There's iron in our northern winds;  
"Our trees are trees of healing."

A panoramic view of "the Hub" in the early nineteenth century, duplicates in physical outline Holmes' well-known simile of the Bostonian's notion of Boston's status and literary acquirements.

Boston, ever to the fore—whether one takes her seriously as did Governor John Winthrop, or jocularly as pictured by *The Autocrat of The Breakfast Table*—is proud of her Puritan ancestry.

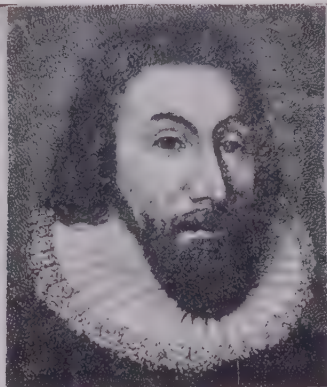
The history of the charter of 1628-1629 was in a sense as tragic and varied as were its inherent powers. Smuggled aboard the *Arabella*, guarded by trustees with jealous care, made in duplicate, hastily hidden at different times, its fate was ever uppermost in the public mind.

To fully recognize what the missionary spirit of the Charter demanded was the gist of the Motherland Puritans' admonition to their New England brothers.





*Jo: Endicott*

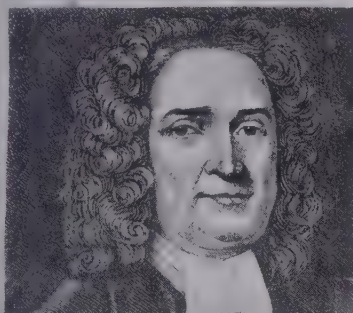


*Jo: Winthrop*



*John Wilson*

THOSE FIRST SIX JOHNS OF  
BOSTON TOWN, EACH AN UN-  
CROWNED MONARCH IN HIS  
REALM.



*John Hathorn in the Lord  
of Cotton*



*John Davenport*

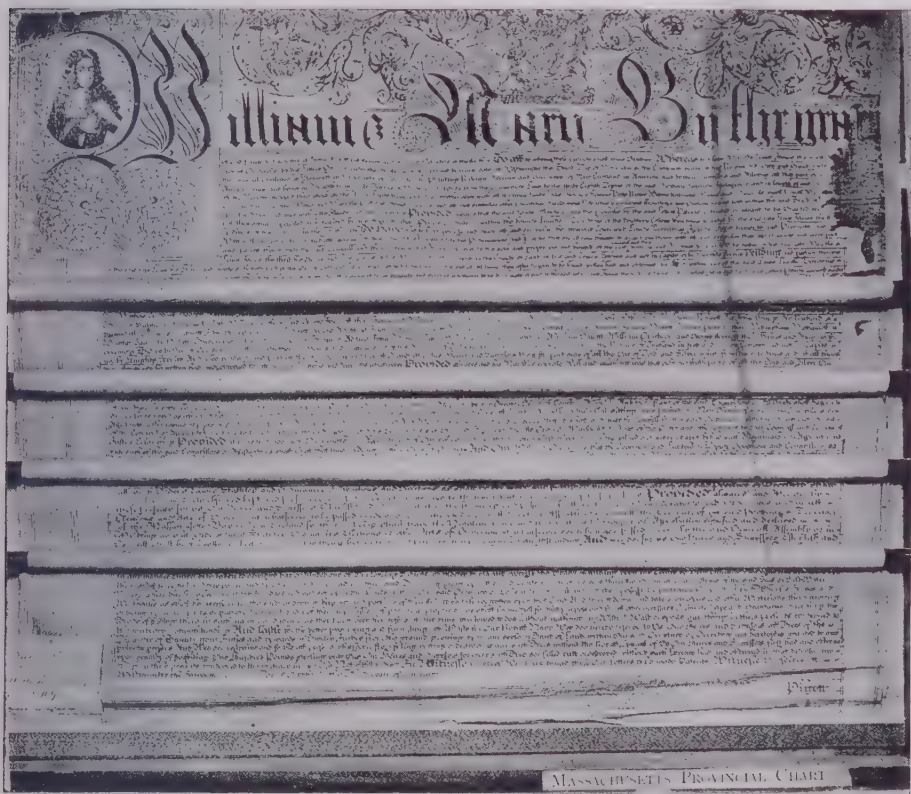
*John Norton*



KING CHARLES I CHARTER OF 1628-29.

That new charter of King William's was direct from the king's hand. It proclaimed personal royal ownership and the aim of his advisers was for rich profiteering. This was the beginning of the rise of the great middle class families and of the modern era of concentration and industrialism with powerful corporations and machinery. From this time also began the exodus of the Scotch-Irish to America, and that system of exploiting the colonies for gain and the suppression of all manufactures outside of England, which ultimately led to revolution and American independence.

Diplomatic letters, few and far between, of the people to the king acknowledged personal ownership and submis-



THE WILLIAM III CHARTER OF 1691.

sion to royal decree. These, to later patriots as they read and re-read what the fathers wrote to royalty, must have smacked distastefully of obsequiousness, especially to those whose spirit was like that shown later by James Otis and Samuel Adams.

One cannot but contrast the fixed, stalwart determination glowing in the face of the Pilgrim, who was nevertheless open to new light, with the stern Springfield Puritan, in bronze, whose expression was that of the unyielding "I am of the Elect." Yet each strove to glorify God as he saw the light.



## THE MAIN BEGINNING OF PURITAN NEW ENGLAND

As the rudder directs the vessel, so the Constitution and the Commonwealth kept the Puritan Ship of State on an even keel and a fairly straight course. At its head was that



THE PURITAN.

first governor, Matthew Craddock, who never left England. He and his confrères persuaded John Winthrop to join their group, and much to his own surprise Winthrop was elected governor over the Massachusetts colony. He sailed into Salem harbor on June 22, 1630, heading an immigration of nearly a thousand souls.



The colonists had now in a sense three governors; Matthew Craddock in England, who had charge of the English end of the company, John Endecott, first agent,



THE PILGRIM.

then governor of the Salem plantation of some three hundred people, and the new overlord, John Winthrop; for the charter changed the governing power to an on-the-spot policy.

It was indeed an ideal governor who stepped from the gangplank of the *Arabella*; democratic, modest, yet assertive. He was kind to the poor and sick, and gave freely of his service to cure them, for he had studied medicine.



THE ENGLISH PURITAN GOVERNING BOARD.

He even entered the pestilence-saturated wigwam to nurse the plague-stricken Indians. Winthrop was also deeply grounded in the faith, having studied for holy orders. Irresistible in argument and impressive in person, John Winthrop was a typical, unyielding

Puritan of noblest type. In a minor key he proved his democracy by tramping from Salem to Charlestown, and in the same manner, from Weymouth to Plymouth, on that memorable visit to Governor Bradford.

The Deputy-Governor, elected with John Winthrop, was John Humfry, who never was installed. The hot-headed Thomas Dudley became the Deputy in office and action. Of the fourteen assistants in the governing board, Sir Richard Saltonstall, John Endecott, Simon Bradstreet, and Isaac Johnson were prominent and helpful members. The last, died early, to the grief of the entire colony.

The Puritan reasons for coming to America are condensed by Winthrop from the usual volume to exactly twenty-eight words:

*"It is not a place for civil and religious freedom but a community under a due form of government, supremacy of law, and the impartial administration of justice."*

Adam Winthrop, wealthy clothier of Groton, was John Winthrop's grandsire. His son, Adam, married Anne Brown, and Governor John Winthrop was their only son.



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

GOVERNOR JOHN WINTHROP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Winthrop puts in concrete form the manner of upbuilding Zion in their land:

"Whereas the way of God hath always been to gather his churches out of ye world, now ye world or civill state must be raised out of ye churches."

Religious discussion waxed hot in the colonies. Brother White of Dorchester thus summaries:

"That ye suspicious and scandalous reports rayseed upon these gentlemen and their friends (as if under ye colour of planting a Colony they intended to rayse and erect a seminary of faction and separation) are nothing else but ye fruits of jealousie of some distempered minde, etc."

The democracy of Governor John Winthrop is clearly shown by this statement made by one of his neighbors:

"Now so soone as Mr. Winthrop was landed, perceiving what misery was like to ensewe through theire Idleness, he presently fell to worke with his owne hands, and thereby soe encouraged the rest that there was not an idle person then to be found on the whole plantation."

As proving Winthrop to be a sturdy temperance man, in days when the strong liquors from Asia and the West Indies had come into fashion (under-the-table days came in 1773, when after the Treaty with Portugal port wine flowed freely down Puritan throats), the following legal decision had his full indorsement and the court proceeded gravely to determine how much a man might drink and not be regarded as drunk.

In 1654 another effort was made to moderate the amount of drinking.

"Forasmuch as notwithstanding the great care this Court hath had and the laws made to suppress that swinish sin of drunkenness, and yet persons addicted to that vice find out ways to deceive the laws provided in that case, for the better preventing thereof, it is ordered . . . that none licensed to sell strong waters, nor any private housekeeper shall permit any person to sit drinking or tipling";





THE CONTOURS OF BOSTON AND ITS HARBOR AND ENVIRONS IN THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



ANN POLLARD, THE FIRST WOMAN WHO STEPPED ON  
BOSTON'S SOIL.

Plymouth, through Morton, the secretary, thus rejoices over the coming of Winthrop and his hosts.

"This year (1630) it pleased God of his rich grace to Transport over into the Bay of the Massachusetts divers honorable Personages, and many worthy Christians, whereby the Lord began in a manifest manner and way to make known the great thoughts which he had of Planting the Gospel in this remote and barbarous Wilderness, and honouring his own Way of Instituted Worship."

Winthrop thus writes to his wife in England of the times, the town as a whole and the people in detail:

"Let us join in praising our merciful God that He upholds our hearts in all our troubles. And howsoever our fare be but coarse, in respect of

what we formerly had (peas, puddings, and fish being our ordinary diet) yet He makes it sweet and wholesome to us. Therefore be not discouraged, my dear wife, for I see no cause to repent of our coming hither, and thou seest that God can bring safe hither even the tenderest women and the youngest children."

\* \* \* \*

"Remember to come well furnished with linen, woolen, some more bedding, brass and pewter. Be sure to be warm clothed."

Though dying at sixty-one, John Winthrop had a long life, as lives went in those unhygienic days, when women dressed in elderly fashion and were called old at the age of forty, and men hobbled the streets with canes and wagged toothless jaws at fifty. At fifty-three Winthrop was getting ready to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

All through Winthrop's life we see indications of a sweet and healthy sentiment toward men and affairs. It



WILLIAM BLAXTON, FIRST OWNER OF BOSTON.

*Photographed from model which should be cast in bronze and erected in Boston.*

crops out in that farewell dinner given by his friends at his departure for New England, when, losing self-control, and speechless before his guests, the dignified governor burst into tears. In the home circle he shows the acme of romantic tenderness. In writing to his wife during that year of sep-



COLONISTS FROM THE MARY AND JOHN BARGAINING WITH INDIANS.

aration, while he was settling in the new land, he suggests the advisability of having a fixed hour, on Monday and Friday, when in mutual prayer they were to commune with Heaven and each other in spiritual thought and praise. It is not recorded whether the conjugal pair figured the time-difference, but the hour hand gave to each affectionate remembrance and devotional oneness. "The Love Letters of a Puritan" and "The Heart of a Puritan," which reveal the real life, thoughts and feelings of the men and women of Winthrop's era, are as different from the modern notions of the caricaturist and the ignoramus as midnight is from noon-day.

Emphasizing the wifely subservience of the times, the word "Obey" was capitalized and flared in large letters in the marriage rite, and was far from being a dead formality. The third of the quartette of wives who in rotation graced the Governor's board spoke thus and passed on.

Nevertheless, while "obey" is the emphatic word in the



Anglican ritual, it is left out or modified in most of the marriage service books of the Dutch Reformed churches.

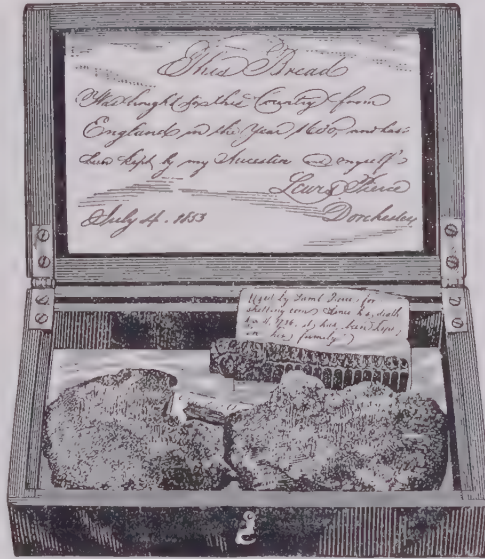
Winthrop's real self comes to the surface when he thus writes his wife in London just prior to starting on his voyage for a year:

"If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in him, and resigning thyself quietly to his good pleasure. If now Christ be thy Husband, thou must show what sure and sweet intercourse is between him and thy soul, when it shall be no hard thing for thee to part with an earthly, mortal infirm husband for his sake."

Fealty to each other in fraternal devotion is set forth in no uncertain tone when Winthrop writes to his co-workers in the Lord's vineyard:

"Wee must be knitt together in this worke as one man. Wee must entertaine each other in brotherly affection. Wee must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities, for ye supply of others' necessities. Wee must uphold a familiar converse together in all meekness, gentlenes, patience, and liberality. Wee must delight in eache other; make others' conditions our owne; rejoyce together, mourne together, labour and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the worke, as members of ye same body, etc."

The story of the "Bay State" is filled with anecdotes of its first governor, John Winthrop, who stood at times as a primeval royal oak in the midst of a weak sapling growth, and in many ways aided the Pilgrims of Plymouth. It is on record that a poor man surreptitiously lowered Winthrop's woodpile. When an officious neighbor demanded his



BREAD BAKED IN 1630.



*Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.*

BOSTON'S FIVE FAMOUS FIELDS.

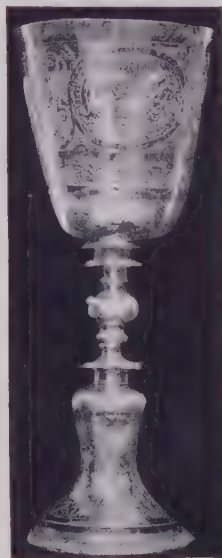
arrest, the governor naively said, "It's a hard winter, my friend; I have wood in plenty, take what you need." Then, turning to the would-be guardian of his rights, he remarked, "Now find him guilty, if you can." Again we note, in famine days, when the last pound of meal was in the bottom of the barrel, the Governor scraped the handful still left and gave it to a poor man at the door, though possibly a hardened beggar. The bread came swiftly back across the waters. The food-laden ship (the *Lion*, on which Roger Williams arrived on February 5, 1631) was spied that very day in the offing, from Fort Hill, the point of lookout for the town, and the threatened famine vanished.

"By their deeds ye shall know them." It was veritably under the Covenant of Works that the Governor listed.

Yet the works were of a character and performed in a spirit that proved the doctrine of the Covenant of Grace so strenuously taught by Ann Hutchinson. This was the true leaven which leavened and guided the Governor's conscience.

These co-ancestors of ours, the straight, back-boned, stiff-necked Puritans who settled Salem and Boston, were ever in close touch with the Pilgrims. It may be true that they were burdened, next to the breaking-point, with a plethora of laws dealing with sins of omission and commission. Being strict religionists, and severe with themselves, they were often intolerant. Well coined was that epitaph "Stern to inflict, stubborn to endure; he who smiled in death—the Puritan." The Puritan, at times overbearing but self-accusing also, was often antipodal in spirit and action to the usually forbearing Pilgrim, or Separatist, who settled Plymouth. Yet he frequently welcomed those who differed with him. He was for a time infected with the fever of persecution and gave Quakers, Episcopalians and Baptists many an uncomfortable hour. Humiliating to record, the Pilgrim indirectly caused the torturing death, by banishment from Plymouth, of the Quaker Southwick family, now imperishably named on the honor-roll of Quaker martyrs by Whittier.

The sterling attributes of self-sacrifice, persistency, truth and unswerving loyalty constituted the major features in the real life of our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers. The query naturally arises, "What sturdy trunk upheld and buffeted the tornadoes of disaster that fairly gleeed" to destroy these ancestors of ours? The forefathers themselves answer, through that statement of one of their descendants, Lieutenant Governor William Stoughton, "God sifted the grain of an entire



*Courtesy of Houghton  
Mifflin Co.*  
GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S  
SILVER CUP.



nation." These people of iron blood who came originally from Continental European barbarians, were infused with the spirit of the heathen Norsemen, and later with that of Romanized Normandy. They were martyred at the stake, drawn and quartered, persecuted physically and mentally, wrenched asunder, shaken by wars inaugurated under the banner of religion and were inoculated with diabolical persecution. The resultant was rare and glorious—the Puritan type of man who made vast contributions to the progress of humanity. "Blood will tell" is the motto of those who claim that the advent of the Norsemen who, in those far-off centuries between the eighth and eleventh, and later their descendants, the Normans, hastened development in Britain. The later transfusion of the blood of half a million Netherlanders vastly improved that assemblage of qualities in the islanders that made an Englishman's sea-girt home sacred, and his colonies, on which the sun never sets, bulwarks of strength. The career of this composite people on the earth has clearly demonstrated the value of a fusion of various races when those races are highly endowed. Very few strains of humanity have excelled that mixture which flowed in the English parliament and colonial America. Never satisfied with past attainments, they bore aloft the banner on which might have been inscribed Emerson's phrase: "Let us shame the fathers by superior wisdom in the sons."

In this company from the Mary and John, exploring the historic winding Charles, may have been the bread-makers holding aloft the product of their skill in exchange for the Indians' fish. Some of the bread, after nearly three hundred years, still awaits consumption.

As a pioneer, the Pilgrim was better equipped to fight the battle for existence than those Southern colonists who settled Jamestown, sponsored by Sir Walter Raleigh, and aided by Sir Francis Drake.

In the Pilgrim ranks were shoemakers, tailors, candle-stick makers, and craftsmen who could not only plan, but



build. Aside from the millstone of debt that burdened and prematurely aged him, the preferential hold of the Pilgrim on his native land was slight. He was in America primarily to reap the benefit of free religious thought and to convert if possible the "ten lost tribes of Israel," as he believed the red men to be. He proposed to hold up his head and walk without the crutch of the paternal government of prelates. With him there was but one mediator—all he needed—between God and man.

The spirit of fur trading, fishing and wampum exchange with the Indians, the Dutch, various isolated settlers, and later the Massachusetts Bay Colony itself, kept capital actively employed.

The wrecking of a Massachusetts Bay shallop near Plymouth on Brown Island shoal proved that Winthrop's colony was secretly and underhandedly invading Pilgrim territory. They were surreptitiously trading with the Indians. Imbued with that same indomitable courage that subdued the hordes of "salvages," Bradford immediately served the following notice upon his wealthier, more powerful and hitherto apparently friendly English neighbors, the Puritans: "We will defend our rights, even to the *spending of our lives*." Happily the threatened conflict never passed beyond a war of words, ending in the promise on the part of the Baye Company "to be good," to which they adhered.

It required ten years, or until 1630, for a red-handed murderer to show his head in Plymouth. Humiliating to chronicle, he was an original passenger on the Mayflower, but a semi-vagabond, and evidently one of those "shuffled in" as Bradford relates. The name of John Billington is number twenty-six in the list of signers of the Pilgrim Compact. Careful in all things, the Plymouth men preferred to consult the recently arrived Massachusetts Baye Colony in regard to capital execution, since that colony was credited with greater powers, being under the Crown grant. This was one of their

first interviews with the new neighbors, across the big bay. The record reads:

"John Billington was arraigned, and both by grand and petie jurie found guilty of willful murder, by plaine and notorious evidence. And was for the same accordingly executed. This, as it was ye first execution amongst them, so was it a matter of great sadness unto them. They used all due means about his triale, and tooke ye advice of Mr. Winthrop and others ye ablest gentle-men in ye Bay of ye Massachusetts, that were then new-ly come over, who concured with them yt he ought to dye, and ye land to be purged from blood. He and some of this had been often punished for miscariags before, being one of ye profanest families amongst them. They came from London, and I know not by what freinds shuffled into their company. His facte was, that he way-laid a young-man, one John New-comin (about a former quarele), and shote him with a gune, whereof he dyed."

Historian Hubbard, who graduated from Harvard in 1642, was pastor in Ipswich for forty years and, in 1677, within fifty years of these strenuous happenings, wrote his *History of New England*, comments on this matter. He viewed events without the glamor of an actual present, yet in not too far-fading perspective. Describing in detail the taking off of Billington, he wrote

"The murtherer expected that either for want of power to execute for capital offences or for want of people to increase the plantations he should have his life spared, but justice otherwise determined and rewarded him the first murtherer of his neighbor there, with the deserved punishment of death for a warning."

Already in 1625, Governor Bradford made a blunt, straightforward statement as to Billington's ne'er-do-weel propensities. This was five years before the culprit's execution. He well describes the man in a sentence:

"Billington is a knave and so will live and die."

Bradford evidently saw no chance of saving the wretch from the explicit command in the Mosaic law. In his zeal

he pictures realistically, even in miniature, those early day happenings:

"Billington's first offense was in "talking back" to Captain Standish and refusing to perform sentry duty, which cost him the torturing experiment of having heels and head tied together, but for a brief period, the authorities relenting when seeing his intense agony. The second offense against an unwritten law was Edward Doty and another apprentice of Stephen Hopkins, who evidently trained with the well-to-dos, fought with sword and dagger in the first New England duel. Both were wounded and both severely punished."

Doty became a man of prominence in the colony, but ever carried a quick temper close to his heart and arm.

Billington's death sentence was carried out in September, 1630, in Plymouth. With it was passed a notable milestone on the road of experience. Six years later the widow of John Billington was brought under corporal punishment, in the fashion of the day, both in the stocks and at the whipping-post, then features in every English village. That some "bent" was in the family seemed clear, when on the Mayflower at anchor in Patuxet Harbor John Billington, Jr. came near exploding a keg of gunpowder and annihilating the Pilgrims, and the historic vessel by firing a matchlock in the cabin in celebrating the ship's safe arrival. Billington Sea was named after the open-mouthed discoverer, Francis Billington, who, according to various authorities, spied the water afterwards named for him by climbing a high tree or by tracing the Town Brooke to its source. Billington at first fully believed with some of the Pilgrims that he had discovered Balboa's great South Sea. Billington Sea is one of the two hundred and more ponds that dot Plymouth County. Some recorders, with an evident eye for harmony and as evident a talent for exaggeration, state that the number of ponds in the county equals the number of days in a year, barring leap year. Giving the name "Billington" (one of the first local specimens of English nomenclature used) to a pond and an off-shore island, possibly wrongly labelled

"Billingsgate," has preserved to posterity in double measure this quartette of peace-wreckers.

On one occasion good came through an escapade as credited to John Billington, Jr., who, lost in the woods, was held by the petty chief Aspinet of the Nausets, whose overlord sachem, Lyanough of Barnstable (*Mettachiest*) joined in the search, which resulted in a profitable trade treaty begun by the Pilgrims with this tribe. Standish at the head of a band of ten, leaving the settlement protected by a guard of but seven men, dropped important matters to search for and finally find the worthless young scapegrace, who they thought had possibly been stolen by the natives. On the other hand, the Indians gave a pronounced example of loyalty to the whites when they waded out to the boat and returned the boy bedecked with Indian finery to his worried yet exasperated friends. The bones of this Lyanough or Gyanough, the pathfinder, now lie in view in Pilgrim Hall.

The Pilgrims were far more lenient in punishment of misdemeanors than their next-door neighbors, the Puritans. When Boston and Salem were stark mad over witchcraft, no one in Plymouth was hanged, or even committed as a witch. On the contrary, that prominent Pilgrim, Captain John Alden, son of the first Alden and a veritable sea-dog, even when seventy years old, and living in Alden Court, was arrested as a witch and for a few weeks lay in jail in Boston.

In fact, only two attempts to fasten a witch-seal on Plymouth were made. In the first instance a controversy broke out between Sylvester and Holmes, one calling the other a "Bear devil," but the root of the matter was cut when a suit for slander was finally levied in spite of the difficulty of proving the same, due to court leniency. The punishment decreed was payment of five pounds, or a whipping.

The attempt to indict Mary Ingham for witchcraft, in which *Mehitable Woodward* was the sufferer, came to naught. *Dinah Sylvester* also was accused, but the accusation fared no better.



As to fines and forfeiture of liberty, wealth and social position, there being no sinecure on democratic Cape Cod, all stood alike before the law. After the epoch-making book of Balthasar Bekker printed in Amsterdam, and entitled "The Bewitched World," it was impossible for the educated to believe in this superstition, and it faded away.

In Plymouth temperance laws were passed, increasing in severity, until finally, in 1667, they included that hitherto seemingly essential drink, cider, so lavishly used by young and old. As early as 1638 tobacco was forbidden to be smoked or, in the Pilgrim idiom—the same as in Asia—"drunk," within a mile of a dwelling. It was absolutely barred while at work in the fields. This was all the more noteworthy, because among the commodities offered by Bradford to the Dutch and Walloons in New Netherland, was tobacco.

In the matter of dress, however, Plymouth was more liberal than the Massachusetts Bay colony, as Bradford tells us, for no sumptuary laws on this subject were made. To wear what you please without dictation of law or magistrate was the Plymouth rule. One finds, for example, that Governor Bradford on festal occasions blossomed forth in grand style attired in that historic purple coat and green waistcoat. Other hints in the records, in addition to the testimony of wills and inventories show that feminine frippery and finery were not wholly absent.

As compared with the penal laws of England which prescribed punishment by death for scores of offenses, the number under King James I rising to 233, both the Puritan and Pilgrim codes show vast advance in Christianity and mercy. Not over thirteen specifications of capital punishment, or more than eleven actual enforcements of these laws, have been found, while not a few ameliorations of the law's decree are to be noted in early New England, as borrowed from the Dutch Republic, and not then known in England. One notable instance in penology was in the substitution of a

cloth badge of shame, as for example in the scarlet letter "A" for adultery, instead of the red-hot branding-iron on the human flesh. The "blue laws" of vulgar imagination were concocted after the Revolution by a Tory parson who wrote them



MAP OF NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENTS.

in England. These are usually confounded with those of a title and color popular in Connecticut, the "True Blue."

Six capital offenses were on Plymouth's law book; treason, murder, diabolical communication, arson, rape, and unnatural crimes, but so moral were Plymouthites that but two or three of these laws were dragged from the shelf. Ear and nose-slashing were tabu, but stocks and whipping post did good service in keeping the Pilgrim community well within the Mosaic-Hebraic paling, based on the Book of Leviticus.

Allerton, who was the Pilgrims' messenger and diplomat to England, even more frequently than Edward Winslow, now began to favor himself more than his former friends. With Shirley, one of the London stockholders, he started a trading-post at Castine on the Penobscot, other colonist investors aiding in the venture, though it conflicted with the Kennebec, Pilgrim-backed branch. Pilgrim owners finally for financial protection turned the business over to a Mr. Willet, whom they employed to guard their interests, and for a time it proved under this arrangement a fairly profit-

able investment. This was the same Joseph Willet who when overcome by the French was set adrift with his two clerks. It is frequently stated that the said Pemaquid was the only regularly fortified stronghold captured wholly through



*Courtesy of the Boston Elevated Railway Co.*

THE METROPOLIS OF BOSTON IN 1915.

Indian fighting, that is, ambuscading, bush-whacking, and the torch—all favorite Indian methods of warfare. Closer inspection, however, shows that in this attack as in other similar instances, the French lent a forceful hand to their native allies.

The story of Pemaquid, that northern English fort and settlement, sometimes called "the Jamestown of New England" because its age closely equals that of the Jamestown of Virginia, is well worth the telling. It was settled in 1607 by stragglers from the Popham settlement which was some forty miles up the Penobscot. Once a place of note, the ruins of Pemaquid have been uncovered, showing pavements and broad and deep footings, which proved permanent occupancy. Fishing and beaver trading formed the economic

foundation of this ancient town, which more than once proved a godsend to Pilgrims in the famine days. On the other hand, the Jamestown of Virginia furnished the Pilgrims with gewgaws and trinkets for Indian trading which several times balked famine.



*Courtesy of the Houghton, Mifflin Co.*

WINTHROP'S FARM AS  
DRAWN BY HIM.

Roger Williams, when famous in the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies, was not the settled-down old governor, the wise and calm man, with both experience and prolonged self-examination; but in fiery youth, and described as "having windmills in his head."\* In Bradford's view, he was "very unsettled in judgment." His arrival at Plymouth, not long after he landed at Boston from the ship *Lion*, February 5, 1631, was an event which has proved to be the seed of a large crop of controversial literature. It followed after his Boston and Salem experiences, where for a time in his eloquent preaching two cardinal points, very obnoxious to his critics, were emphasized. He insisted first that every

true pilgrim and Puritan should abstain from formalism and express contrition for ever having indulged in such worship, which was mainly through symbols and not by direct approach to God. Even when visiting England, a true believer should refrain from entering the parish church, the church of his youth and that of his neighbors.

Thus at one blow this sensational preacher would cut the roots that had nourished the deepest affections of life. His second insistence was his belief that a royal charter giving what was not owned was an insult to the Indian, who claimed sovereignty over his native soil. A scholar in Dutch, and

\* A favorite anathema—notably given to Martin Luther and Hugh Peters.



living among these people, who were very prone to treat all men alike, by recognizing humanity under all colors of skin, Roger Williams, the Welshman, thus slapped royalty in the face by preaching vehemently the doctrine laid down



*Courtesy of the Detroit Publishing Co.*

STATUE OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

in the charter of the Dutch West India Company. To an Englishman of that day, when absolution was in the ascendancy, royalty was accepted as a near neighbor of Divinity.

Williams came to Plymouth heralded by his devoted

followers from Boston and Salem who declared that he was "lovely in his carriage, godly and zealous, having special gifts within." His radicalism certainly added spice to Plymouth's religious life. As an assistant to the Reverend Ralph



*Providence 25 March 1671  
Yo<sup>d</sup> Friend & Servant  
Roger Williams*

PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

Smith, Williams must have thrown that somewhat commonplace worthy deeply in shadow. Convincing argument and brilliant rhetoric however did not save the gifted but fiery-tempered Welshman from ultimate banishment even from justice loving Plymouth. Among the close associates of Williams, showing the fibre of this progressive man, was Sir Edward Coke. For three years their thoughts ran in grooved companionship.

A leaning toward Anabaptism (baptism of adults as well as rebaptism of children already christened in the Anglican church) was the reason given by Elder Brewster for brusquely advising Roger Williams to "move on." As Bradford pithily states it, "Williams fell into strange opinions, and from opinions to practice, . . . and I feared he would run a course of rigid Anabaptistry." Bradford prayed to God that he would give Williams "a settled judgment and constancie in ye same."

The high-spirited Williams, thus brought to book by both Governor and Elder, indignantly demanded an immediate transfer to the Salem church, which was speedily granted, with the gratuitous caution to said church to "look out for him." This caution was perhaps given somewhat in pique, as a number of Plymouthites accompanied their pastor to Salem. Elder Brewster was glad to facilitate Williams' removal from Plymouth. Ever fearless in the presence of their God, the Pilgrim and Puritan still feared the machinations of the evil one as deeply as does the Hindoo of India. "Williams the disputatious, not a comfortable man to have in one's neighborhood" was the summing up of the Pilgrims as they bade adieu to this Cornish Welshman, born in London.



ROGER WILLIAMS' REPUTED  
SALEM CHURCH.



ROGER WILLIAMS BREASTING THE STORM IN  
A WILDERNESS.

Affectionately the Salem church greeted its former minister as a "prophesier," and on the death of the Reverend Samuel Skelton, installed Williams as its regular minister — so forceful and helpful had been his prophesying. Williams' trouble-making essay on Indian land ownership, being a private paper, was diplomatically overlooked by the august, dictatorial council in Boston.

The wearing of a veil, as did Ruth before Boaz, which Williams states modesty requires of women, gave Reverend John Cotton his opportunity. In supplying the Salem pulpit, finding all femininity veiled, the Boston pastor explained that as the women were in the main wives, any such Biblical interpretation was incorrect and in no sense applicable. The next Sabbath, Roger Williams gazed with some astonishment upon a congregation of unveiled women. Brother John Cotton lost vastly in prestige in Boston's Thursday Lecture, by airing his supine victory. Then most forcibly did the fiery Endecott, Williams' unswerving friend, come to his rescue. He girded hard at that minister whose "insinuating, melting ways" was one of his strongest cards to popularity. Amazingly like the human nature of our century and of all time, were these exhibitions of subjective personality.

On one occasion, commanding an officer to lower England's royal standard, Endecott almost created a mutiny by slashing out the red cross and flaunting the tattered remnant of the English flag of the fathers in triumph above his head. He was aided and abetted by the presence of Williams, the radical divine, but he brought down upon himself the condemnation of military, clergy, and laity, and was barred from holding office for a year, barely escaping a jail sentence. Even a prisoner in the pillory—a high churchman—shouted in derision "Sacriligious wretch! Thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!" "Treason! Treason!" yelled a fellow Royalist in the stocks to austere, headstrong, imperious Governor Endecott.

In all truth, however, it must be said that the English and American Puritan, like his fellow reformers in many ages and lands—notably in Palestine and India—felt it to be his business to seek reality, even at the expense of the symbol. He often destroyed the sheath to get at the "veritas." It is by no accident that Harvard College—first child of the New England Puritans—adopted as its motto "Veritas." Puritans did it "*pro Christo et ecclesiae*," that is, for Christ and





*Copyright Charles Scribner's Sons.*

IT WAS WILLIAMS' ANATHEMAS AT THE CROSS IN THE NATION'S FLAG THAT INCITED IMPETUOUS GOVERNOR ENDCOTT TO INSULT AND DEFY BOTH CHURCH AND FLAG.

His church, borrowing the motto of the Dutch University of Franeker, founded in 1585.

Williams had the faculty of gaining fast friends in high places as well as low. Endecott ever fought for him at the

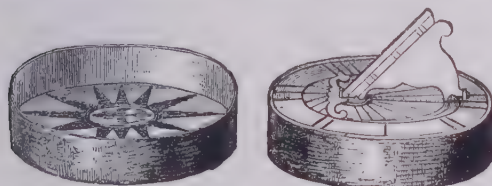


ROGER WILLIAMS LANDING AT "WHAT CHEER ROCK"

drop of the hat and fair-minded Governor Edward Winslow of Plymouth was his staunch advocate. Williams kept Salem stirred up with his new doctrines until Governor Haynes, chief magistrate of Massachusetts, afterward Governor of Connecticut, sent Captain John Underhill to Salem on a pinnace with a bench-warrant to arrest Williams and ship him to England for trial. Secretly warned, and advised to fly to the Narragansett Country by another friend at court—in fact, the biggest man in the colony, ex-Governor Winthrop—Williams took to the woods, filled though they were with savages. In the new field thus opened he carried forward effective labor for the spiritual and physical welfare of fellow colonists and Indian protégés.

Like the lion-tamer who was known to fly the tongue of

his virago wife by taking refuge in the lion's den, pillowing his head on the animal's body and sleeping in peace until morning, Roger Williams found a truer Salem among the red men, though Rhode Island was long dubbed by jealous



WITH THIS COMPASS IN HIS POCKET, ROGER WILLIAMS FEARLESSLY THREADED THE WILDERNESS.

neighbors "The Land of Crooked Sticks," in allusion to its alleged heretics and its hated toleration of all creeds gathered and sheltered in that little State which became one of

the brightest stars in the galaxy which the flag of the American commonwealth flings to the breeze.

How an audience beyond the size of a baker's dozen or two was ever gathered in Williams' church or how two pastors and a residence could be supported is a question of interest, but here is the church and on file is the statement that it was "crowded to the doors."

Roger Williams tells us that on his memorable forced march into the wilderness, fleeing from sheriff John Underhill, to the new city of refuge among the trees, he was "lost in a bitter season, not knowing what bed or bread did mean." The year 1636 saw not only real Christianity in the form of acknowledgment of Indian land ownership, but it also witnessed the Narragansetts—with whom Williams affiliated—coming to Boston to treat with the Puritans.

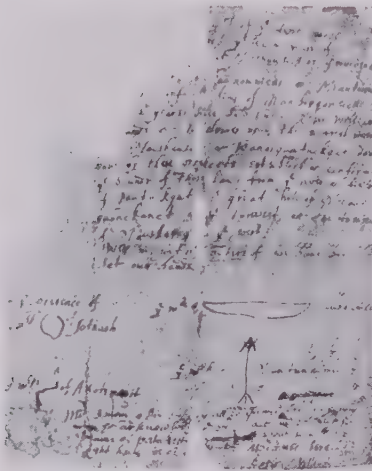
Williams' kindly services helped these and other fraternal meetings between colonists and sons-of-the-forest.

. . . Indian-haunted Narragansett saw  
The way-worn travelers round their camp fire draw,  
Or heard the plashing of their weary oars.  
And every place whereon they rested grew  
Happier for pure and gracious womanhood,  
And men whose names for stainless honor stood,  
Founders of States and rulers wise and true.

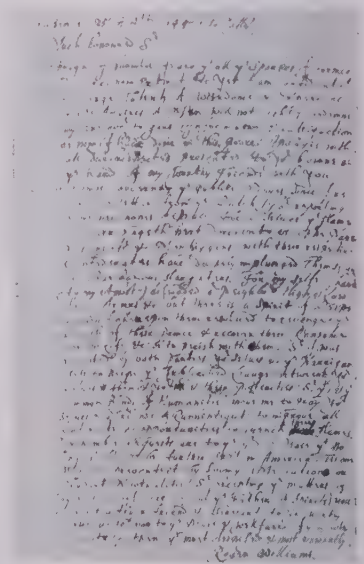
—Whittier's "*Banished from Massachusetts.*"



When homeless Roger Williams, driven into the wilderness by his countrymen, reached forth and took into his hand this deed of the site of Providence signed by Miantonomo and other red men, this proof of regard still more deeply



INDIAN DEED OF PROVIDENCE TO  
ROGER WILLIAMS.



LETTER OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

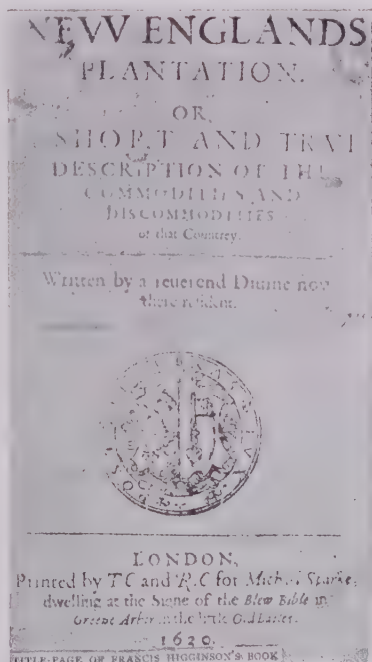
stirred his belief in the integrity of the Indian. That the red man in this case understood transfer of ownership and land tenure in fee simple, arose from the fact that beside some experience with the English colonists in bartering, one or more had been in Europe and knew the white man's ways. To all Rhode Islanders this parchment wears a halo, for it is the Indian mark of full confidence in Roger Williams. Few colonial papers have greater interest to Americans than this insignificant sheet bestowed voluntarily on the banished minister fleeing from Pilgrim and Puritan wrath into the arms of the sympathetic savage. It was late in life when Williams, wiser than of yore, preached and wrote these words concerning his red friends and their unhygienic domiciles.



"God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky homes (even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem) to gain their tongue."

Rhode Island having been left out of the New England confederacy as proclaimed and explained by Governor Bradford, it was no wonder the welkin rang and hearts glowed when Roger Williams returned from England with a charter for the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. This epoch-making event had a mighty influence on the future development of the thirteen colonies. The charter was wrested from the English king and parliament March 24, 1644.

"No man shall be in any wise molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion in matters of religion which does not actually disturb the civil peace of the colony."



FRANCIS HIGGINSON'S BOOK.

In spirit and very nearly in words, this was an echo of the order which William of Orange (William the Silent) had given to the magistrates of Middelburg in 1572, which Roger Williams read in the original Dutch and which, with the spirit of the Master who, after bringing in other sheep, "not of this fold," had not "one fold," but "one flock," however diverse in size, color or breed. Following Williams were the two other Welshmen, William Penn and Thomas Jefferson, all being America's major prophets of spiritual freedom.

That Cotton Mather's view was strongly contrariwise

is shown by describing Rhode Island in 1695 as a "colluvies of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers, Ranters" and with his usual



ROGER WILLIAMS CANOEING IN PROVIDENCE HARBOR.

punctilious regard for exactness of speech, he adds, "Everything in the world but Roman Catholics and true Christians."

Rhode Island was the first of the colonies to win so great and so broad a charter, and New York was first of the States to follow colonial Rhode Island's noble precedent, and even to enlarge upon it. Against the commonwealth

founded by Roger Williams, the Puritan coined many an offensive epithet and head-shaking proverb, but, unlike sticks or stones, however skillfully hurled, they never hurt.

Williams had not a few friends in high places. Governor Winthrop was an interested adviser, and we find Williams—a Welshman excels in irony—thus writing from Sekonk (Rehoboth) of Governor Winslow:

"I received a letter from My Ancient Friend, Mr. Winslow, the Governor of Plymouth, professing his own and others' love and respect for me, yet Lovingly advising me, since I was fallen into the edge of their bounds, and they were loth to displease the Bay (the Colony of Massachusetts, at Boston), to remove to the other side of the river, and there, he said, I had the country before me, and I might be as free as themselves, and we should be loving neighbors together."



ROGER WILLIAMS' HOME

Again Williams writes, and on this occasion money evidently talked jointly in the interview:

"That great and pious soul, Mr. Winslow, melted and kindly visited me at Providence, and put a piece of gold into the hands of my wife, for our supply."

When Williams was seventy-seven years old, and his house burned over his head, the Baye Colony, forcing words instead of works to the fore, relented sufficiently to send "regrets and sympathy." The good man's mind doubtless reverted to the Devonshire proverb: "Pity without relief is like mustard without the beef." In later times, official ingratitude was more clearly shown, when the great State of Virginia handed poverty-stricken John Rogers Clark a sword, when he needed bread. Little wonder he broke it in twain with his crutch and returned it with the message that will live for all time.

It was at Williams' instigation that King Philip's war was postponed a few years, when the Indian king, under Williams' eye, signed that treaty in the church at Plymouth, giving the colonies time to prepare for the conflict that was sure to come.

When on July 23, 1664, the *Guinea* and *Elias*, the first two of four ships, entered Boston harbor, they brought these four august commissioners—Richard Nicolls, Robert Carr, George Cartwright, Samuel Maverick—and a majority of the three hundred escorting troops.

Though ostentatiously rich, with military glamor and accredited by royal favor, Messrs. Nicolls, Carr, Cartwright and Maverick, empowered by treacherous King Charles II to conquer the Dutch at Manhadoes (New York), and to hold audience and conference with the king's subjects in New England, found their task of subduing colonists fruitless. The Pilgrims refused to furnish troops to fight their old friends, the Dutch. As an embassy, this English Commission's pompous entrance, methods and attitude received scant courtesy in Boston and save in the capture, in peace time, of New Amsterdam, this delegation made but slight mark on annals of the day.

Nichols proved himself a gentleman, even in war. Sir Robert Carr robbed the Plockhoy settlement on the Delaware, "even to a nayle," abused the women and is said to have sold the men into the white slavery that then dis-



LANDING OF THE FOUR ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

graced Virginia. In 1913 Americans vindicated the character of Plockhoy, friend of Cromwell, and beginner of the literature of the Delaware River valley, by erecting and unveiling in his honor a bronze tablet at Zierik Zee in Zeeland, the place of his birth.



Remaining a full year, the chagrined and humiliated commissioners reported on their return that they "could do nothing with so headstrong a people as the Massachusetts colony," who after one hundred years of law-making ignored

*Richard Nicolls*  
*Robert Carr*  
*George Cartwright*  
*Samuel Mavericke*

AUTOGRAPHS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS.

England's form of worship and indulged in a few other lapses of proper respect for royal mandate and usage in the Motherland—in a word, while the tide was toward absolutism in Europe, as illustrated in Spain, Austria, England, and some other countries, terrorized by royal dynasties, against which the Dutch Republic made the first successful stand—the current of spirit in free Englishmen in America was running irresistibly the other way, destined to float into existence in 1776 a new Ship of State—a federal commonwealth.

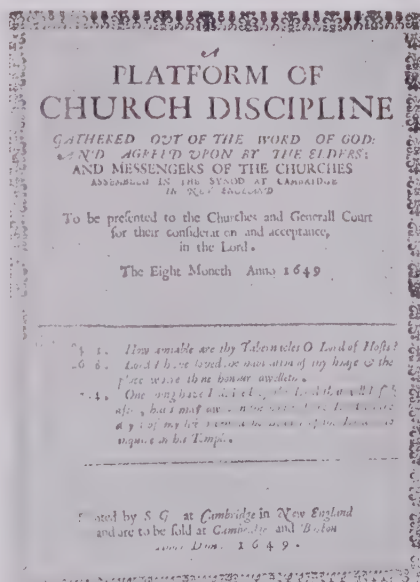
Sir Richard Saltonstall, close friend of Governor John Winthrop, returned to England within the year.

Deeply indebted is the record searcher to Samuel Green of Cambridge and his primitive printing press. The 1649 Almanac, published by Green, schedules most interestingly various happenings in the colony as shown on these pages from 1630 for full twenty years.

After the arrival of Governor Winthrop's wife, in 1631, we find that in due course Governor Bradford called at the new town of Boston to pay his respects. Disliking, however,



the good man in all probability had been fleeced by some unscrupulous Bostonian, or "Bostoneer," as Randolph called its pride-swollen typical citizen. This was a more pleasing cognomen than Cotton Mather's term of obloquy, "Lost Townites," sometimes resurrected by spiteful rivals, and given to a citizen of modern Athens, of whose city, by way of variety, they spoke as a "dried up port." Governor Bradford, with painstaking regard for the proper jingle, worked out this poem dedicated to Boston Town. Behold then the literary striving of this quondam resident of Austerfield, Amsterdam, and Leyden.



OUTGROWTH OF THE CHURCH SYNOD  
HELD IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS  
IN 1649.

### TO BOSTON

O Boston, though thou now art grown  
To be a great and wealthy town,  
Yet I have seen thee a void place,  
Shrubs and bushes covering thy face,  
And house in thee none were there,  
Nor such as gold and silk did wear,  
No drunkenness were then in thee,  
Nor such excess as now we see,  
We then drunk freely of thy spring,  
Without paying of anything.

That Governor Bradford's visit was returned by Governor Winthrop, in 1632, is shown by Plymouth Town Records. This trip of less than fifty miles was made first by sea, then

by land, over the Indian trail. Governor Winthrop thus writes in his diary:

"The governor of Plimouth, Mr. William Bradford, a very discret & grave man, with Mr. Brewster the elder & some others came forth & met them without the town & conducted them to the governor's house where they were very kindly entertained & feasted every day at several houses."

No friction between the two colonies—barring echoes of the little affair that Plymouth closed, after correspondence, with Massachusetts Bay—in regard to bartering with the Indians had yet developed; all was brotherly.

Cotton Mather, who held the history of his native town and all his neighbors on his tongue's end, tells us

"There were at this time, in Plymouth, two ministers leavened so far with the humors of the rigid separation, that they insisted vehemently upon the unlawfulness of calling any unregenerate man by the name of Goodman Such-a-one, until, by their indiscreet urging of this whimsey, the place began to be disquieted."

As an example of how a small matter can kindle discord, Governor Winthrop was called upon, while on this visit, to straighten out the knotty question which had seriously disquieted the Pilgrim church. This he did in his broad, direct manner, in less than a dozen words, by succinctly stating that "an English civil custom had nothing to do with religion." Evidently, in this case at least, the Puritan was the better Pilgrim.

"On their return home, the Puritans came to a place named Hue's Cross. The religious antipathies of the governor were excited, and for fear that at some subsequent period the Papists might assert that this name was evidence of their religion being first known in this country, he ordered it to be called Hue's Folly."

One has only to read some of the medicated histories made to order by certain religionists, even in our day, to



justify that able first Governor of Massachusetts. He was astute and far-seeing. When circumstances required action, conscience hard-gripped the driving rein, hit heads, and drove nails at vital moments, regardless of criticism or consequence.

The twentieth century, amid a thousand inventions and comforts that fill time and thought, may smile at what seems disproportionate attention to petty themes, yet in a wilderness, away from the homeland, small matters loomed occasionally in gigantic form to these exiles for freedom's sake. In time they were to shed trivialities and prepare to grapple with problems of colossal interest. Grandly did they do this in both revolution and evolution.

Again a leading American Roman Catholic dignitary says: "The Puritans had faults which spring from intellectual narrowness and religious prejudices, but when I consider their qualities I know not where to find such men today." Thus, in many quarters we find the Roman Catholics in a measure absolving Cromwell in Cromwellian times for roughly converting Ireland, recognizing the fact that Europe was a cesspool of blood, and life of but little account.

The two sister colonies in Massachusetts were in the main well in accord and when once fairly settled in New England, even rabid brother Higginson and his followers attached themselves to the church order of the Pilgrims, that is, democracy applied to Christianity, centering in the one Master.

Through the Puritan—and to write of the Pilgrim one must frequently include the Puritan—one sees in full orb the truths held most dear by our Pilgrim ancestors. Many a side-flash is thrown on his sturdy character from Puritan campfires. This is seen notably in the Reverend Francis Higginson's farewell to England, when he sailed for Salem. It rings both with a note of fealty to the Mother Church and a slur at his brother pioneer Pilgrims of Plymouth. Nevertheless when sickness entered the home of the Puritans,

he turned with feverish anxiety to these same Plymouth Pilgrims, and when in closer contact fully indorsed their faith.

"We will not say as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England: 'Farewell, Babylon! Farewell, Rome!' but we will say, 'Farewell, dear England, Farewell, thou church of God in England, and all Christian friends there.' We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it, but we go to practise the positive part of church reformation and propaganda of the gospel in America."

Moreover, it can be demonstrated that the Separatists loved not England any less than the Puritans, but they loved truth and a good conscience more. They were willing to prove this by exile, and if necessary by starvation. When Governor Winthrop broke bread with Governor Bradford in Christian unity in Plymouth, it was a notable occasion.

As the two governors, in company with Elder Brewster, the Reverend John Wilson, and a half-score of other notables, jostled elbows and sharpened wits in converse over the board of good fellowship, bonds of friendship were strengthened and issues unified. The record of the trip made by a Plymouthite states that the

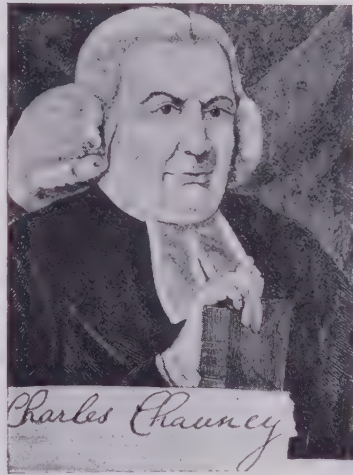
"Governour of Plimouth spake to the question after him the elder; then some two or three more of the congregation. Then the elder desired the governour of Massachusetts and Mr. Wilson to speak to it, which they did. When this was ended, the deacon, Mr. Fuller, put the congregation in mind of their duty of contribution; whereupon the governour and all the rest went down to the deacon's seat, and put into the box, and then returned."

Given the opportunity, Deacon Fuller ever proved a thrifty and prompt collector. Two governors and two ministers were unusual quarry and the timely remarks of the good doctor, who saved lives in Salem and Charlestown as well as in his own home town at Plymouth, no doubt substantially increased the religious toll of the congregations.

Nevertheless, many an unpaid medical fee remained on his books, as read after his death. Two hundred years and more passed, and the editor found the good Pilgrim doctor's descendants in his flock walking in their ancestor's footsteps. Twenty-eight pounds of powder would look like hardly more than a pinch of snuff to a modern dealer in munitions who supplies sixteen-inch naval guns, yet it was of sufficient import for the Olde Colony of Plymouth to borrow and Governor Winthrop of the Baye Colony to lend and make it a matter of record—a transaction showing close social and friendly commercial relations between the two sister colonies.

A man of might was the Reverend Charles Chauncey, who became the Plymouth co-pastor, joining Mr. Raynor as assistant. A believer in baptism by total

immersion, his persistence in hammering at this dogma, using his flock as an anvil, and plying his tools both in and out of season, as in the case of Roger Williams, caused division and a parting of the ways. Hammer and anvil separated in 1641, and the Reverend Charles left Plymouth for Scituate and finally stepped into that much-prized office, the presidency of Harvard College, being its second incumbent. Besides directing the fortunes of what is now a national university, President Chauncey found time to write a New England version of the Psalms. Dean of the clergy, he lived to the age of eighty-two years, in days when, as a rule, the clergy as well as laity grew old fast, and frequently died long before the purely subjective age-limit set by the author of the ninetieth Psalm, the previous standard in Holy Writ being *one hun-*



CHARLES CHAUNCEY, PASTOR OF  
THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

*dred and twenty.* (Genesis.) Chauncey's fibre is well proved by his continued close friendship with his old classmate, George Herbert, who in a distich did not only pay his respects to the Elect, but pictured finely the historic situation.

"Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand."

No man at heart detested the Quaker faith more deeply than Chauncey, who never failed to speak his mind both in and out of season concerning their form of Christianity, which, after all, *is Puritanism carried to its logical issue*, yet never seen by some of our purblind ancestors.

As in the case of all but one of the Leyden Pilgrims, no portrait of Charles Chauncey, pastor of the Plymouth church and second President of Harvard College exists, and the occasional erroneous use of the portrait herewith, that of his great grandson, Charles Chauncey, pastor of the First Church in Boston, has at times misled both reader and historian as in the case of several other worthies. This Boston pastor, colleague of the Reverend Mr. Foxcroft, had strong features, and in his lifetime made a profound impression upon all who knew him. He died in 1787.

Increase Mather explained to his weeping congregation that the sorrow of Heaven merged with the sorrow of Boston over the death of Charles Chauncey. An eclipse of the sun at the time was interpreted to mean that the Creator, to show His intense grief at the taking off of this good man, darkened the skies. This "good man" advised the killing of Quakers as he would that of ravenous wolves. Much alike were the warped consciences of persecutors all over the world and in every age. The modern motto "Where persecution begins, Christianity ends," was understood only by a few—the peaks of humanity. To many in power it was hardly thinkable.

In New Netherland a youthful and inexperienced clerk in the West India Company's office, Wouter van



Twiller, nephew of Van Rensselaer, one of the prominent stockholders—furnishing a fine example of the folly of nepotism in government—was the incompetent Governor of New Amsterdam, from 1633 to 1637. In obedience to orders, he sent Jacobus van Curler, later a schoolmaster, and Hans Janse Eencluyts, artillerist, to build a fort called New Hope, on the Long or Connecticut river, claiming this from Block's discoveries and map, as part of New England. William Holmes, of the Plymouth colony, was sent to erect a trading-post at the place now called Windsor. The Dutch and English were still allies against Spain. Each side looked upon the other as an unjustifiable aggressor, when William Holmes—using (traditional) language that shows him to have been a latecomer and a strange sort of Pilgrim—called on the Dutch cannoneer to “fire and be God-condemned”—or words to that effect. There is no record that the Dutch fired on Holmes' boat, or made a breach of either friendship



WILLIAM HOLMES PASSING THE DUTCH FORTS ON THE LONG RIVER. ON THIS VESSEL'S DECK IS THE PORTABLE HOUSE TO BE SET UP AT WINDSOR.

or neutrality over an unsettled question. In fact, they had strict orders from home to keep friendship with their English allies, for Spain was still powerful. Englishmen and Dutchmen were, on the continent, standing shoulder to shoulder in that long war which made Spain a "broken-backed tiger."

It was in 1633 that Holmes sailed past the two-gun fort built on an island bordering the Long River, Quanehtacut (Connecticut), the *Versche* (Freshwater) of Adrian Block. Holmes' vessel was loaded with the frame of a house ready to set up. He sailed on, boldly saying, "I will follow my governor's instructions, fire or not and come what may," and he was unmolested.

Today one of the most beautiful church edifices in the United States, at Schenectady, New York, has been erected by sale of the land left by Eencluyts, the artillerist.

The Pilgrims continued to strengthen their holdings in Windsor, but they found in the Puritan an invader even more ruthless for the Massachusetts Bay colony encroached without limit.

Van Twiller sent seventy soldiers, with strict orders to abstain from hostilities, if possible, and to keep full faith and peace with their allies, for Governor Bradford in his letters, both in Dutch and French, had laid emphasis on the alliance which bound England and the Republic together. The English of that day knew full well that the Protestant New Netherland, bordering the Hudson River, was England's outpost, as truly as was the Dutch Republic in the time of the Armada, that the successor of Philip II, of giant Spain, was still unbeaten, and that the Dunkirk pirates were on the seas as lively as ever.

The only war in the Connecticut river region was that of words, or a Donnybrook bludgeon affair.

In our day in the enlargement of Hartford, the historic spirit has prevailed over petty local traditions and names of new streets show loyalty to facts.

Smallpox now appeared in the Connecticut valley and swept off the Indians by hundreds. Four Dutchmen reputed to have been sent to annoy the Pilgrims by endeavoring to disaffect Indians and divert trade from the Pilgrims, contracted the loathsome and contagious disease. They were, however, fearlessly nursed back to health by the Windsor Pilgrims. Thus both parties revealed their true fibre.

As in the case of their fathers who gladly welcomed the oppressed Separatists of 1609 into their tolerant republic, so now on American soil the men of New Netherland sent greeting and showed deep gratitude for the Christian behavior of their hosts. Both parties buried the tomahawk of discord and Pilgrims and Hollanders lived on in unity. When will the average man delight to hear of such undramatic incidents, rather than those in which was shed each other's blood?

Mutual help and fraternity were especially noticeable after Van Twiller, a profiteer, had been recalled and Governor Kieft had succeeded him in New Netherland. By this exchange, however, the Indians did not profit.

A century was yet to slip by before Jenner introduced vaccination. Meanwhile smallpox moved easterly, killing seven hundred Narragansetts and completely wiping out many smaller tribes which in time might have fought the settlers. Again, as ever, the Pilgrims thanked the Lord in slaying their enemies, who in many cases felt that the spirit controlling disease fought on the side of the white man. (The statement that the white man introduced smallpox in America is open to question, as it seems to have been indigenous to various parts of this continent.)

The John Hockings imbroglio in Maine stirred Pilgrim communities from shore to mountain and on the sea. It was in the month of May, 1634, that John Hockings, managing a trading-post on the Piscataqua for the two English lords, Say and Seale, and Brooke, met his death at the hands of Plymouth men, but only after great provoca-

tion. Encroaching on Pilgrim territory in charge of John Howland, his vessel was warned back by two magistrates. Unheeding this command, Goodman Talbot attempted to cut the trespassing ship's cable. Hockings fired, killing Talbot, and Talbot's close friend fired in reprisal, killing Hockings. Upon this, Massachusetts, flinging a peace-sop to the crown lawyer, arrested magistrate John Alden, though he had been merely a spectator of the main episode, as he sailed into Boston harbor with a cargo of merchandise. Captain Myles Standish, who never deserted a friend, in defense, argued so clearly in the case that his fellow townsman was set free, but on the ground that Massachusetts had no jurisdiction whatever on the site of the homicide. The language used by Standish bordered on insult and his bitter arraignment clashed rudely with the dignity of the august Puritan Boston magistrates, who gladly saw the backs of the two "Brownists" as they turned Plymouthward.

According to one account, Governor Bradford, Edward Winslow and the Reverend Ralph Smith of the Pilgrims, who was evidently of sufficient standing to be used in the rôle of mediative counselor, and the Reverend Mr. Wilson of the Puritans, had each a hand or voice in the legal proceedings that finally freed John Alden and sent him home to his household.

Accurate and thorough surveys of the land thus so freely dealt out in London, being as yet unknown to kings or crown lawyers—even William Penn's cure for possible boundary quarrels being administered at his private expense—conflict about grants, patents, and counterclaims, which Dickens later called "circumlocution," were continual in the office.

The Gorges family, which asserted a step-ladder succession to a section of their holdings in New England, kept both Pilgrim and Puritan in a state of unrest. However, the persistence of actual settlers succeeded, with help from John Mason, who like every one of the New England mili-



tary men had served abroad in the army of the Dutch Republic. Mason took New Hampshire as his share of the Gorges deal, and was a telling factor in the successful settlement of New England.

Not only was the Netherlands the training-ground of the soldiers and war engineers in the England of both the Tudors and the Stuarts, but the tactics and vocabulary of the British army, to this day, are tell-tale of their origin. "Taps," "tattoo," "life guard," "forlorn hope," with most of the much stronger words and much of the slang used by the rank and file are pure Dutch and often unaltered.

## CHAPTER VII

### PILGRIM VS. PURITAN—THE AMERICAN INDIAN

A CERTAIN Christopher Martin, Thomas Martin and Thomas Morton, the last once Overlord of the Lords of Misrule at Merry Mount, made charges against the Pilgrims, in addition to those pressed by Mason and Gorges, before the Privy Council in England. They found themselves frustrated in their designs by the persistent and courageous Captain Wiggin, who lived at Piscataquack. This lover of truth appeared in the nick of time to indulge in vigorous and convincing argument in behalf of his friends. Of towering stature and powerful physique, Captain Wiggin was no man to trifle with, as both Mason and Deputy-Governor Barefoot of New Hampshire once found to their undoing, when Wiggin laughed to scorn Mason's claims as to ownership of New Hampshire. The former tenant, attempting to oust the good-natured but leonine Captin Wiggin, in an instant found himself tumbled into the fireplace with his partner in woe hurled atop—to the making of a general mixture of Mason, fire-dogs, burning logs, wood ashes, and Barefoot.

Governor John Winthrop, as great a man as Massachusetts ever knew, was a close friend of this Thomas Wiggin, of Piscataquack, New Hampshire. Wiggin evidently knew how to wield a pen as well as a bludgeon. and gives us a strong light on the Governor's character:

"And for the Governor himself, I have observed him to be a discreet and sober man, giving good example to all the planters, wearing plain apparel such as may well beseem a mean man, drinking ordinarily water, and when he is not conversant about matters of justice, putting his hand to any ordinary labor with his servants."



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THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF NEW HAMPSHIRE STARTED BY  
CAPTAIN WIGGIN OF PISCATAQUACK.

Had Gorges and Mason departed life without issue or assigns, the Pilgrim and Puritan lot might have been easier. The Gorges patent, one of the big assignments of New England made in Europe like that to Van Rensselaer, which comprised most of what is now Albany, Saratoga, and Rensselaer counties, covered twenty miles of Massachusetts coast line and extended approximately thirty miles back into the Indian country, comprising some two hundred thousand acres. The death of the original King James patent of 1607 was dramatically staged on Sunday, June 29, 1623 (twelve years prior to 1635, the year of Gorges' arrival in New England). At Greenwich about twenty owners divided the dried remnant of the patent, and in a sense this was a

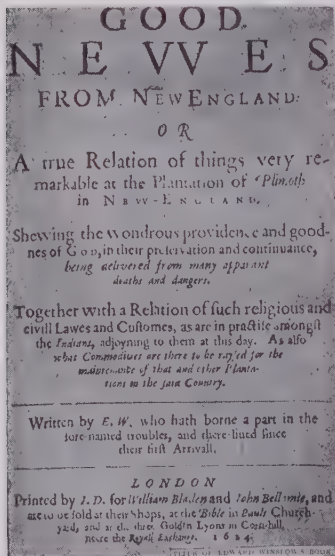
paper distribution. King James, in the rummage sale, as money power requires, claimed and received the lion's share. Sections of land extending between the two bays, Fundy and Narragansett, were now sold or traded to settlers

and communities by their fortunate or unfortunate owners. Among the purchasers were William Blaxton, Samuel Maverick, Thomas Walford, William Jeffrey, John Busby, and the Reverend William Morrow, that silent Conformist who once lived unknown in Plymouth.

The doings in Plymouth are clearly and contemporaneously set forth in Winslow's "Good Newes from New England," printed in London and covering the period from November, 1621, to September, 1623, though they are more thoroughly and with better perspective portrayed in William Bradford's book on "New Plim-

outh," which paints the beginnings of the making of America. Keenly interesting is "Mourt's Relation," popularly so-called, because the name G. Mourt appears in the preface. According to the best authorities the book was written in Plymouth by Winslow and Bradford.

If with mental detachment we watch the shifting scenes we shall see that the stage of Europe would find it difficult to duplicate in pathos, humor, or grotesqueness, what the saunterer through Puritan Boston's streets witnessed daily. Could a greater play be put on the boards than that of the delivery of the King's Missive and its outcome? What deeper tragedy than the placarding of Hester Prynne, the clergyman's victim, with a badge of shame? Could a gro-



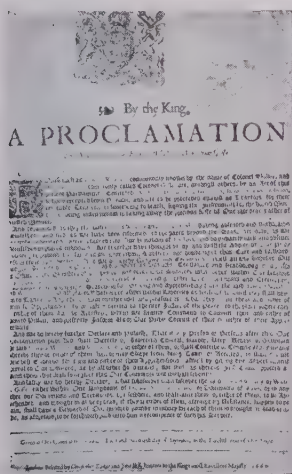
"GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ENGLAND" WRITTEN BY EDWARD WINSLOW IN 1624.



tesqueness of attitude and mien farther go than that of Lord Timothy Dexter, as in later years he swung through the streets observed of all in his clattering coach—a crazed brain indicating crazed acts. The dramatic life in America of Colonels Goffe and Whalley, two of the fleeing regicides, began when they bearded the lion in his den by strolling into the Boston Coffee Exchange. The place was packed with British officers, and excitement ran high. It required genuine diplo-



Courtesy Jones Brothers Publishing Company  
ARRESTED FOR KISSING HIS WIFE ON SUNDAY, CAPTAIN KEMBLE RETALIATES.



KING'S PROCLAMATION  
AGAINST GOFFE AND  
WHALLEY.

macy to rid the town of the harboring, feasting, and abetting of these two regicides. Avoiding the king's emissaries, they fled to New Haven. There they kept in hiding in the Judges' Cave, and later in the home of the Hadley minister, where absolutely unknown, they lived for years. Colonel Goffe saved Hadley from Indian massacre by rushing from his retirement and rallying the villagers. Goffe, with his father-in-law, Whalley, was buried in the cellar of the parsonage, their remains finally being removed to New Haven, so state some writers.

It was a British man-o'-war's man, Captain Kemble, whom audacious Boston magistrates hauled before the court and fined for greeting his wife with a kiss on the street after an absence of three years. His reprisal well offset the severe reproof. It consisted in luring to his vessel the unsuspecting magistrates with the ever-appreciated bait, a dinner. The unusual dessert proved to be an active application of cat-o'-nine tails, as the magistrates scurried across the deck and down the sides of the vessel amid the derisive shouts of the captain and his crew. Here was an impressive example of the fact that a captain's authority on his vessel's quarterdeck is supreme.

Do the Puritan ways seem strange? Many an American tourist, wife on arm, moving quietly and sedately in a European cathedral, has had his wife's arm rudely pulled away! No such marital politeness allowed in the Roman Catholic cathedral, at Antwerp, for example! Puritanism does not belong to one sect, nor do "blue laws" belong to one country or branch of the Universal Church.

Strange things happened in Puritan days on the oldest street in Boston. Here one might see fair maidens guilty of various misdemeanors going to market occasionally sleeve-labeled law-breakers, in colors white, black and red; pirates bearded from eyebrows to chest; Governor Bellomont, side by side with Captain William Kidd, speeding their way down street—the former soon to make a vicarious sacrifice for the other; privateersmen bantering with friend and neighbor over their fat bank accounts and treasure-laden prizes; king's men from the British navy hiding in the shadows of buildings, to tear husbands from wives and lads from their mothers by working as opportunity offered in the press gang, to sail the raging main and battle unwillingly against friend and foe alike. This custom, to the disgrace of Britain, was followed in most of the colonies, at first even



ADMIRAL KNOWLES' PRESS GANG AT WORK.

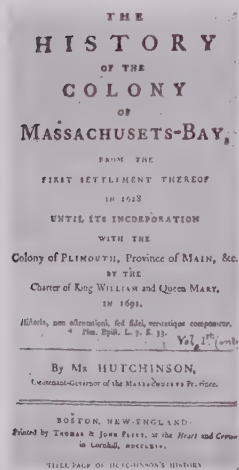
to man the Continental navy, but Boston ended it in her area of influence by humbling the worst transgressor, Admiral Knowles. Knowles was the first British commodore to show his back to a Boston mob. Relinquishing the men and boys his press gang had seized he was glad to escape from the indignant citizens. When finally allowed to sail, he undoubtedly swore with uplifted hand "never again in Boston Town!"

Admiral Knowles simply followed a course steered by his betters when he impressed American seamen, but in so doing he unconsciously gave a lusty blow for the cause by feeding Freedom's flame.

This bad custom, like so many others, as has been said, was too often imitated by the Continental naval captains, as records show. Old habits change slowly. It was the action of British commanders in taking sailors claimed to be British subjects—that is, the press gang practice on water—that was one factor in bringing on the War of 1812, from

which time the habit officially ceased, though with the aid of alcoholic drinks, "shanghaiing" was continued and still lingers. Some day we shall better understand the urge of things that, without regard to name, place, time, or profession, drives men to strange actions despite all their theories.

One law not written on the statute books, but ever in the background, much to Boston's shame, was brought boldly forth under provocation on divers occasions. Thomas Hutchinson, the Tory governor—labeled by the rabble "stingy Tommy," nearly lost his life at the hands of a Boston mob.



GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON'S HISTORY WHICH THE MOB TRAMPLED IN HIS GARDEN.

The acceptance or non-acceptance of Faneuil Hall was the cause of a riot of turbulent citizens. A close vote gave this useful building to Boston Town. In this same spirit a howling mob dragged the boat of Harrison, the collector, to the common. Then, having first given the owner a severe beating, they fed the

timbers to a bonfire. Once a Boston mob in its fury tried to bury an old woman alive, disappointed at finding untrue her insistence that a person while yet living had been interred. It was this too frequent outburst of a spirit of lawlessness in the colonies which stiffened the purpose of the king's ministers, in 1770 and later, to coerce the colonies by military force and which made so many people of character and property remain Loyalists, even going to Canada or back to Britain to live.

Some leading descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers allowed self-interest to clip Freedom's wings, and meekly submitted to royal commands. Intermarriage, as in the case of Benedict Arnold, was also a strong factor in throttling fealty to the colonies. Many crimes were committed in New England in the name of liberty.





*Courtesy of Jones Bros. Publishing Company*

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON ESCAPING WITH HIS LIFE FROM THE ANGRY  
BOSTON MOB.

#### PILGRIM VERSUS PURITAN

Biased partisans have packed the libraries of Europe and America with fulsome praise and blame of historians, real or reputed. The measure of influence of men of either name, in developing New England and the New World, has been variously stated, the differences in opinion being very great. For information, we have among others Mourt's Relation, William Bradford's History of the Plimouth Plantation, Edward Winslow's descriptive records. On the Puritan side are the diaries of those staunch leaders, John Winthrop and Samuel Sewall, with Cotton Mather's verbose but picturesque comments. Later is Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Hutchinson's History of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, until its incorporation with the Colony of Plymouth and the Province of Maine. The many records of towns and of private individuals in the Twin Colonies were written by hands now pulseless for over two centuries. These all, especially when studied comparatively, help us to untangle the maze of both Pilgrim and Puritan

ancestry. They depict also very clearly the doings of the two communities that aided so greatly in forming the United States of America.

The Pilgrim has been graphically summarized in the lines:

"In the pursuit of religious freedom he established civic liberty, and meaning only to found a church gave birth to a nation, and in settling a town commenced an Empire."

The Pilgrim of 1620 ploughed the way for the Puritan of 1623-1630, falsifying a statement, at that time fast gaining ground in England, that Virginia, as the new country was broadly called, made a good semi-penal colony for jail-birds and candidates for prisons and almshouses, while relieving Britain of their obnoxious presence and developing coevally an outlet for British trade.

Although in some cases an excellent grade of colonist had started settlements in the Southland, laws giving wide license had attracted thereto in large numbers the dissolute, idle, and vicious, and it was an Eldorado for the libertine and depraved. None of the settlements proved a complete success, and to the well-informed Englishman of the seventeenth century, America, especially in the south, appeared as a veritable Golgotha for both purse and body. To combat successfully such conditions required convincing faith, chastened experience, indomitable courage and a towering belief in work—all of which a true Separatist possessed, and his triumph was made manifest in subsequent events. The faith of the Pilgrims paralleled that of the prophets of old. When they prayed they actually talked with God, for between man and his Creator their Sacred Book told them there was but one Mediator. In the whole world they led in this close communication with the Maker of that world, without symbols, or badge, or ostentation of human intermediaries or mediators. With surprising equanimity, and to us what sometimes seems to savor of irreverence, in the set-

ting of questions of moment, they declared that "God Himself stepped in with a casting vote." Believing they could thus familiarly treat with Deity in an intimate and conversational mood as children with parents, why should they not walk fearlessly when armed with the Bible promises? When corn was drying up for lack of rain and white man and Indian stood alike, shoulder to shoulder, confronting gaunt, hollow-eyed famine—they went in prayer to the Giver of all, who had said "Prove me now, if I will not open the windows of heaven." When after talking the matter over with God it rained intermittently for fourteen days, they received congratulations from the Indian, profusely seasoned with awe, as to their close intimacy with the Great Spirit. When the Pilgrim some years later considered leaving Plymouth, and an earthquake roughly shook their cabins and rattled teeth, windows, and such mantel ornaments as they had, they interpreted this to mean that God was condemning the idea of abandonment of the site selected by Him for a new church and nation. Speedily putting the temptation away, they cheerfully and lustily followed once again the ploughshare and swung axe, scythe, and flail, supping contentedly on mush-pudding and beer in the land upon which they had settled.

For this decision, we may say in truth they deserved but little credit, since they lived up to their compelling purpose to obey all Divine authority. When, therefore, this was manifested so democratically, personally, and convincingly, it could only be that their hearts were aglow with the joy of service under such a Master. Their direct manner of reaching the Creator of the universe was the main source of the Pilgrims' wondrous courage and power.

Nevertheless, well was it for the colony in these first years that it was guided by the Valiant Four and advised and in a measure ruled—though at a distance—by that rare soul, Pastor Robinson. Until his death in 1625, it was he who held the little company together, preserving it from

danger, and steering its precarious course safely amid moral, physical and financial reefs that threatened wreckage and engulfment. Brewster, Bradford, Winslow and Standish were men of which any town, city, nation or age might well be proud. Of character force seventy-five per cent was pronounced Separatism. What the other twenty-five per cent, represented by Standish, lacked in outspoken belief, that barred him from church membership, was made up in sincerity and devotion to duty. Even to the Pilgrim mind Standish in all probability was reckoned a religious man, strong in his faith in God. "Verily, this was a son of God" might the unbiased student and critic say.

Standish stood four-square to every ill wind, while as for bravery the "Little Captain," who fought for Queen Elizabeth in the Dutch Republic and whose eyes flashed forth anger or love as occasion demanded, was ever keyed to keep his fighting force as on Damascus edge. Holding his own good blade with five men or only one at his back he would have faced five hundred "Salvages" without fear had duty called.

"His conscience and his sword he thought,  
His duty lay between,  
And with a right good will he strove  
To keep both bright and clean."

It was fortunate for the Pilgrim community that its leaders were not only men of singular powers, but of such varied abilities, making in all an assemblage of talent rarely excelled. Bradford, a sagacious man of affairs, was gentle, yet firm, and proved to be an ideal governor and magistrate. Brewster, the church elder, had acted with Robinson in Leyden, and at his request made in Holland, served in the same capacity beyond sea. Besides having two sermons to prepare for the Lord's Day services, he administered justice, tempered with mercy, to such of the community as the good Governor could not make conform to the law.



Brewster was a fixed outpost at the gates of the Lord in the wilderness, discussing the Word confidentially and openly with his Maker and people. Moreover, he was prevailing in prayer. Though, like Paul the apostle, unordained, he was ever faithful to his self-appointed task.

Winslow, the widest read and having the broadest culture of them all, was a conscientious diplomat, even as one tried in the fire. He was ever on guard against any foe to person or property. Whether as ambassador to England, in a pow-wow with Indians, or as Governor of Plymouth, he measured up to the requirements of duty.

As for the individual, thoughtful Pilgrim, who prayerfully cognized from day to day his footsteps, environment, and experiences, he could not but conclude that he was truly in the hollow of the hand of "the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity and the praises thereof," but dwell also in the hearts of the contrite, and in this spirit of true humility, he daily strove to be. His faith rested farther on the promise and record "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him."

Driven into Provincetown Refuge Harbor by the breakers, and later forced ashore on Plymouth Rock, instead of landing in the more temperate Southland, as he had planned, he still recognized, with the discerning faith that was in him, the wisdom of the Lord. His faith drove him farther to say, "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," and he did trust. He never charged God with folly, even in the darkest moment of trial. The same hand that protected his landing might send to their deaths more than half of the little company in the first few months of their occupancy of this new home, yet like Abraham, who never owned a foot of the land promised him, the Pilgrim "looked for a city"; and that city had foundations.

Whether it were prosperity and success, or wilderness deprivations, the Separatists might change their skies, but never their constant mind, for they not only had the vision

but they discerned its foundation—God. Their foothold in the New World might lack royal backing, but even in the sweeping away by pestilence of all of the Patuxet (Little Bay) tribe that once inhabited it, the Pilgrims recognized the Divine hand. In the one survivor, Squanto, they magnified the Giver of all mercies. It is even probable that, were they living today, in an age of science, they would have found in the formula of evolution a larger vision of faith, and glorified the Creator because, in His own way—whatever name man might give to the divine process—He lifted up dust into man to bear the divine image.

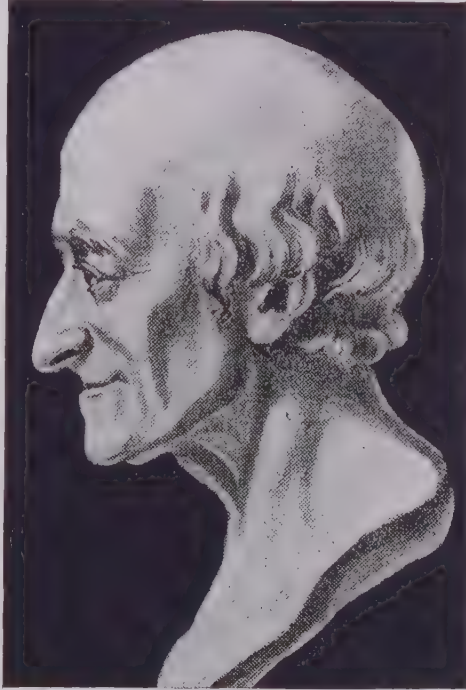
It is often supposed—and the expression of this purely subjective supposition frequently takes exaggerated forms and becomes caricature—that life both to the Pilgrim and the Puritan was dark and gloomy. Men not of the faith of the Reformation, or of the Puritan idea of what life ought to be, forget the past, and judge from the twentieth century point of view, with all its comforts, luxuries, and inventions. They know what high churchmen—even archbishops and critical historians—acknowledge, namely, that most of our best political inheritances and the lovely and beautiful things in our homes date in the main from the Reformation and largely from the Puritan. It was the Puritan who led in ushering in the new era of enlightened democracy, and the idea of “the greatest good to the greatest number.” Both Pilgrim and Puritan were the greatest emancipators of man, for *they unshackled the mind*.

Let us look at the sixteenth century situation in the spheres of theology, and of what is quite different, and the very deepest force in man—religion.

In mediæval ideas—those which the Puritan fought against most strenuously first, last and always—the Son of Man, our Brother, Friend and Exemplar—ever nearest to his human fellows, always dear to children, and in whose presence even the lowest and most sinful felt that there was for him a new chance—had become the Awful Judge,

transcendant above all mundane affairs, and terrible in countenance. No prayer or petition to Him was heard unless it came through a host of earthly mediators, or His pleading mother. In depicting Christ's earthly life, the stress of art and literature was on His physical sufferings. In statue, painting, church ornaments, w a y s i d e shrine, and in multitudinous symbols, emphasis was placed on the Savior's agony and blood. Thus the emotions were deeply stirred to bring home to the worshipper the accusation of personal responsibility for guilt, and of speedy judgment, with purgatory before reaching heaven.

If any one doubts this, let him study the art and literature of the Byzantine period, the era of the Middle Ages, the paintings of the Renaissance epoch or the hymnology of which *Dies Irae* and the *Stabat Mater* are the gems. Voltaire, the French wit, in a way that made even jesting seem sacred, in comparison to what he saw in France, had carved over a house of worship "Voltaire builds a church to God." One could travel far and wide and see churches dedicated to saints and apostles, but few if any to God. The essence of all Puritan preach-



"VOLTAIRE BUILDS A CHURCH TO GOD," SO WROTE THE WITTY FRENCHMAN.

ing was "Have faith," not in sinners, even though they were earthly princes or ecclesiastical potentates, but "in God."

At such a time, when the dead corpse of Latin—a language so superbly fitted for autocrats, governors, soldiers, and church prelates—and the translations from it, gave way to the glorious, flexible Greek, so rich in humanistic literature, the New Testament was studied by scholars in its original form, and put into a language understood by the people. Then Puritanism arose. In a word, the verbal ritual of the mediæval church gave way to the language of early Christianity. "The Greek language rose from the dead with the New Testament in her hand." Then also the Greek theology—life and glory, as well as discipline and government—shed its illuminating beams. The new view—that is, old enough to be novel—was also that which one gains from a stained glass window, when he looks at it from within the cathedral, after having seen it only from the outside. The machinery of symbols was detested, and all "religious goods" were cast off, along with the despotism of priestcraft. Who wanted candle-light after the sun had risen?

The Separatist carried the reform even to the abolition of the unholy alliance with politics, and in the rapture of joyous vision was ready for new ventures in faith. Thereafter, as on a new morning after a dark night, Christ was no longer the Awful Judge, requiring a mob of mediators, sinners like ourselves, but the brother, friend and companion of man. Those who thus saw Him felt ready for any achievement to which God called them.

They heard the call of Jesus to joy and they fulfilled His command. Their happiness was far above the sensuous level, whether in routine worship, or in daily life.

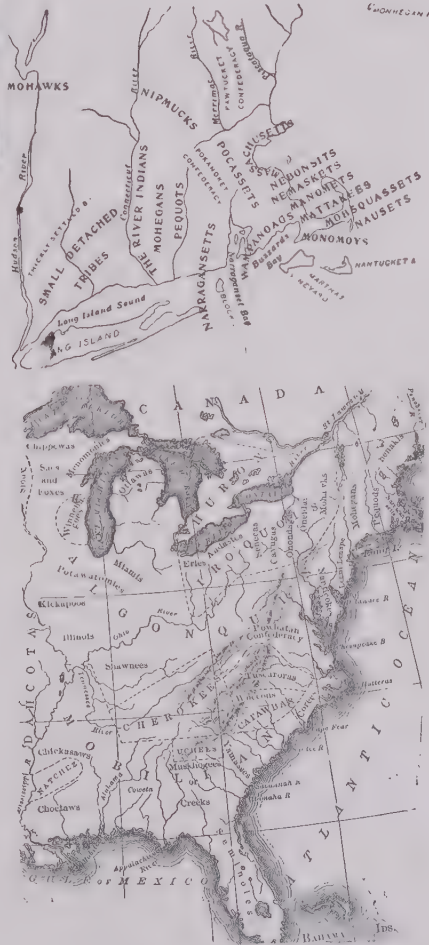
It was not only sects or a religious renaissance that stood as indices and landmarks of the New Age. Life,



government, art, literature, the institution of the family altar and the newer and richer joys, brought even into the hut and cottage, all showed the change from gloom to gladness. Even if in some forms of Puritanism there



THESE NAMES OF INDIAN TRIBES  
WERE OFTEN IN THE MINDS AND  
ON THE TONGUES OF OUR FORE-  
FATHERS, SOMETIMES UNDER  
BREATH IN MASSACRE DAYS; IN  
OTHERS IN BARTER AND  
CONFERENCE.



was sudden but only temporary abstinence from things of beauty—which was almost a necessity and increased by life's discipline in the wilderness, the emphasis being on reality, and the chief care of life centering on what hap-

pened within, not outside the man—the reaction took on a healthy form. As a matter of fact, the modern descendants of the Puritans have been among the first lovers of beauty and forward in motives of art and literature in our nation. The Pilgrim and Puritan contributions to American civilization could least be spared.

This glance into the lives of Pilgrim and Puritan would be incomplete without a more or less detailed description of that strictly indigenous product, the American Indian. Ever a moot subject, good, bad and indifferent, in his career from infancy to old age, and oft labeled by early settlers “spawn of the devil,” he was yet a man and in the main the Pilgrim treated him as such, while the people of New Netherland recognized his humanity both in profession and in law.

The American Indians with whom the Pilgrim ultimately had the closest relations, both in peace and war, wintering and summering with them, hence knowing intimately their habitat and brain development, were all of the Algonquin stock and of tidewater environment. These dwelt in Plymouth at times often in large numbers, even serving as petty magistrates, thus entering closely into the town's history.

Their story as viewed from the white man's side would be but meagerly told if all possible sidelights were not brought to bear on Indian character as seen in the full light of anthropology. Displaced by the interloping white man, his race was scattered and crushed by the onrush of civilization. We who study the Indian in the perspective of history and comparative religion, sociology and civilization, who realize how greatly in America we are indebted to the Indians—having appropriated their gifts and achievements, and viewing their struggle with nature—find perhaps more to admire than would or could the men of the seventeenth century.

The Boston housewife, priding herself on pottery-



TYPES OF THE NOBLE RED MAN.

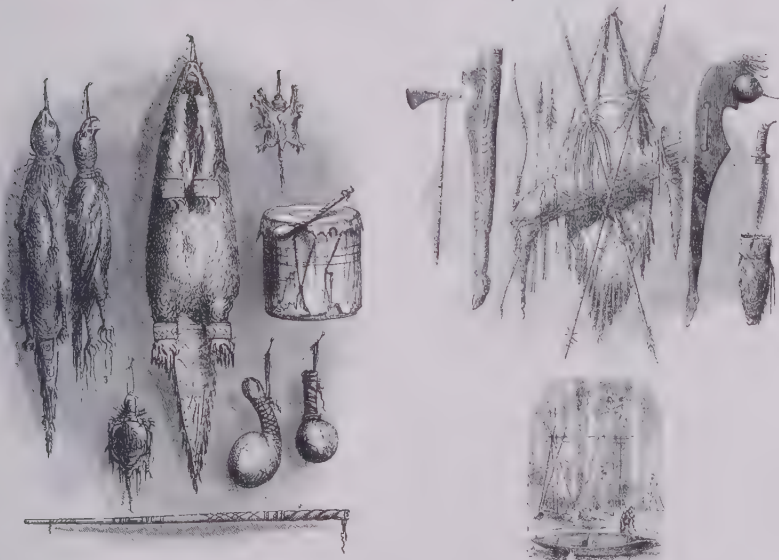
baked beans, only followed in the footsteps and probably learned directly from her Indian sister, who cooked in a pot of burned clay on the site of Boston Common that appetizing dish invented centuries before the white man trod the hills of Shawmut or the sands of Cape Cod.

It is well to inquire concerning the stage of evolution reached by the American Indians. The Algonquins had risen above the status of the horde into that of the tribe; while the evolution of the Iroquois—far superior in many ways—had gone farther, even to the point of confederacy. With the Dutch, except temporarily through blundering governors like Kieft, the Iroquois were at peace. The English and the Indians in New England, on the contrary, except for brief intervals after the death of Massasoit, were in almost continual warfare. Contrasting with this, was the fact that the Algonquins and the French rarely quarreled, while the Iroquois held perpetual and implacable enmity to the French. Why was this? One name answers the query—Champlain.

Canada (New France) adroitly seized the successful method of the Roman Empire in handling her vassalized peoples—of making them Romans only in name, never rising except by purchase or special grace of the victor to the status of citizens. An Indian in Canada was made a subject of the Crown! Glitter and pomposity, coupled with a nominal conversion to church rules, which allowed too often absolution for repeated diabolical crimes against God and man, kept the musket on his forearm and his tomahawk in mid-air to massacre all enemies of France.

The outstanding feature of the Pilgrim Father was loyalty to his family. In Canada thousands of Frenchmen deserted wives and children to live with and become like savages. As *coureurs des bois* (wood runners) they made the forest their home, free from the laws of God and of civilized man. Nevertheless, these men acted as peace-makers, while the New England colonists, less polite, and





THE INDIAN AT HOME.

more conscientious toward the Indian, frequently reaped the whirlwind for their reward in well-doing—often by their very close adherence to the high standard of Christian civilization.

The most beautiful range of mountain-like hills in America, New Hampshire's snow-white pride, now made a national park, forms a fitting memorial to the lords of the soil. Like shining gems, in their native matrix of ore or rock, are the Indian names in this region that once echoed with the shouts of the red hunter, whose war-whoop also too often resounded over lake and valley. Weetamoo and

Pemigewasset, Paugus and Chocorua, Tecumseh and Osceola, form but a partial index of the aborigines who roamed the country from North Sea to South Sea and whose memory is kept green by the White Mountains of New Hampshire and by the sonorous names given to rivers, valleys and the landmarks reared by nature, never to be blotted out.



INDIAN METHOD OF MAKING FIRE.

The savages never made a census, but most authorities estimate the Indian population of 1620 in area now included in the United States to have been about one million. The tomahawk and scalping knife, with fever and smallpox, shortened life that was sombre rather than merry. Entire tribes might be devoured by those twin dragons of destruction, pestilence and war, but neither these nor careless hygiene entirely obliterated the

first families of America, whose members today in our land total at least three hundred and fifty thousand, or on the whole continent, somewhat over a million.\*

The full-blooded Indian was tall and slim with copper-colored skin, long straight black hair, high cheek bones, a beardless face—hairs being pulled out when they appeared—and small, piercing, black eyes. His muscles unbound by drudgery which was ever performed by the squaw, made him lithe as a panther. Not so strong as the white man in all-round athletics, in his particular powers—those of ranging hills and threading forest mazes—the Indian far outclassed his white brother, often covering seventy and eighty miles a day. Indeed, a tribesman fell below the standard, if he could not with ease stride forty miles from sunrise to

\* The square miles required to support a single "painted hunter" absorbed a vast territory which the white man craved and finally won. Under intensive cultivation less than an acre can support an average family in civilization.



A DUGOUT.



INDIAN MANNER OF BROILING  
IN 1585



BONE FISH HOOK



INDIAN VASE.



MASK MADE  
BY IROQUOIS  
INDIANS



INDIAN MASK



INDIAN WOMAN KINDLING A FIRE WITH  
TWO DRY STICKS.



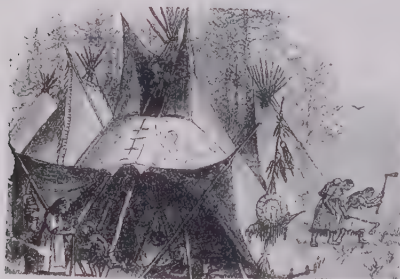
WAR CLUB.



CAUGHT IN AN INDIAN TRAP



sunset, day after day. Shod with the heelless moccasin, whether in the deep ruts of narrow trails, or over the country rough or smooth, traversing swamp, thicket-strewn forest, and bleak, bouldered hillside, he could do this and more.



AN INDIAN WIGWAM.

Shades of a sacred past!

There are some anthropologists who deny that there ever was an aboriginal American Indian, basing such belief on the well-worn tale that the North American ("Amerind") is a composite product of Asiatics brought by the Kuro Shiwo (Black

Current, or Pacific Gulf Stream) from the tropical and sub-tropical regions of the Pacific. This we know, that for ages along a line of islands, in notable measure furnishing food, and lighted at night by volcanoes once active, man has been drifting northward and eastward. Even in historic times the marine and coast legends of the people now called "Malays," "Philippines," "Japanese" and "Chinese," point to a steady though sporadic loss of waifs blown out to sea. There are hundreds of cases on record of Japanese junks picked up on the Pacific Ocean or landed on our shores. Unaltered and modified Japanese words by the score have been recognized among the Coast Indians.

Thus the red man loses the prestige and glory of the ages which were his. Perhaps the name we give and the ideas we hold as to the Indian, as in so many lines of human knowledge and science so-called, do but foreshadow the long perspective of ages of unwritten history known to God, but not as yet to us. Possibly on some Darien peak of discovery we may gaze on a revealed ocean.

Indian life emphasized the white man's rhapsody, graphically pictured by England's late poet laureate:



"There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and breathing-space:  
I will take some savage woman; she shall rear my dusky race.  
Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run;  
Catch the wild goat by the hair and hurl their lances in the sun;  
Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books."

Without letters, trade, or direct or compelling influences from other races and continents, the Indian rarely if ever rose to heights reached by the white man, as when, in loftier mood, the poet moralizes:

"Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild;  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains;  
Like a beast with lower pleasure; like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time——"

The Indian's household furniture was of the crudest. Fur was his bed, while smoked skins served as clothing. He had a dirt floor, a rush mat, a few bowls, and burned-clay utensils, mortars of wood or stone often scooped in bowl-shape from solid rock or from a tree stump over which conveniently grew a springy sapling used by the squaw, as with her pestle she crushed the corn. His mainstays for securing food were bow and arrow, tree-fall, tree-spring trap, pitfall, spear and fish-hook (one of the best)—a sharpened bit of bone, sheathed with bait and dangled before the fish to be caught. Fire came from a stick twirled swiftly under weight pressure against soft wood. At least twice, and often three or more times a year the Indian shifted his wigwam to follow the chase, catch the summer breeze, or to gain the shelter of the forest screen or cliff in winter, yet rarely did he live far from water—his first necessity.

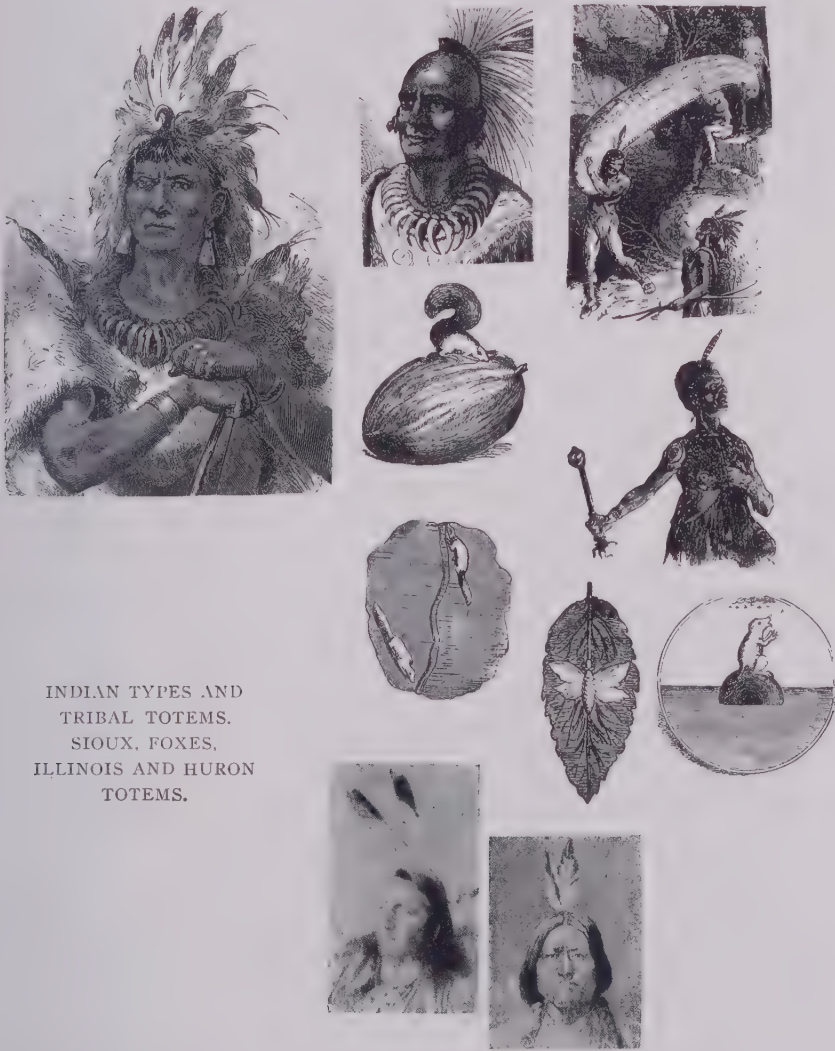
As in the known case of our prehistoric ancestors in Britain, this method of life yielded a variation of domicile—a separate summer or winter home to those often fear-stricken, yet care-free lords of the soil.

Arrogance quite equal to the white man's, nurtured by freedom—not of mind, but of body, ever amid small possessions—was an ever-present characteristic of the Indian. Of this trait example was given when he said "Indian not lost; wigwam lost." Corn and beans seasoned with game, formed the Indian's main diet. When the forest larder yielded freely, he gorged himself on venison, turkey, and bear steaks, his meal hours being as widely irregular as the quality and quantity of the food ravenously devoured, days of abundance balancing lean days of oncoming Famine, which with Pestilence often lifted the flap of his wigwam.

Yet while this may be called a fair picture of the Algonquin Indians, it is hardly so of the Iroquois, who were agricultural, stored up provisions, used salt, and were active in trade, importing many articles from distant tribes. Besides ceremonials of diplomacy, peace and war, they used the circulating medium of wampum currency, all of which resources enabled them to hold their own and rise above rivals. From the days of Cain and Abel, the hunter, the herdsman, and the farmer were in perpetual rivalry, and war, ending in the victory of the earth-cultivator, proved the rule.

In time of disease or epidemics, the medicine man with weird incantations and weirder contortions, supplemented, in the more civilized tribes, with simples (herbs), rock oil, sweating chambers, baths, heating drinks and waters, withal making use of what we today call "suggestion," checked disease and alleviated pain. These methods at times caused the patient to leap from a sick-bed to perfect health.

Trained to stoicism, as to torture and suffering, a thousand Indians taken at random from tribes that tramped American forests, would to a man endure without a groan



INDIAN TYPES AND  
TRIBAL TOTEMS.  
SIOUX, FOXES,  
ILLINOIS AND HURON  
TOTEMS.

equal or greater torture than that in which the Spaniard in the name of God delighted at the Inquisition, or than that of the Spartan lad who held close against his body and gripped in a silent death-embrace the fox that was devouring his vitals.

The Indian lad who flinched under torture was sent

back to the squaws. In fact, the terrorizing Iroquois at times compelled whole tribes to "wear the petticoat." This was the form of punishment of individuals who could not stand it when large thorns were driven under the shoulder blades and, suspended in mid-air, they were swung to and fro, winding and unwinding, or made to do prolonged and burdensome labor. As for the children, they were at four years of age given serious tasks. Girls were taught to carry firewood. Boys played games with bows and arrows, and targets were shot at in preparation for the hunting age. Snow shoes made the winter chase a pastime, deep drifts holding the game that could only flounder helplessly in depths, while the hunter stepped rapidly over the surface of the solid whiteness. The canoe gave vantage points in covering distance and coralling deer, moose and bear, when the frost-king loosened his grip on the waterways.

Indian war weapons were the stone axe, tomahawk, and flint-tipped arrow, while birch bark canoe and tobacco pipe served him at all times. All things considered, the Indian inventions were wonderful, and relatively not so far below those of the white man, when the long, unrecorded ages of European life in the cave, on the lake shore, in the forest, in slow evolution are considered—most of our primitive inventions being borrowed from Asia.

The red man followed the war path to pillage, burn and slaughter, though occasionally enslaving his prisoners. Not having any prisons, he doubtless considered it merciful to kill at once, and he scalped and tortured, even as did his own and in far-off times our own ancestors. There were few tribes that were not sometimes at war. The vendetta heritage passed from father to son, as was the case in almost all if not all peoples in the ages past. Duty to the memory of revered ancestors required recognition in varied ways. Speaking ill of the dead carried a death penalty. War was declared only after fasting and feasting with due ceremonies. The chief, as with the Mahatma of India, retir-



ing to solitude, denying all food, returned to the tepee, flourishing tomahawk, bow and arrow. Then the warriors one by one in turn joined in a war-whoop and dance of wild abandon, lasting sometimes the entire night. After the war dance, the line of warriors moved out in silence and in single file, each treading in the other's footsteps along the forest trail to attack by subterfuge natives or foreign settlers. Object lessons frequently guided Indian conclusions, as seen in his smoking council, but more especially in his war dance. This was a genuine function of consecration. He was to abstain from all sensual indulgence. Cruel as he was in war, the aboriginal Indian was chaste. No instance of the rape of a white woman was known in very early colonial days, and many instances are on record of Indians who, however fierce in war, proved to be according to their light good husbands to white women taken captive and made wives.

When the pipe was passed around the circle, the peace treaty was arranged, and the tomahawk solemnly buried to be hastily exhumed at the declaration of another war. "Counsel before action" and "Old men for council, young men for war" were as truly Indian as European proverbs. The murder of an Indian by a white man called for revenge by the killing of a white victim, it little mattering whether he was the murderer or the next Englishman met, as in the parallel case of the old Scottish clans and their feuds. Any member of the Indian murderer's tribe, if killed, cancelled the debt of revenge, or, as during our own Civil War, on any one seen suddenly at a distance, in blue or gray, either chaplain, nurse, teamster, or private, the "bead" was drawn.

As a typical example, Judge Dean of Ohio, who had been adopted by Indians and raised to chiefhood, being the most available paleface to pay a death debt,\* although inno-

\*To the shame of the white man, history tells us that even within this decade he has satisfied his vengeance-thirst on many occasions in the same reprehensible manner.

cent, was only saved from tomahawking by half a dozen squaws breaking into an Indian council—a not unheard of assertion of the power of women, of which there were frequent examples in a society based on the matriarchate—and threatening immediate suicide if the Judge's life were not spared.

To be ever suspicious, almost to the point of insanity, and quick of action, leaping before looking, was at times the Indian's undoing. When, in the Mohawk Valley, a priest shook the dew from an ear of corn to baptize a papoose and made the sign of the cross over another little babe to save its soul from Hell, he was instantly tomahawked by its father, who thought the priest was working a mystic spell. Very much like that of our distant pagan ancestors, the Indian's mind was filled with weird mysticism. The delusion of witchcraft rarely swung the ignorant savage away from sanity as surely and as thoroughly as it did the demure, college-bred Boston and Salem Puritan. A pronounced exception, in much later days, was the arrest and trial of Red Jacket as a witch, many years after the New England festering sore had broken, seared the land, and seeped into oblivion. In defense of his client, the Indian lawyer adduced the same libelous delusion in the red as in the white man; the same demonstration of error in both the subjective hallucinations and legal processes. He showed himself familiar with the Salem precedents in the case of the so-called superior race.

The Indian carried himself with almost regal dignity. Indeed, in early days no ambassador to a foreign court could dispute and argue with greater poise than an Indian chief, before the blighting hand of the paleface was laid upon him. The brutal saying that it required "six feet of earth to make a good Indian" was then unborn. Specimens of Iroquois eloquence, when the translations are well made, compel the admiration of the student.

For fifty years and more, Cape Cod Indians lived up

to that treaty with the Pilgrims, though at times outrageously treated by the bird nest-stealing stranger, an interloper among the colonists.

Had the Pilgrim or Puritan met on the shores of the New World a form of humanity more matured and developed than the Algonquin Indian, he would have had a sorry time in gaining a foothold, much more in maintaining it. The tidewater Indian's ignorance of firearms, his inability to realize, as did his Iroquois relative, that in "union is strength," and the habit of too often allowing a quarrel with his fellows to disorganize and scatter his forces, proved his swift undoing.

Indian annals bristle with accounts of the manner in which the children of the forest gained the title of "the untutored savage." To test the Indian theory that as gunpowder was black, it surely must be a negro turned to ash, an inoffensive colored man was captured and burned alive. Again, blindly fumbling to find a new way of obtaining the coveted black powder which when burned even at long distances instantly killed wild turkey and deer, he sowed gunpowder as grain and then impatiently awaited a harvest for his gun. To ascertain if white men were gods, an Indian held a young Spaniard under water until he was drowned, and then watched the body for three days and nights. The sequel of decomposition speedily disillusioned the mind of the Indian. Another fantastic notion of his was that a scalpless man was forever barred from the Happy Hunting Grounds. Admiring the unflinching courage of one Major Eliot, he was left unscalped. Yet to hamper so valiant a fighter in any attempt he might make to injure Indians in Paradise, the right hand and foot were amputated. The savage argued that such a handicap in a struggle against a full-limbed Indian would hopelessly block even so strenuous a warrior as Major Eliot.

There was nothing "childlike and bland" about the Indian. Rather does the word "canny" best describe one

trait of his active mind. While at times he appealed to the Good Spirit, he spent anxious hours in subservient worship of the Bad Spirit, philosophizing that in any event good was good, while badness needed strong doses of flattery, supplication and conciliation. Massasoit, who made that first Indian treaty with the Pilgrims, expressed the same thought when he said, "Why should I change my thirty-nine Manitous for but one God?" and he never did. Anthropology shows us that at a certain stage of mental culture this is man's mind everywhere—even with our own ancestors. From a theological point of view we call it heathenism.

Indian barometric instruments were crude, but frequently true, and often the foresight of the native weather predictor seemed to the white man unerring. Together with food that tickled the palate and inventions that helped him in many ways, the Pilgrim inherited from the red man his methods of weather gauging: The shrill cries of the high-flying goose—wedge-headed north or south, was an articulate language announcing a short or long winter. The time of appearance of the hibernating woodchuck and bear, the depth to which the angle-worms buried themselves, and a score of other homely facts proved that in the long run the Indian was a fairly accurate weather guide. Even the closely picked carcass of the royal game bird of the forest, when held between the light and the eye, served to prognosticate the coming storm, and its wish-bone settled future good and ill—especially when the desire was father to the thought. In a study of nature for practical uses and guidance, the red man on the whole excelled his white brother.

The Indian, when grown to man's estate, was in some respects an immature product. His vaunted courage quickly oozed under disaster when the onslaught was unexpected and in novel form. Defeat cowed instead of bracing him. The heart that in the average white man is as of oak, was



in the average Indian as the pith of canebrake. A pronounced example of cowardice was given when four hundred Rhode Island Indians of Point Judith, Narragansett, Niantic, and Westerly joined the forces of Captains Mason and Underhill, the former with ninety and the latter with but twenty-five men, to attack the Pequots. Forty colonists under Captain Patrick were even then tramping across the country to aid in the onslaught, but impetuous and courageous John Mason did not wait, striking while the iron of opportunity was at white heat. At the last moment the courage of the eighty Mohegan Indian allies failed and they drew back, leaving the colonists. Then they jeered in childish rage at their fallen Indian foe, after the danger task had been accomplished by the intrepid whites. It was through the above puerile efforts that the Mohegans obtained the right, some six years later, to tomahawk most unrighteously Miantonomo, the valued friend of Governor Withthrop and Roger Williams—a right to kill granted by a clerical conclave. The strategy shown by John Mason followed the Napoleonic maxim, coined by a Puritan one hundred years and more before the time of the world conqueror. "Never go where your enemy wishes you to." Mason sailed eastward. Indians said "The



*Courtesy of Paul W. Bartlett.*

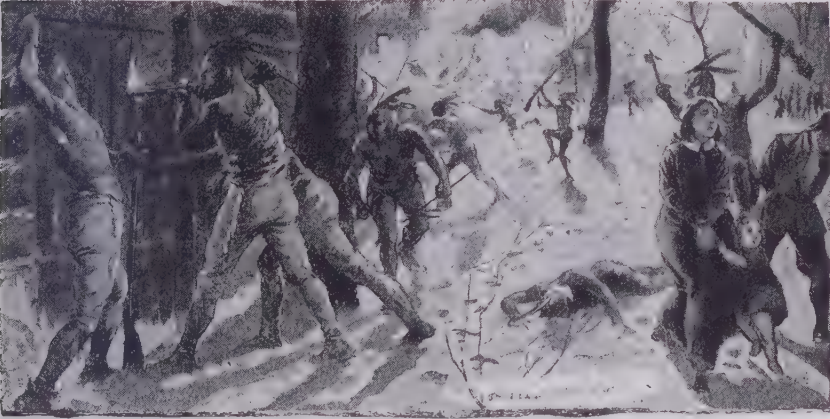
CAPTAIN JOHN MASON, THE INDIAN FIGHTER.

English are afraid; they have gone to Boston." "Out of sight, out of mind." The savage was lulled to false security. "About face" was Mason's order, a command that cost the Pequot tribe its life.

"Paying the piper" was a proverb well illustrated in the Indian custom of loud braggadocio, regarding his victories on the warpath and hunting exploits. Each brag—and the Indian was often an arrant braggart—called for a separate yield of wampum or coin, which was thrown on a blanket or skin as a contribution for the poor. Yet in what respect was this action or custom different from the receiving or the wearing by the white man of memorials of exultation, pride, victory and conceit?

One method of insuring the prompt meeting of different tribes is seen in the habit of distributing bundles containing an equal number of sticks. Each morning a stick was broken, and when only a single stick remained, on that day the tribe rendezvoused for battle, reminding one of similar proceedings among our savage forebears in Europe.

Religious hatred permeated the Indian cabin as well as the Pilgrim and Puritan dwelling and his steeple-house. Religious wars burned as fiercely in the transatlantic colonies as in the isles of the Briton and on the Continent. Pilgrim and Puritan against Jesuit, Canada warring with the New England and other colonies, French and Indian allies lined up against England and her Indian allies, kept the kettle of colonial politics at boiling point for over threescore years and ten—incidentally educating the youth of the land to form a good fighting machine. The massacres of Deerfield and Schenectady had for their preponderant motive the same as that which underlaid the Spanish invasion and desolation of the Netherlands in 1567 and the fury of St. Bartholomew's Day. Indian diplomacy and shrewdness were emphasized when a Mohegan sachem begged the English to "come over into Connecticut and settle up the land"—cannily figuring on securing in the inevitable conflict the



ATTACK BY THE INDIANS ON DEERFIELD.

white man's aid against his Indian foes; thus following the tactics of diplomacy and strategy through which the Angles, (English) Saxons and Jutes came to Britain and made it Angle-land or England.

In the case of the Mohegans' invitation, however, Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonists refused to be used as cat's paw in an Indian conquest of Indians. The attack on settlers near Wethersfield, Windsor, and Hartford led to the brief Pequot War, fought out in the main by Massachusetts Bay colonists aided by Connecticut settlers and a few Indians. Those of English descent may turn their gaze back to the year 1497 when, under Henry VII, Cabot the Genoese, denizen of Bristol, sailed from England, reached Labrador and skirted the coast. He named the shore he looked upon English land, in the same spirit and ruling ideal of the age as when Balboa from the peaks of the Andes saw the Pacific Ocean, then unmeasured in space of blue sea. Later wading waist deep he claimed it and all the land it washed by its waters for Spain. The Frenchman sailing a thousand miles up the great river of the North discovered and named New France. Later the Englishman asserted his right to the soil, and, what is more to

the purpose, kept it. The famous American jester, who set all England laughing—that is, some weeks after the saying—applied to the English the beatitude bestowed upon the meek—"they shall inherit the earth."

Drowning an Indian papoose started a fierce Indian



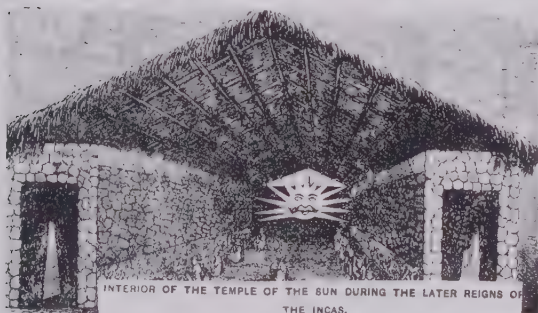
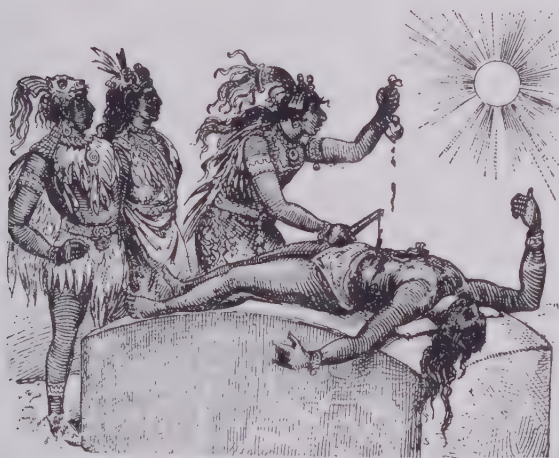
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THE SUN WORSHIPPER TEARING OUT THE HEART OF  
HIS VICTIM.

war. In fact the record of the relations of the New Englander with the Indians is that of a hundred year war.

James Smith's experience in having a coat of paint applied and hand-scrubbed off by Indian girls to symbolize the washing out of his white blood gave sport to onlooking braves and caused Smith's adoption as a full-blooded Indian.





INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN DURING THE LATER REIGNS OF THE INCAS.



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ATROCITIES COMMITTED BY THE SUN WORSHIPPERS.

An Indian wedding savored of sacredness, and a guest on his way to the ceremony was rarely molested, great though the provocation. The spirit of worship "broke ground" with the Indian in various ways. From revering the one Great Spirit dwelling in the wind, on the lake, and on mountain top, it was an easy mental transition for the natives, looking upward at the mighty orb of day, to become Sun Worshippers, as in the case of the Natchez Indians visited by LaSalle in 1682. Nobler in architecture than the tepee were their dwellings of sun-baked mud mixed with straw, for sacramental purposes.

As with the Aztecs, the Natchez tribe cut out the heart of the writhing victim, immovably fastened to an altar, basking in the rays of the Sun God, which they reverently worshipped. As the King of Day rose in the East, three times would a Natchez chief, claiming to be descended from the Sun, bow to his ancestor. Having eaten his morning meal, the chief, turning to his retinue, proclaimed with Indian dignity—"The Sun God having eaten, the rest of the world can eat."

When Tecumseh rushed at General Harrison, he exclaimed, "The Sun is my father, the earth is my mother." When DeSoto, undisturbed by this statement of a Natchez chief, went a step higher and claimed that he himself was a veritable child of the Sun, in fact only one remove from that glorious parent of the earth, the astute Indian abruptly closed the forum by saying "Dry up the river and I'll believe you."

Less dangerous to life and morals are the present Pottanattami Indians, self-elected custodians of the ever burning Sacred Fire, who religiously protect and feed the flame lighted by ancestors in far-away centuries.

None better than John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrims, knew and wrote to this effect, that in the name of religion, whether Christian or Pagan, man's cruelty to man

has often equalled that born of any other passion or belief. Yet rarely has any form of torture which fiendish ingenuity could invent been compassed or been essentially more despicable than his sacrifice to the God of Day, that hourly, since creation began, has written the signature which secures man's fresh lease of life on the earth.

The chained victim in ever futile protest fought for life with the priest. Excruciating torture, symbolic of Sun-worship, gave special propitiation to the Sun God. This was often signalized not only by that horrible heart-tearing act, but by stripping off the skin before the breath had left the gashed and bleeding body.

The Peruvians' Temple of the Sun had rough stone walls, a thatched roof, and a startling representation of the Sun God facing the worshipper. Nevertheless, all this, both in ritual and dogma, was nothing more and but little different from what is known to have taken place in the evolution of the so-called white race. The horrible sacrifice of human beings in America paralleled that also of the Heliopian in his magnificently carved stone temple, and in these ruins which were scattered over Asia and Europe. The worst cruelties to mankind have been done in the name of religion. Even John Robinson declared this.

"One more redskin gone to the devil," said the average expert white gunman. "God have mercy on the poor pagan soul," said the pious brother—as he drew a bead on an Indian—both doing what they considered their duty.

The blood-dripping, ghastly decorated trophy of the Indian! In later times such tokens of triumph were sought and gloried in by his debased white brother and paid for at two pounds each by the British government agents in America. Authentic documents attest this.

For a full century, because of Indian wars, life to the pioneer settlers was precarious. The torch, tomahawk, and scalping-knife obliterated many a frontier family and settlement. Yet the waves of civilization have rolled over savagery,

burying it in history, just as happened in our own ancestral story, now forgotten by most of us.

The Dutch war of 1630, started so recklessly by Governor Kieft, continued in 1642, at which time Wall Street gained its name by being palisaded. In fact, for years, the hasty act of this foolish and choleric governor kept the frontier colonies ever in danger of Indian raids and reacted with intensive force on the settlers in the towns. This chapter, so disgraceful to the white man, after some six hundred Indians had been slain, was closed in the Treaty of 1647. War ceased when Governor Stuyvesant tightened the reins, dealing out even-handed justice to both races. The ex-pastor of Plymouth, Roger Williams, ever true to his practice of fair dealing, sailing from Manhattan on his way to England to obtain that unique Rhode Island Charter, played with temporary success diplomatic Indian treaty transactions on this same Wall Street of 1643.

Daniel Boone, called the Pilgrim pioneer of the west,



DANIEL BOONE RECAPTURING HIS DAUGHTER FROM THE INDIANS.



lived well up to that reputation. He built Booneville and acquired large territory for white colonists. When Indians stole his daughter and her girl chum, he fought the savages to the death, but just as heartily acted as a brother when the tomahawk was buried, the Indian showing equal fraternity.

To the Indian, woodcraft was both fine art and true science. Without guide or compass, he was able to traverse unerringly the tangled wilderness. With all his senses alert, he could trail wild animals and human enemies, recognize minute sounds and unravel signs and traces that meant nothing to the paleface.\* In time, living in the wild, the white man mastered the red man's secrets, and not only equaled the wood dweller, but, as in the case of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and other pioneers, added liberally thereto.

In matters of diplomacy and statecraft Arendt van Curler, Sir William Johnson, and not a few New England men surpassed their red brothers.

The Indian had no writing, hence had not reached that line of demarkation separating civilization from savagery, but he practiced the art of illustration. Frequently the Indian scrawled on the inner bark of a tree a picture story of hidden meaning, as shown in his crude drawings of men, muskets, birds, fish and tortoises. If we could reconstruct accurately the primeval landscape, on which the red savage was the human figure, we should find not only famous landmarks in the form of rocks and trees, highways and thoroughfares along the trails, whether over the smoothed stones or in the ruts made by centuries of stepping, but we should discern also boundary lines and marks. Not a few famous trunks of trees used as bulletin boards—as with us the active substitutes for news letter or daily newspaper—are still remembered in tradition or by record. One village, that of Painted Post, in its name bears witness to the custom.

\*The girl and boy scout movement is to a limited degree a reversion to the skill of the frontier woodsman. Through the increased interest in the life of the red man, truth will no longer be veneered with falsehood. The hour is dawning for the First American to stand at least in the outer court of the Hall of Fame.

Daniel Boone, Father of Kentucky—that State erroneously called “a dark and bloody ground,” based on Iroquois slaughterings, and occasional battles between Southern Indians—and builder of the one-acre Boone fort, was the



By His Excellency

WILLIAM SHIRLEY, Esq.;

Captain-General and Governour-in-Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay in New-England.

#### A PROCLAMATION

*For the Encouragement of Volunteers to prosecute the War against the St. John's and Cape Sable's Indians.*

WHEREAS the Indians of the *Cape-Sable's* and *St. John's* Tribes have by their Violation of their solemn Treaties with His Majesty's Governours, and their open Hostilities committed against His Majesty's Subjects of this Province and the Province of *Nova-Scotia*, obliged me, with the unanimous Advice of His Majesty's Council, to declare war against them; In Consequence of which the General Assembly of this Province have “Voted, That there be granted, to be paid out of the publick Treasury, to any Company, Party, or Person singly, of His Majesty's Subjects, belonging to and residing within this Province, who shall voluntarily, and at their own proper Cost and Charge, go out and kill a male Indian of the Age of Twelve Years or upwards, of the Tribe of *St. Johns* or *Cape-Sables*, after the *Twenty-sixth* Day of *October* last past, and before the last Day of *June Anno Domini*, One Thousand seven Hundred and forty-five (or for such Part of that Term as the War shall continue), in any place to the Eastward of a Line, to be fixed by the Governour and His Majesty's Council of this Province, somewhere to the Eastward of *Penobscot*, and produce his Scalp in Evidence of his Death, the Sum of *one Hundred*

GOVERNOR WILLIAM SHIRLEY'S PROCLAMATION OFFERING CASH FOR INDIAN SCALPS.

he marched to the rich Genesee valley. The “Sullivan Road” became a highway into the western wilderness, hence its appropriate marking today by at least fifty memorials in bronze or stone, or by flagstaff.

In this Newtown battle of August 29, 1779, Colonel Dearborn and the Third New Hampshire Regiment in the Continental line saved the day. From this blow the Iroquois never really recovered. Sullivan destroyed crops and food

pioneer who blazed paths crisscrossing the country for the settler to follow. Boone's whole life brought him in close contact with the Indians after they had killed his brother. A true state builder, yet probably the greatest pathfinder of all, who on a larger scale virtually destroyed the Iroquois confederacy and opened the pathway of western civilization, was General John Sullivan, bred as a lawyer in New Hampshire. With his five thousand Continentals in 1779, after the decisive battle of Newtown, near Elmira, New York, now marked by a stately memorial shaft,

supplies and razed forty Indian villages. After this Washington was known in this desolated region as the Town Destroyer.

On Friday, November 2, 1744, Governor Shirley issued



DE SOTO KILLING INDIANS AS HE WOULD RABBITS.

a proclamation in the name of George II for the slaughter of the Indians.

The Spaniards following Vasquez Nunez de Balboa, clad in steel and armed with arquebus or cross bow, flanked by packs of savage bloodhounds, gave short shrift to the tropical naked savages, armed only with bows and arrows. Under the despotism of the Spanish monarchy and in the spirit of the Inquisition, the southern and western Indians were treated by the pioneers from Spain not as human beings, but as brutes. Blood-letting seemed to inflame these zealots much as the man-eating tigers after their first taste prefer human to other victims. The men of the same country which expelled the Moors devastated the Indian country and massacred a people that had at first looked up to the white man as to a god.

Even DeSoto, the well-meaning explorer, bred of better fibre and less savage than some of his compeers, wrote about

slaughtering men as he would of hawking or shooting partridges and rabbits, "It was great fun." On the contrary, the pioneers going out from the Dutch Republic received written orders to treat the "wilden" as men, and satisfy all their first claims. One governor of New Netherland was recalled in disgrace as a breeder of war.

Lucas Vasquez d'Ayllon captured and sent home two shiploads of Indians from San Domingo. It was not his fault that wreckage balked this heartless, dare-devil speculation. Bad treatment of Indians ever reacted most disastrously. Tales of the wrongs perpetrated by early discoverers were handed down from father to son as a heritage of hate. It was the white man's cruelties, perpetrated before the arrival of the Pilgrims, that made the surroundings and situation so dangerous for these peace-loving people.

The honest historian must frankly state that honors for cruelty break evenly with the white and the red man.

Speaking relatively, the so-called Christian was as wicked and as daring a violator of the law, as was the son of the forest. The Indian knew nothing of prisons, nor of actual slavery, which is one step of progress above the general slaughter of enemies. The Indian's greatest enjoyment was in torturing prisoners, whether paleface or redskin. For days the implacable fiendish captors, with tigerish glee, watched the mental and physical anguish of their victims—which almost equalled that of Christians in the Inquisitions and *auto-da-fé* sixteenth century, when they burned men for "the greater glory of God." This was increased by threats and novelties in pain-giving, until the stake, flaying, disemboweling, or dismemberment did their work. One wonders in what way or in what ethical degree this inheritance of the beast of prey in man differed from that of the Inquisition in Europe. Moreover the real motive of the Indian in this torture and burning alive of his victims was to propitiate the spirit of his slain relative.

The reaction upon the Indian himself was seen not only



in his stoic silence under torture and his surcease of misery, but also in the humiliation of his murderers by his contemptuous refusal not only to ask for life or to groan, but to remain calm, not moving a muscle which human will



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TORTURING A PRISONER BY TEARING THE FLESH FROM THE BONES  
WHILE HE STILL LIVES.

could control. One wonders in what respect, in purpose, modern civilized warfare with its shrapnel and shells, torpedoes, and poisoned gas differs from the Indian's hostilities. Running the gauntlet was a favorite method of testing the stamina of victims, though generally long before the unfortunate neared the end of two lines of yelling savages, between which he was forced to attempt a safety-goal, club, knife, or tomahawk had beaten the struggling bleeding victim to earth a gashed, dented corpse. As illustrated, to make the episode exciting, occasional custom gave an armed gauntlet-runner a fighting chance. This was a willing tribute of admiration to a brave enemy. In this case more than a match for his red-skinned captors as he bowled them over right and left, the athletic General Stark outwitted, discomfited, and struck to earth his Indian cap-

tors, and in the struggle of running the gauntlet gained his freedom.

Human life with the Indian, as often with the white man, was of scant value, a lurid case in point being the oft-told tragic romance of Jane McCrea, who was engaged to Lieutenant Jones, a British officer on the staff of General Burgoyne. After promising one party of Indians a reward to go as an escort, to see that his betrothed reached safety, Jones, with a lover's impatience, chafing at delay, started a second escort to hurry the first, making a similar promise. The two bands met, but fearing that through duplicity on the lieutenant's part neither would obtain the money, doubtless quarrelled, and killed Jane McCrea. Burgoyne, in abject fear of losing the savages as allies, cowardly refused to punish the murderers. This harrowing incident so wrought on romantic youth, that hundreds enlisted in the Continental Army to avenge the wrong. The lover resigned from Burgoyne's staff and slipped into oblivion.

Education at least did much for Joseph Brant, that foremost of Indians. While he killed as the white man did, his country's male enemies, he never made war on women and children, but on the contrary, protected them. As far as



JANE MCCREA MERCILESSLY MURDERED BY HER INDIAN GUARD.

possible, he restrained his fellow allies, both Tories and Indians. He was not, despite the poet Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," at that place in Pennsylvania in July, 1778, during the so-called "massacre,"—a word almost always used by the injured or defeated party, and not usually with accuracy, though serving well as a war cry. Brant's two sons, graduating from Dartmouth College, followed the white man's way of life. Brant died in 1807, his last words being "God have mercy on the poor Indian."

Joseph Brant undoubtedly excelled all of his contemporaries in that he most fortunately combined the intellectual powers of two races. Studied in the white light of critical research, his career proves to have been worthy of high praise. His was one of the noblest characters in what was substantially a civil war between English-speaking people, lasting from 1775 to 1783.

Brant was among Britain's allies; first in war and first in peace. He was the real founder of the famous college at Brantford in Canada, before which his bronze statue stands. He was as truly a Christian as the other fighters on either side, and far more humane than the partisan Tories. Like our own great General Robert E. Lee, when war was over, he dissuaded his people from cherishing rancor and keeping up hostilities. He made superb plans for educating the Indian. Invited to Philadelphia in 1793, Brant and Washington held friendly conference which resulted in securing peace along the Northwestern frontier. Brant translated the Book of Common Prayer, the New Testament and other parts of the Bible into the Mohawk tongue. In peace times he was a genuine Christian missionary.



JOSEPH BRANT, INDIAN WARRIOR, SCHOLAR, AND TRANSLATOR OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.



In Red Jacket one finds an Indian who closely approached the white man's method of life, following his fashion even in death, as he was one of the few Indians known to have committed suicide. In 1792 Washington



A PLYMOUTH POND

bestowed a medal upon this brave warrior. Red Jacket could well hold his ground in argument. His name in the vernacular means "He keeps them awake"—an honorable title, which all preachers should count as among "the best things." Appealed to by a missionary to become a Christian, he replied in substance: "The white man killed the Saviour, exactly as he slaughters Indians, but the red man had nothing to do with the crime, so fix it up yourself."

That mighty chief known as Pontiac, the Invincible, an adopted son of the Ottawa tribe, attempted to unite the tribes into a confederacy, which the white man called a "conspiracy." Tecumseh, Blackfoot chief, orator, soldier, and finally brigadier-general in the British army, was also an Indian of marked ability, a brother of "the prophet," who reconstructed the mental world of the Indian.

In fact, every new movement within the Indian commonwealth, as in the case of the white man, was the result of



a "new theology," that is, a theodicy. By this it was explained that the ways of God, or the Great Spirit, in His dealings with men, are just and right. Most modern Indians have held this new "theology." Certain it is that behind every step forward taken by the red man has been a good deal of hard thinking, and often a martyr. In this newer system, Washington stands as a guardian at the gates of Paradise.

In the arrogance of his birthright and in derision, the Indian called the white man "paleface," after testing his fallibility. The term "redskin" was to the Indian as is the term "blue blood" to his white brother. In razing an old stone structure in Chicago in 1918, there were found skeletons of a man and woman who died in each other's arms. Indian authorities state they must have been Chief Jaw-tawahoo and his bride, Lucy Falstaff. On returning to his cabin from his bridal journey, the race line was sharply drawn. Ostracized by his people, as the indignity rankled, the Indian was tried by a tribal court and both bride and groom were sentenced to be sealed alive in a stone tomb. This tragedy in sociology was bared to the world only when the pick, shovel, and crowbar of Chicago workmen levelled the sepulchre in January, 1918. As the white settler ignores the "squaw man," so the red man who married outside of his race was often penalized by his fellows.

This same spirit and the subsequent custom founded on it is shown, by students in anthropology, to have existed from the dawn of history and still lingers among us, and in Asia, even when there is no color line of division or repulsion. The doings of Ezra in the matter of Jewish and Canaanitish wives illustrate race-animosity, while the writings of Malachi, in protest, show the wider thought, which ripened in the New Testament. Even in 1921, legislation against the Niantics shows how deep is the instinct of race repulsion. The elements of color of skin and difference of features intensify this propensity.

With truth it has been frequently stated that the early Indians as a rule respected the womanhood of captive colonist prisoners, whom they placed on the level of their squaws, and in many cases the statement held true. There is no room for doubt that Brant, the Mohawk chief, never made war on women and children, but always protected them, either by shutting them up in a house while the fighting went on, or personally, or by order, putting his mark of paint upon them—a sign respected by Brant's warriors. The widely circulated story that Pilgrims and Puritans had part and lot with those early settlers who bartered their family tree for an alliance with a chieftain's daughter, whose "dot" was a few acres of primeval game-stocked forest or corn land has been denied with convincing vigor again and again.

Unquestionably the North American Indian, in his highest development, was the highest type of savage man. Yet, overshadowing this view of his high ideals, stands the gruesome, horrible fact of his inability to understand the war customs of the paleface. When death was imminent across the threshold of the Pilgrim or Puritan cabin, the white father or husband killed his loved ones to prevent their capture by Indians. Many a one of our own forefathers, from behind a fragile inner barricade of furniture, drove his hunting-knife into the heart of his wife and brained his helpless little ones before he himself was scalped. Horrible as this custom seems to us, our own forebears, until near the ninth century, practised much the same customs, while the revelations of the Books of Joshua, Judges, and Kings, show through what evolution, from brutality to humanity, the Hebrew elect of Jehovah passed.

The Canadian priests shrived murder of heretics, and promised to their red allies the white man's heaven, which surpassed in enjoyment the "Happy Hunting Ground." Honors at home and abroad were heaped on the Indian brave whose girdle was well strung with English scalps. Yet this was very much what the white man promised to the

slayer of hostile Indians—as colonial private record and public legislation abundantly show. The so-called spiritual priestly leader excelled even the white man in reading his Bible contrariwise, while urging one race to injure, kill, or exterminate the other.

In general, the Puritan made reversion from Christian and New Testament principles to those embedded in the ancient custom and lore of primitive Hebrew life. Their double motive in this was loyalty to God's inspired word and the necessity of self-preservation, the first law of life. Nevertheless, the general aspect of the chronicles of New Netherland and New England in relation to Indians not only compels contrast, but is worthy of study for guidance in our times.

Whether it was an Algonquin who fought for the French, or an Iroquois who sided first with the Dutch and then with the English, and lived in long community houses—the one Indian nation that especially cultivated the soil the latter years before the coming of the white race and later battled for the English—Scalps! Scalps! was the war cry of each adversary. These tokens of victory brought honors and emolument. Scalping was a step forward in civilization, and for preservation of life higher than the cutting off of heads, which was the general war practice in primitive life—perhaps even a step higher, than the custom followed by David with the Philistines.

Assacambuilt's rifle notches at the close of the Haverhill war chronicled during his long life-battle against the English resulted in the stripping off of ninety-six English scalps. As a reward, the dusky warrior was knighted and given an insignia of rank by Louis XIV. Lord North, and more directly Lord Germaine, in King George's time, followed the French example.

It did not even require men with the mind of the twelfth century Britons or Anglo-Saxons to encourage this atrocity.

Fair treatment would have given the Indian the right to be called the Noble Red Man. In fact, when we study and understand Indian development in the light of evolution, or history, or sociology, we see that he followed much the same steps of progress as in the case of our own savage ancestors. The primeval life of our distant forebears is hidden from the masses by and in our text-books and literature, wherein are pictured, as a rule, only the idealized and glorified phases of life, as if in a state of society that never existed. Realism and exposure of the fact applied to our enemies and rivals is the method followed, but concerning those from whom we are descended, the word is "Hush!"

Only the critical scholar, familiar with the real ancient or mediæval mind of man, reads correctly either the Bible or primitive documents. This element of mental discipline is not part of "our" culture and civilization. No such Middle Ages as Sir Walter Scott pictured in romance ever existed, nor is the one-sided, but usually accepted picture of the evolution of the white race a true one.

When the Huron chief, Ahasistari, in 1647, strode to certain death at the stake on entering voluntarily the Mohawk camp, to the astonishment of bitter enemies of his tribe, he stood beside Fathers Gaspel and Jaques, as the fagots were about to be lighted and said, "My brothers, I made oath to share your faith and I am here to keep my oath." Freely paying the price of his honor word, he ranked with the highest of the dauntless.

Again, in the Florida Indian wars, a white prisoner was being led to the stake accused of having warned his fellows of a threatened massacre, when a chief sprang from the ranks, dashed the white man aside, and took his place in the flames, saying, "I am the traitor to my people, I warned the white man." A Creek Indian (named for the creeks with which Georgia abounds) never asked quarter, but stolidly met death open-handed rather than yield.

The Indian chief who threw down his weapons in the



Taunton church, disgusted with King Philip's duplicity, and lined up for war on the side of the Pilgrims, clinches the argument, doubly reinforced when the Indian christened Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony "He of the single tongue," in contradistinction to the Bad White,



*L. Jolliet*



MARQUETTE MEETING THE ILLINOIS AND GUIDED IN HIS  
MISSIONARY JOURNEYS TO THE INDIANS BY THE TRAP-  
PER, JOLLIET

whom he describes as having a "forked tongue and hawk's fingers." In a land the Indian believed infested with English liars, poesy and truth could have rarely coined higher praise. That the confidence was mutual, is evidenced by the fact



DEATH OF MARQUETTE NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER.

that the Star Governor of Massachusetts often had the Forest Children at his table. Not only did Winthrop's attitude toward the red man prevent complications in his own time, but Indian tradition kept alive for generations the good feeling toward Boston—a town that escaped *all Indian massacres*—even in its suburbs, where the Indian could have inflicted serious damage to property, life and limb. The Golden Rule never glinted in the eyes of the Indian. To forgive an injury in his psychology proved weakness and cowardice. To avenge not only epitomized an Indian brave's courage, but was the very acme of honor and the fulfillment of a religious duty inherited from one's forebears. This is the characteristic

of all archaic law and ancient societies and a convincing proof of a lower-class civilization, from which we have risen.

It sometimes took the Jesuit three minutes to "convert" the Indian to the Church which those of the Roman obedience identify with Christianity—a curious anachronism. It frequently required three years for a Pilgrim to save an Indian soul and hand him a convincing guarantee of an eternal heavenly home, but when the coveted guerdon was gained the Indian ceased scalping the white man.

As early as 1668, Jesuits founded the mission of St. Mary's in Michigan, skirted the north shore to Ontario, and in canoes traversed the Great Lakes. Some of them were massacred and burned alive by the savages, to offset Spanish cruelties. The religious zeal of these missionaries for the church equalled that of the Christian martyrs, keeping the faith as they saw it, with God and humanity.

The French priest Marquette, yielded his life in Indian missionary service and was companioned in journeys through the wild by the intrepid trapper, Louis Jolliet, after whom one of the cities in Illinois is named. Going ashore, Marquette died while at prayer, and was buried at the mouth of the Arkansas. It should please the Roman Catholic of our day to know that, fully indorsed by a jury composed of the most cultured men in this country, Marquette's statue has been very appropriately placed in the National Hall of Fame in the Capitol at Washington.

Through the kind offices of the land agent, the Indian was often able to dispose of his patrimony, sometimes for trinkets or fire-water and sometimes for reliable currency. One of the best examples of fair dealing was when William Penn purchased from the Six Nations the property outlined in this royal deed. Thus the Six Nations, through a dozen or more chieftains, received ten thousand pounds for their Pennsylvania lands and receipted for the cash with autographs patterned from the wild.

Penn, who read and spoke the language used by his





*F. Drake*  
ADMIRAL FRANCIS DRAKE.

mother, had been educated in Dutch ideas about recognizing Indian ownership and of white settlers paying for what they claimed was theirs. Probably it was Hooker's long residence with some of his fellow Free Churchmen in the Republic of the United Netherlands that prompted them so frequently to pay the Indians for the Connecticut valley lands. According to the Indian custom of naming every one after some concrete object or action, the founder of Pennsylvania was known among them as the Feather, or Quill, which they saw him use, translating his name and associating it with a visible object, represented in Indian art in the wampum

belt or receipt given in strung shells.

What struck the Indians' first attention was the headgear of the paleface, as William Penn's hat on the wampum belt is as noticeable as are the bare heads of his Indian brothers. Penn was truly a "white" man, such an one as in modern parlance is described in chromatic terms.

Among the governing Europeans in America who met the Indian fairly, two warriors and a Quaker stand out with refreshing clearness. One was Drake, whom they loved and even adored, crown-



DRAKE VIEWING THE SPANIARDS' GOLDEN LOOT.





THE CELTIC CROSS RAISED ON THE SITE WHERE DRAKE'S CHAPLAIN READ  
THE FIRST SERVICE IN AMERICA FROM THE PRAYER BOOK IN GOLDEN GATE  
PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

ing him their king. General James Oglethorpe was another who won the friendship of the aborigines. One of their leading chiefs was Tammany, that name not unknown to fame in the political activities in the Empire City



ADMIRAL DRAKE CROWNED BY THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

and State, thus outlasting his day and generation. Probably the highest honors consciously bestowed by an Indian on a white man were on Arendt von Curler, whose name they left untranslated, and used as a symbol for just men, even transferring the name "Corlær" as spoken by the French and Iroquois to the Governor of the Colony and the State of New York, and in the later pronunciation "kora," the king of England, or more exactly Kora Kowa or the Great Corlær. In Canada in 1920 they saluted the Prince of Wales, as a son of Kora Kowa.

When in 1579 the English Prayer Book was opened for the first time on the American continent by Admiral Drake, who was true to the form of faith in which he was nurtured, he named the land New Albion (New England), thus in a sense antedating by some thirty years the name

given on the other side of the continent by Captain John Smith. Kneeling before the cross, Drake consecrated the continent to his queen and country. The tourist to California, asking why this commemorative Celtic cross seventy feet



ADMIRAL DRAKE KNIGHTED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

high—paid for by a Philadelphia capitalist—was reared in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, instead of at Drake's Bay, some thirty miles away, is easily answered. Drake makes reference to the burrowing rodents which at that time honey-combed the site of Golden Gate Park, where undoubtedly Drake landed, it being a more desirable harbor than what is called Drake's Bay.

General Charles Edward Oglethorpe settled Georgia, naming the territory after his royal patron, George II. The Indian never had a truer friend than Oglethorpe, who reached Yamacraw in 1733 with one hundred and thirty souls, in the main debt-bound Englishmen—and built the towns of Savannah, Fredericks, Darien, and Altamaha. He bought these land sites and all islands off the coast except St. Catherine, which the Indians kept for bathing and fishing. He came to a land which, in its evolution of civilization following Millard Fillmore's initiative and the example of the Empire State, was to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Guiding mottoes broached by Oglethorpe in his settlement were "no man for himself but for others, no slaves, no rum, and fifty acres of land to each settler"—rules which prognosticated success at the very start of the settlement.



OGLETHORPE, AGED BY TIME, BUT EVER  
BELOVED BY THE INDIANS.

On Oglethorpe's trip to England in 1734 he took the sachem Tomochichi and his queen. So dear to the Indians was Oglethorpe that he was christened "The Beloved." Indeed, it is easy to read, from the red-man's greetings to the paleface, that if approached in the right spirit the aborigines were ever ready to meet fair treatment with fair treatment. The primitive virtues, having no relation to the subtle ecclesiastic's or philosopher's, are the same all over the world. Hardly





Courtesy of Jones Bros. Pub. Co.

OGLETHORPE'S PACIFIC INTERVIEWS WITH THE INDIANS.



THE ENGLISHMAN RECEIVING HOMAGE THROUGH THE DANCE.

a tribe of Indians existed but, when closely studied, could flash forth an honor-roll worthy of the greatest in any nation.

When the Indian first saw the white man he called him a Manitou, that is, a new arrival from Chebakumah, the Land-of-souls, and bowed before and worshipped him, until the vices of the white man came to the surface in a hundred ways. Verrazano and Hudson were the first white men to sear the throats of the Hudson River Indians with rum. When fire-water required profanity to complete its debasing effect, the Indian borrowed vile oaths from the Dutch, English, French, or Spanish tongues. This he had to do. A thoroughly bad Indian revered the Good Spirit too deeply to flippantly use His sacred name except in worship. This mental and verbal process is exactly what one sees today in the South Seas, in the fastnesses of Asia, and in the wilds of North America.

It is rumored that when Columbus handed an Indian his first dram, believing it was poison, the Red Man substituted an ancient squaw for the "dog" and tried the real effect of the promised rejuvenation. The old dame danced a jig. Then the first patent medicine foisted on America had customers as far as the news traveled and moccasined feet could carry their owners to the gin bottle.

The era of rest in the eighteenth century was passed by the colonists priming for the Revolutionary War, including practice in sniping Indians and wolves.

Pure-blooded Indian chiefs often showed high types of manhood. Even to the present moment the normal Indian holds the white man in contempt. It is almost commonplace that to travelers who have lived long with many native tribes, cannibals, mountaineers or islanders, on returning to "civilization," with its devices, luxuries and extravagances, the average human beings look more like caricatures than fully developed men and women and less finished products of nature, at least physically.

It would do all men good to "see themselves as others see

*Courtesy of the Knapp Co.*



THE ABORIGINES WERE APT SCHOLARS IN SPANISH HORSEMANSHIP.

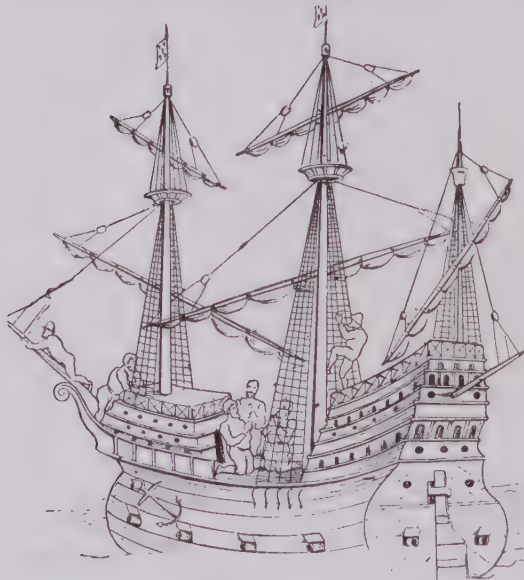


them." It is next to a mental impossibility for the educated Asiatic to admire the European or his civilization, except on the material side. Happily, the average human being is so wrapped around in the cloak of his own conceit that he

does not discover the fact. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

The Pilgrim gave his Indian wards wide license, exemplified in one Hihoudi, who, holding a court office, shamed his betters in the speed with which he obtained an arrest.

Uncivilized and unacquainted with strong drink until the white man with his right hand passed him the Bible and



THE TYPE OF GALLEON THAT SUNK ENGLISH SHIPS ON THE HIGH SEAS.

with his left the "kill-devil" rum bottle and matchlock, in exchange for tobacco that grew near his native maize, the Indian was forced ultimately to yield his lands to the newcomers who gradually through the march of events forced the native westward. In 1684, one finds the Indian towns reduced from a dozen or so to only four. Pestilence kept lockstep with those children of the forest.

Quickly the Indian learned from the Spaniards in the southwest and the Dutch and English in the east the value of the horse and how to handle the animal.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems in mutual justice to be this. The white man, not at the stage of primitive cave life or in his low development as a savage, but



when softened and refined by Christianity and through a higher civilization largely borrowed from Asian sources—Aryan, Hindoo, and Hebrew and the European Greek and Latin—suddenly came on another and wholly new continent. In contact with savagery, the white man, highly developed, became neighbor to a retarded race and could not, except by centuries of experience, see himself as the son of the forest saw him. He wrote about the Indian only as a hostile critic could write.

Some day we shall have books following the initiative of Dr. Charles Eastman, son of a Sioux father, who tells of the red man from the point of view of the Indian and his conception of life and duty. Even in matters of the people now dwelling on our soil, and of the old civilization of Asia, how few, even of our so-called scholars pretend to understand them. Only within the past half century has the slightest attempt been made, by us in our universities, to study the wisdom of the East and the secret of China's long life—excelling that of any other nation or civilization. Conceit is one of the most ancient of human weaknesses. Rightly used, self-esteem and self-assertion are as the first laws of life—preserving the type. Wrongly applied, the same energy becomes brutish. The Master whom the Pilgrims honored without elaborate church machinery, solved the problem for all time. In His word and life, He taught all men the Golden Rule.

As this, our script, turns to print, we read what is not normal but essential Christianity, when in August, 1921, the Hurons and Iroquois, hereditary enemies, as were the Teutons and Franks for centuries, met to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. Some day perhaps an event of 1874, when the Iroquois war confederacy—as old as the Tudor dynasty—was solemnly dissolved, will have a place in written history as dignified and significant as the treaty of Portsmouth, of Versailles, or even of Washington.

Honest debts incurred by this great nation prior to the

Revolution lie dishonored in the treasury files of the United States. The greater debt—justice to the American Indian—is also unpaid. Captains of Industry, almoners of charity, leaders in all fields, remember, when you stand at the Battery and see the incoming emigrant-laden ships, that the Indian is the only real American; all the rest of us are immigrants.

This debt to the “children of the forest” echoes all too faintly in the ears of our congressmen. Will the hour dawn, when the race that owned in fee simple our magnificent holdings in the grandest land looking up at the sun, and that lost a continent in the gamble of existence, can come into its own?

Aside from a few glorious exceptions, a bottle of rum, jingling, glittering beads, tawdry rags, and robbery were the main lashes in the seven-tongued whip, that drove the Indian from his native haunts of freedom on mountain, in valley, on plain, river, and lake into prison camp, to live a semi-idle life on a reservation many miles in length, it is true, but still a reservation.

The three hundred and fifty thousand Indians living in the United States are largely ignorant of the secrets of finance, trade, and that trinity of art, science, and literature that makes life not only livable, but surcharged with ecstasy.

In the path of coming events the nation squarely faces the question of the disfranchised real American, the Indian. If Congress fulfills a sacred duty, the Indian can take his place among men in the courts of essential mammon, absorbing from and adding thereto finer and higher elements.

The policy of the United States Government since the initiation of better methods by President Grant shows vast improvement over previous centuries, but falls far below the line of justice.





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